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MEMOIRS OF MADAME JUNOT,

DUCHESSE D'ABRANTÈS.

Napoleon.

Photo-Etching. — After the Painting by Robert Le Fèvre.

MEMOIRS

OF

MADAME JUNOT

(DUCHESSE D'ABRANTÈS)

IN SIX VOLUMES

VOL. III.

PARIS AND BOSTON
THE NAPOLEON SOCIETY
1895

EDITION DE GRAND LUXE.

Limited to Five Hundred Copies.

No. 474

TYPOGRAPHY, ELECTROTYPING, AND PRINTING BY JOHN WILSON AND SON, UNIVERSITY PRESS, CAMBRIDGE, U.S.A.

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MEMOIRS OF MADAME JUNOT,

DUCHESSE D'ABRANTÈS.

CHAPTER I.

One of the advantages attached to Junot's position as Commandant of Paris was a box at each of the theatres. I confess I was truly grateful for the amusement I thus enjoyed. It afforded me also the means of bestowing pleasure, which was always to me one of the greatest I could enjoy, and in good truth it was not sparingly accorded to me. Tickets for morning and evening representations were eagerly asked, and I received, at a much later period, no less than eleven requests for the loan of my box at the *Comédie Française* for the second representation of *The Templars*. I had opportunities of being generous seven or eight times a day: I accorded them in the belief that by so doing I should secure, if not real friends, at least a sort of amicable relation with my numerous acquaintances which might survive the obligation. I was young when these ideas occupied my mind.

I went frequently to the theatre — a pleasure with which I had hitherto been so little acquainted that I had visited the Opera but once and the French comedy three times: at the first representation of *Pinto*, the most glo-

rious of disturbances past, present, or to come; that of *Montmoreney* by Carion de Nisas; and the *début* of Lafont, which was so stormy that I verily thought the *Théâtre Français* must have been built with unusual strength to resist such attacks.

Pinto, fine as is the subject of the Braganza conspiracy, of which Lemercier was fully capable of taking the utmost advantage, did not suit the taste of that era of clipping scissors and decisive words, which demanded: "Take away that phrase." "Why?" "Because I do not choose that it should stand there." "What is the objection to it?" "I will not allow it." "But surely there is some reason against it — is it unsuitable?" "Not at all; but no matter, it must be removed."

In speaking of my mother's acquaintances, I was in error in omitting the most witty, perhaps, of the circle, M. Carion de Nisas. I know few minds of more various powers, more agreeable, gay, and inoffensive, and withal more *piquant;* but notwithstanding his great dramatic talent he was unfortunate in his theatrical productions. I shall never forget the state of mind he was in at the first representation of *The Death of Montmoreney*, which I believe killed him more effectually than the *Connétable* was killed, and that owing to circumstances altogether foreign to his work.

The tragedy contained some fine verses and interesting situations; the Cardinal's political views, and the entire scene in which he develops his plans for the aggrandizement of France, are strikingly beautiful, and the inconsistencies of the piece might have passed unperceived if it had been better performed; but Talma, who played Montmorency, was the only one of the *corps dramatique* that seemed to possess common-sense. Baptiste the elder, Madame Petit-Vanhove, and more especially Vanhove the father, were all out of their element. But Vanhove was

admirably placed for producing laughter, which completed the despair of M. de Nisas.

Vanhove the elder had the trifling fault of getting tipsy, not to say actually drunk, on the night of a first representation especially. As he was a wretched performer habitually, it might be hoped that wine would produce a happy effect upon him; but not at all, he was so much the worse. The day of the first representation of *The Death of Montmorency*, notwithstanding the most careful supervision from his daughter, and Talma, who was his son-in-law *in petto*, he drank a little to give him courage, as he said; but by the evening, when it was necessary to assume something of a royal air, his spirit was found mounted a little degree beyond courage.

Although Louis XIII., the great personage he was destined to represent, is not suspected of having been a snuff-taker, there was no such thing as persuading him to give up a round case containing a pound of snuff, which he called his snuff-box. His daughter, already dressed for the part of Anne of Austria, used every possible argument to prevent his appearing upon the stage with this piece of contraband goods. He was thoroughly tipsy, and had taken up a phrase from which there was no driving him.

"Prove to me that Louis XIII. did not take snuff, and I will lay down my arms: prove it to me." "But, my father —" said Madame Petit-Vanhove. "Prove to me that Louis XIII. did not take snuff."

And he so stuffed his unfortunate nose that it was scarcely possible to hear his voice, while the fumes of the snuff further increased his drunkenness; and so completely did he parody some of his part that laughter prevailed over both hisses and applause. M. de Nisas came occasionally to our box, which enabled me to observe a torment of which I should otherwise have had

no conception. At one period he was ready to expire; pale, with suspended respiration, and his forehead steeped in perspiration; in fact, it was impossible to laugh — that would have killed him outright. He looked without seeing, and seemed to have but one sense in which all the others were absorbed. What a terrible punishment! I cannot imagine how any one can voluntarily submit to such torture! I think I should be more at my ease in the water-trench of the holy tribunal.[1]

Setting aside the partiality of friendship, the play contained some fine passages; amongst others, I remember the following, which was given with much effect: Montmorency, condemned to death, is about to be rescued by the soldiers and the people; his sister, his wife, and the Queen who loves him, are listening with the utmost anxiety to the issue of the attempt; the Cardinal is relating it, and concludes with these words: "In reply to the mutineers, I threw them his head."

The situation at this instant is admirable, and reminds one of Iphigenia. The piece, however, failed, and failed utterly, which proves that a man of genius may write a bad tragedy; and I fear this happens not unfrequently.

The *Feydeau* was one of the theatres at which I passed my evenings with the greatest pleasure; it boasted at that time a degree of perfection which it has never recovered. It possessed several admirable performers, and the chief among them was Elleviou — a treasure, not only for his own excellence, but because the other actors in perform-

[1] In the prisons of the Inquisition in Spain three kinds of torture were in use, of which that by water was the most agonizing. The patient lay extended in a kind of trench or coffin open at the feet and at the head; his face was covered with a wet cloth, on which water was thrown, intended to filter drop by drop into the throat, and as the nose and mouth could not breathe through this cloth, which intercepted at once the air and water, the result was that on removing it the cloth and throat were found full of blood from the small vessels which had burst.

ing with him were emulous of rising to his height; its orchestra was complete, and its charming pieces were played with perfection.

The charm which our native music — gay, brilliant, and expressive — has for our French ears did not prevent our enjoying the Italian Opera, which was established at Paris in the year 1801. The company occupied at first a small theatre, called the Olympic Salon, in the Rue Chantereine. This theatre, not much larger than a salon for private representations, drew together the best society of Paris. Its open boxes, between high pillars, required full dress, an obligation sufficiently agreeable to ladies; and I remember to have seen the first tier of boxes entirely occupied by very elegantly dressed women, almost all young; and, what was still more remarkable, all of my acquaintance, except the inmates of two boxes.

My mother, who found a sovereign panacea for all her sufferings in good Italian music, never failed to take her place in my box on the night of the Opera Bouffe. The Duc de Mouchy frequently accompanied her. He was then, and has ever since been, an excellent *dilettante.* He was passionately fond of Italian music, and sang charmingly in the bouffe style. I have often accompanied him and my husband in that duo from *The Clandestine Marriage* — "Se fiato," etc. Neither of them ever failed in note or time; and the harmony of intonation and expression was perfect. The Duke had a superb voice, a full and sonorous baritone, which it was delightful to hear; Junot was far behind him, and had no other merit than correctness and time. His voice was harsh, because *to the right about face,* and *by fours to the left,* will not form a supple voice, even if it has the good fortune to remain correct; and my lessons were not sufficiently vigorous to make him an accomplished musician.

The Italian Opera naturally leads to some mention of Cimarosa, who was scarcely fifty years old at his death. He was born at Naples, and educated at the Conservatory of Loretto, where the works of the incomparable Durante formed his chief study. He left the Conservatoire young, and, according to the then prevailing fashion amongst struggling composers, had to make choice of a patron. He was acquainted with Madame Ballante, whose immense fortune gave her the means of patronizing the arts. She received the young musician, and soon found how honourable to herself would prove the protection she extended to him.

Madame Ballante had a daughter who did not listen with impunity to his ravishing notes; she loved him passionately, and the mother permitted his addresses; they were married, but after a brief but happy union she died, leaving a son. He was in despair; his mother-in-law, Madame Ballante, had educated and adopted a young orphan, whom she bestowed on Cimarosa, saying: "My friend, she is my second daughter!" Alas! his tender heart was not destined for happiness: his second wife also died young, leaving him a son and a daughter.

Cimarosa, besides extreme goodness of heart, possessed much talent and considerable information. He sang to perfection, and accompanied his voice with brilliant execution. My brother, who was enchanted with his compositions, as those who have a soul for music must always be, once spent a whole morning with him trying music, Cimarosa at the piano, my brother accompanying with his harp. Cimarosa gave a theme, which Albert took up and varied; the author then sang it in various keys and movements, as a barcaïole, canzonet, polacca, romance, etc., and this delightful contest lasted three hours. "The most agreeable hours," my brother has often observed, "which in my life I have ever passed in this manner."

Cimarosa was a charming companion, gay, fond of a laugh, and possessing in the highest degree that generosity which is always inherent in an artist of true talent. How many unfortunate emigrants has he not relieved! When at Paris, his beautiful *Finale del Matrimonio, Pria che spunti,* or *Quelle pupille tenere,* were applauded with rapture approaching to frenzy; it was not known that the profits of these immortal productions were devoted to the comfort of our unhappy countrymen. But he lived under a Government incapable of appreciating him, and, instead of a wreath in the name of the country, persecutions and chains were the reward of his humanity — persecutions which, it is well known, hastened his end. He attempted, but in vain, to struggle against Royal terrorism; more skilful than the Republican, its cruelty was even more active and permanent. This, it is true, could not easily be, but the horrors committed at Naples are not known to the public, and the eye which could penetrate that multitude of assassinations, legal robberies, and religious persecutions to which Naples was at this time a prey, would turn aside in disgust.

Madame Ballante was also a victim to the trouble which distracted that beautiful country; she lost all her fortune, and Cimarosa had the consolation of receiving her at his home. "You are the mistress of my house," said he; "is not everything I possess your property? Are you not my mother?" Cimarosa died on the 10th of January, 1801; his name will be as immortal as his works.

But to return to Paris. The Opera was always the admiration of Europe, but has greatly improved since the period of which I am now writing. Another theatre was at that time much frequented — the *Théâtre de Montansier;* Tiercelin, Vertepré, Brunet, and Bosquier-Gavaudan attracted thither all the lovers of frank and hearty gaiety;

its receipts exceeded those of the Opera by fourteen or fifteen thousand francs per annum.

For some weeks I had experienced so ardent a desire to see a masquerade that I began to feel absolutely unhappy in finding the carnival drawing to a close without having joined in this amusement, just then reintroduced by the First Consul, who had himself attended them. I determined to ask my mother to take me to one; but my first word brought an answer that put a stop to all my hopes in that quarter. "In the first place," said she, "it wearies me beyond everything; in the next, I do not choose that you should go to gape for four hours in a room full of dust and the odour of rancid oil." "I gape!" cried I, "gape at a masked ball, which every one asserts to be the most diverting of all amusements!" "You do not know what you are talking of," replied my mother; "but, if you are obstinate, go with your husband; your marriage is still sufficiently recent to permit you to be seen together, even if you should be recognized."

At this moment my aunt Comnéna came in. She had been some time at Paris, and, while waiting the arrival of the rest of her family, lived with my mother. She was still a young woman, gay, because she was happy, and taking pleasure in everything.

As soon as she heard of my want of a chaperon, she offered to accompany me to the ball at the Opera, and so enchantingly that I could not refrain from jumping up to embrace her, while I returned a thousand thanks. "It is understood, then," said she, "I shall dine with you; we will mask to the teeth, and give ample provocation to many people who will never suspect us of being at the ball to-night."

Now it is necessary to explain the cause of the extreme avidity with which the masked ball was attended. This innocent pastime had been suppressed from the com-

mencement of the Revolution, because it was unknown to the Romans and Athenians. Here, however, was a slight mistake, for at Rome tradition shows that if masquerades did not actually exist, there was, at least, a sufficient approach to them to authorize ours. At length the generation which was passing away wished to divert itself once more under a mask; and the generation which was looking up demanded cheerfulness; with one voice, then, the masquerade was called for. Two only had yet been given.

Junot laughed at my desire to go to this ball, and said the same thing as my mother: "Ah, my poor Laurette, how you will be overpowered with *ennui!*" "Ah!" exclaimed I, scarce able to restrain my tears, "you are all leagued against my pleasure; why should I be wearied where every one else is amused?"

"Let them say on, niece, we will be amused too; and at two o'clock in the morning your husband shall see whether you are wearied, and repent of his impertinence." "Agreed," cried Junot, "I wish for nothing better; we shall see."

We dined very gaily, and passed a delightful evening; my aunt was always communicative, open, sincere, and possessed excellent spirits. My delight, however, was great when midnight arrived; I summoned my maid, and my aunt and I were ready in an instant. While I was looking in the glass to see how my domino became me, I started and gave a piercing cry on perceiving behind me a great black phantom, with large brilliant eyes and a negro face.

"Oh, heavens, how you frightened me!" I exclaimed, while Junot embraced me, laughing heartily. "Oh! oh! is this your courage? how will you bear, then, to find yourself amongst two thousand such masks?" I looked at him, and was still frightened; his great black figure

was anything but agreeable. "But why have you made yourself such an object?" "Why? was it not agreed that I should give an arm to you and my aunt?" "What of that?" "What of that? Would you have me promenade the salon of the Opera with my face uncovered? A pretty concern we should make of this masked ball! No, I sacrifice myself for your pleasure to-night; let us take our masks and be gone."

I did not wait a second order, but the horses went too slowly to please me; I thought we should never reach this much-desired Opera-house. At length we entered as the clock struck one, Junot giving us each an arm. On first stepping into the room and casting my eyes round me, the effect of the novel and strange scene upon me was like that of walking the deck of a ship. My head was giddy; I grasped Junot's arm with all my strength; my aunt made me sit down; this indisposition was the effect of the sudden light and excessive heat.

When I had recovered myself, "Now," said Junot, "how do you propose to proceed? You are to amuse yourself according to your taste, and you are to be very much amused, you know; you should speak to some of your acquaintances." "I see none," said I. My aunt laughed, for some persons that she recognized were passing every minute, and she began to predict that I should speak to no one all night. "Come," said Junot, "take courage."

My heart beat and my cheeks burned, as though I was about to commit some bad action, but, summoning resolution, I addressed myself to M. Victor de Laigle, whom I was in the habit of meeting at my mother's, and, indeed, at the entertainments of all my friends. I approached him, and in an accent which I intended to be witty, said to him, "Good-evening, how do you do?"

He took my hand, eyed my figure, examined my feet,

and then muttered: "Hem — hem — not much amiss. Well! but have you nothing to say to a man beyond inquiries after his health?" He retained my hand a moment longer, then, dropping it, turned on his heel, saying, "What a stupid mask!"

What I felt at this moment it would be impossible to describe; to hear myself called stupid by an acquaintance! It confused me beyond all conception, and I stood rooted to the spot and actually stupefied. M. Victor de Laigle was by this time at the opposite end of the room, laughing and jesting with other masks, and no doubt saying, "I have just escaped from the stupidest little mask, yonder, that I ever encountered."

It was in vain that Junot and my aunt reasoned with me; nothing could console me for having been called stupid in conversation. "But you must agree," said Junot, "that you deserved it; was ever such a thing heard of as asking a man how he is, in company, by way of conversation?" "What would you have had me say?"

"Faith! I can't tell: anything but that." And in truth he was in the right; it was scarcely possible to be more foolish than I was this night. I never mentioned this little scene to M. Victor de Laigle, and he is still ignorant of it, unless Junot charitably informed him who it was who was so anxious about his health at the masquerade. The result of this wearisome night, from which I expected so much pleasure, was to give me a disgust for masked balls, which for years I could not get over; nor, indeed, have I ever again taken pleasure in them.

CHAPTER II.

Every one who has trodden the boards of a private theatre will agree with me that no circumstances of their lives afford reminiscences more abounding in pleasure and gaiety than the rehearsals, and everything, in short, that is merely preparatory. But in candour they must equally admit that the actual scenic representation is absolute torture. I have experienced both, and can speak from practical knowledge.

Mademoiselle de Beauharnais's success at Madame Campan's in the representations of *Esther* and other pieces, in which Mesdemoiselles Auguier and Mademoiselle Pannelier, as well as herself, gave proofs of remarkable talent, naturally induced her to bring the theatre of Malmaison into use. Eugène Beauharnais was a perfect actor. I may, without partiality, say that Junot had superior talent; M. Didelot was an admirable Crispin; I acquitted myself tolerably in my parts; and General Lauriston was a noble Almaviva, or any other lover in Court dress.

But the cleverest of our company was M. de Bourrienne; he played the more dignified characters in real perfection; and his talent was the more pleasing as it was not the result of study, but of a perfect comprehension of his part. Grandménil and Caumont, at that time the supporters of such characters at the *Comédie Française*, could have discovered no flaw in M. de Bourrienne's performance of Bartholo, of Albert in *Lovers' Follies*, of

the Miser, or of Harpagène; in *The Florentine* he might, perhaps, even furnish them occasionally with a turn of expression worth seizing and copying.

The First Consul himself was almost the sole manager of our dramatic repertory. It was at first but limited, for we dared not venture on first-rate plays, or undertake parts beyond our capacity. We played *The Heir*, *The Thoughtless Ones*, *The Rivals*, *Defiance and Malice*, and a number of charming little witty pieces, which certainly have not been equalled since either in good sense or good style. Afterwards we grew bolder; the First Consul himself demanded longer plays. The repertory was all at once increased by fifty pieces, which were put into our hands with a careful distribution of the several parts in conformity with our individual talents. The theatre of Malmaison had at that time an excellent company; latterly it was open to every one, and was no longer endurable.

The first play acted at Malmaison was *The Barber of Seville*, and in saying that this representation was perfect I do not hazard a word that memory can call in question. We have still many survivors of that merry and delightful period, and I fear no contradiction in asserting again that *The Barber of Seville* was acted at the theatre of Malmaison better than it could now be performed in *any theatre in Paris.*

Mademoiselle Hortense de Beauharnais took the part of Rosina; M. de Bourrienne that of Bartholo; M. Didelot, Figaro; General Lauriston, Almaviva; Eugène, Basile; and General Savary sneezed in perfection in the part of the Sleeper Awakened.

I have just observed that Bourrienne played well because he understood and felt his part. The same may be said of Mademoiselle Hortense. Gaiety, wit, sensibility, delicacy, all that the author Beaumarchais meant to in-

fuse into his Rosina, she caught instinctively; she entered into the character of the young and fair Andalusian with all her native grace and elegance. To her fine acting she united a charming figure and an exquisite carriage, especially on the stage. Many years have elapsed since those joyous evenings, but my memory still forcibly recalls the graceful and pleasing image of Mademoiselle Beauharnais,[1] with her profusion of fair ringlets beneath a black velvet hat, ornamented with long pink feathers, and the black dress so admirably fitted to her small and symmetrical shape. I seem yet to see and hear her.

Her brother Eugène was equally perfect as Basile, and M. de Bourrienne in the part of Bartholo. General Lauriston succeeded well in the various situations of Almaviva, though some fault was found with those of the soldier and the bachelor. He was not altogether perfect till the grandee of Spain reappeared under the mantle of the student. M. Didelot was excellent in Figaro.

But our success was most remarkable in that point which generally reduces the managers of private theatres to despair; that is to say, the perfect correspondence of the whole piece: the parts were thoroughly learned, and everything went off well.

Madame Murat sometimes acted at Malmaison. She was very pretty. Her hands and arms were beautiful, and her fair bosom acquired new brilliancy beneath a black velvet bodice, with a gold stomacher; but she had an unfortunate accent, which was particularly fatal to the parts she selected. Her sisterly relation to the First Consul, however, screened this defect from observation, whereas Madame Louis Bonaparte, had she been but the wife of an aide-de-camp, must have been applauded for the excellence of her acting.

This reminds me of an incident which befell me,

[1] Hortense Beauharnais, wife of Louis Bonaparte.

partly through the instrumentality of Madame Murat, or, at least, through her want of acquaintance with the stage. There was a sort of rivalry between Malmaison and Neuilly. Lucien frequently acted both in tragedy and comedy with his eldest sister, Madame Bacciochi. Lucien acquitted himself admirably, and declaimed to perfection. His only failing, and that not altogether dependent on himself, was the modulation of his voice, which was too shrill and in too elevated a key for a tragic tone. But this inconvenience was slight, and Lucien gave great satisfaction as Zamora. I have heard his performance criticized; in my own judgment I did not perceive the defects attributed to him, and I was delighted with him almost throughout the part.

Not so with Madame Bacciochi. Her acting was irresistibly laughable. The First Consul found it so, and, far from flying into a rage, as M. de Bourrienne represents, he did nothing but laugh during the whole play whenever his sister appeared on the stage, and when we returned to the drawing-room, he exclaimed: "I think we have seen Alzira beautifully parodied." He repeated the same thing to Madame Bacciochi herself, who was not the best pleased with it.

Plays of all kinds, of three and afterwards of five acts, were performed at Neuilly — we had no fear of tragedy, still less of comedy. Regnard's *Lovers' Follies*, not too perfectly represented, spurred us to emulation. It was got up at Malmaison. Madame Louis was to undertake Agatha, Lisette was assigned to me, Albert to M. de Bourrienne, Erasto to Eugène, and Crispin to M. Didelot.

By this arrangement the piece would have been well managed, but the spirit of mischief intervened. Madame Louis, always good-natured and yielding at the first request, reversed the whole order of things. Madame

Murat performed Lisette. Agatha, a part which I did not like, and which was not suited to me, fell to my lot, and as the climax of misfortune, for some reason I do not remember, Eugène could not play Erasto; this was known only two days before the representation, and Junot was obliged in that time to learn the whole part, and to act it with only a single rehearsal; but all this was nothing compared to what followed.

This unfortunate part of Agatha is very difficult; it requires much judgment. A ray of reason must be always perceptible to the lover, while the guardian, though an acute and sensible man, must believe his young ward a confirmed idiot; then a degree of sentiment must pervade all that chaos of singing, dancing, accident, and battle; in short, it is extremely difficult to play the part well, and Dugazon, who was my instructor and set his heart on my success, had nearly overset my courage by saying to me one day:

"You must not play this part; you will fail as completely as they do at Neuilly." "Oh, don't say so!" I exclaimed, terrified at the idea. "I have not a doubt of it," he proceeded; "and the more certainly as you are horribly supported. The General, too, has a part that does not suit him. The play will be a total failure."

And thereupon Dugazon began to mimic every one who was to support the dialogue with me, and with such buffoonery that it was impossible to avoid laughing till the tears came. My self-love, however, would not permit me to laugh at his prophecy that the play would prove a failure, and I did all in my power to prevent it; but there was no remedy, and the hour of the tragi-comedy arrived at length.

To form a just conception of the nervousness (that is the proper word) felt by us *Comedians in Ordinary* of Malmaison, it should be premised that on the day of our

representation, which was generally Wednesday, it was the First Consul's habit to invite forty persons to dinner, and a hundred and fifty for the evening, and consequently to hear, criticize, and banter us without mercy. The Consuls, the Ministers, the Diplomatic Corps, Councillors of State, Senators, their wives, and all the members of the then Military Household of the First Consul, formed our audience. But the most terrible was the First Consul himself. There he sat in his box, close beside us, his eyes following us and accompanying their glances with a smile more or less arch at the slightest departure from the piece.

The morning of the representation of *Lovers' Follies*, Dugazon said to me, after hearing Bourrienne rehearse Albert admirably: "Well, take courage, my pupil, you will save the State. You two may do wonders. Crispin is good, too. As for the General, his part is nothing. Come, carry this off successfully, and you will deserve well of the country by foiling a conspiracy."

In the part of Agatha the dress is changed five or six times. I had requested Madame Murat, and Dugazon also had charged her, not to enter the stage to commence the third act without first ascertaining that I had completed my officer's dress under my black domino as the old grandmother. The two first acts had passed off tolerably, with the exception of a few errors of memory and some little deficiency of spirit; but the piece still marched — it was soon destined to *limp*.

Whether from misunderstanding or forgetfulness, Lisette appeared upon the scene without troubling herself about me. The question whether or not I was ready was, however, deserving of attention, for but a very short scene intervenes between that in which I receive the money from Albert and my return as an officer. It was therefore imperatively necessary that I

should be in full costume underneath my great black cloak, and I was accordingly putting on my boots when I heard the first lines of the act; I cried out directly, but in vain; I had not yet come to the end of my troubles. The day was suffocatingly hot: agitation and fear threw me almost into a fever, which did not accelerate matters; the boots would not come on, and while my waiting-maid pulled till she almost broke my leg, my ankle began to swell. At length I heard the speech preceding my own, and throwing the boot ten feet off, I hastily assumed my black domino, and entered upon the scene; but my poor head was wandering. I mechanically repeated the words assigned me, but my feet at the moment occupied my whole attention.

In an interval between the couplets I whispered to Junot: "What can I do? I cannot get my boots on!"

"Hey! What?" said he, for he could not hear. I repeated the same thing to Bourrienne, but as I spoke very low and quickly neither of them understood; this little by-play, however, so puzzling to them, began to excite more notice than I wished in other quarters. At last I made my exit, ran to my boots, and endeavoured to draw them on — impossible; the foot was still more swelled, and I might as easily have shod the Colossus of Rhodes as have driven my feet into either of them.

At this moment Dugazon, who was roaming about behind the scenes, arrived to witness my despair. He ran up to me, and, embracing me, said: "All goes on well, but what the deuce were you looking for under your feet just now?" As my brain at the moment retained but one fixed idea, I answered, staring at him in utter consternation: "I cannot get my boots on!" "You have not your boots on?" said he, swearing —"you have not your boots on?"

At that moment my husband's valet, who was to bring me a very small sabre that I had ordered, tapped at my room door, and presenting a sword as large as Mahomet's Damascus blade, told me in his German jargon that my sabre was not ready, but that he had brought me the smallest of the *Cheneral's*, and it was necessary to be cautious in using it, for it would cut like a razor.

"Here is a new trouble!" I exclaimed.

"Eh! do not be uneasy," said Dugazon, capering; "it is all very well. You have a greatcoat; never mind black shoes, keep on your white ones. Agatha is mad: it is no disguise. All those about her know that an access of her malady has just seized her, and that she has assumed a military dress because her head is unsteady. Well, she has forgotten her white shoes. Really, upon my honour, this is not amiss."

Saying this, he pushed me on the stage, and it was fortunate that he did so, for my turn was come, and I should never have had the courage to appear thus as an officer of dragoons in white satin slippers. I took good care not to look towards the First Consul's box; to have seen his smile or frown would have struck me mute.

The result of this fine story is that I played the last scene like a true maniac. But, owing to those unlucky boots, I forgot the Turkish sabre and its sharpness, and when at the conclusion Agatha flourishes it about the ears of Albert, and then suddenly falls into a swoon, the point of the unfortunate Damascus penetrated my white slipper and made a deep cut in my foot, of which I still bear the scar.

But let me ask, Was any one ever seen to enter a theatre in the dress of a dragoon officer and in white satin slippers?

The First Consul was for six months unmerciful upon those unlucky white slippers. I verily think he would

have dragged them into a discussion even upon the bull *Unigenitus*.

I now remember it was the same day that, the conversation turning at table on the pleasure of acting in the country, the First Consul said to Cambacérès, who expressed his participation in it: "That this pleasure could consist only in hearsay, for he surely had never taken part in a comedy." Cambacérès seemed piqued, and replied in an accent really amusing when contrasted with his melancholy and severe countenance:

"And why, Citizen First Consul, do you think that I have not gaiety enough to act in comedy?" "Really, Citizen Cambacérès," replied Napoleon, "I think you have no gaiety at all."

"Well, I have very often acted in comedy, nevertheless, not only at Montpellier, but at Béziers, at the house of an old family friend, where for six months in the year the theatre was in activity, and one of the parts in which I was eminently successful was that of Renaud d'Aste."

"And did you sing?" cried Madame Bonaparte, and all the party laughed, but Cambacérès, no way disconcerted by our hilarity, continued: "And as all characters suited me alike, I played equally well Le Montauciel in *The Deserter*." This time the laugh was universal. But Cambacérès was not easily turned from an agreeable subject, and having once entered on the history of his scenic adventure, the petty jealousies and intrigues of his company, there was no stopping him under half an hour; the rather, as Napoleon, his elbow on the table, listened with an attention which did not surprise me, because I had observed the interest with which he would attend to our reports of the thousand little incidents that arise during the rehearsal of a play.

The First Consul should have been seen in his func-

tions of stage manager to be known under an aspect entirely different from all his portraits. "The First Consul at Malmaison, the First Consul at St. Cloud, and the First Consul at the Tuileries," said Mr. Fox to me, "are three men forming together the *beau idéal* of human greatness; but I could wish to be a painter," added he, "to take his portrait under these different characters, because I should have three resemblances of the same face with three different aspects."

The statesman was right; I had remarked it before him, and was pleased at hearing my own idea so strikingly expressed by the man whom, of all Englishmen, I at that time most highly appreciated. It was perfectly true, and Bonaparte at Malmaison was admirable in extreme simplicity.

One of our best actors was Isabey, perhaps the very best, Queen Hortense excepted. He, however, ceased to form often a member of our *corps comique* rather than *dramatique*, for reasons which were but imperfectly explained.

One day the First Consul, on dismounting from his horse, and traversing the gallery adjoining the centre salon at Malmaison, stopped to examine a portfolio of engravings which had been placed upon a table at the park end of the gallery. Isabey is said to have entered a moment after him from the theatre, and by the opposite door at the end next the court. The First Consul was then slim, and wore the uniform of the *guides* or *horse chasseurs* of the Guard,— that beloved uniform, the very sight of which makes the heart beat. Eugène Beauharnais, as I have before observed, was colonel of that fine regiment.

Isabey, who had not heard the First Consul return from his ride, seeing a small slender figure at the end of the gallery, dressed in the uniform of the *chasseurs*, and

observing the two epaulettes, supposed it to be Eugène, with whom he was extremely intimate, and determined to take him by surprise. Dexterous, light, active, and supple as a cat in his movements, he advanced softly, without the slightest sound, to within a short distance, then, taking a spring, leaped at one bound upon the First Consul and alighted on his neck. Napoleon imagined the house was falling, or that the *old gentleman* was come to strangle him. Rising up, he disengaged himself by main force from his new-fashioned collar, and threw poor Isabey in his turn upon the ground, and, presenting to his dismayed view a countenance for which he was certainly little prepared, demanded in a severe tone: —

"What is the meaning of this buffoonery?"

"I thought it was Eugène," stammered out the luckless youth.

"And suppose it was Eugène," replied the First Consul, "must you needs break his shoulder-blades?" And he walked out of the gallery.

This story was soon bruited about. The First Consul had too much tact not to perceive that his was the ridiculous share of the adventure; Isabey understood it to the full as well, and both would willingly have kept the secret. But whether the one in the first moment of his panic related the whole to Eugène himself, or the other in his resentment could not withhold it from Madame Bonaparte, the affair got wind. I know that a short time afterwards its truth was denied. At all events, if it caused the departure of Isabey and his loss to our company, I must call it an act of useless injustice.

General Lallemand, at that time aide-de-camp to my husband, was also one of our best actors. I have seen but few good comedians, and of those very few indeed were his equals. His talent was natural, but had been improved by the instructions of Michau, from whom he

imbibed a portion of that ease and humour which was the principal charm of Michau's own acting.

This excellent man once said to me, "It is always useful to make people laugh," and in illustration of this truth related an anecdote of himself. Passing once quietly along the streets, he encountered one of those disorderly mobs that were in the habit of parading Paris in those happy days when the lamp-posts served for hanging up our gallant citizens; they would have made him join their march, but he resisted, and demanded in the name of that liberty, whose scarlet ensign was as usual conspicuous in the foremost group, that he should be suffered to continue his route in pursuance of his own affairs. The discussion was brief, the lamp was shattered, and poor Michau, already stripped of his coat, was on the point of being hoisted in its place, when a fat fellow, with his plump arms bare, and a red and jolly face, rushed into the midst of the banditti and snatched Michau from their grasp, exclaiming:

"What are you about, simpletons? don't you know 'Punch of the *République*'?" The *Comédie Française* was at that time called the *Théâtre de la République.*

And thanks to his title of "Punch," with which his deliverer, the butcher's boy, had invested him, Michau found himself at liberty, and accepted the apologies which two hundred rascals offered for their design of hanging him, as coolly as if they had simply trodden on his toes!

CHAPTER III.

A SERIES of victories of the French arms had at length determined Austria to conclude a treaty of peace; it was signed at Luneville by Count Louis von Cobentzel for the Emperor and Germanic Confederation on the one part, and by Joseph Bonaparte in the name of the French Republic, which might still call itself One, and more than ever Indivisible.

All who had been concerned in the Congress came to Paris to share in the magnificent *fêtes* which the First Consul commanded, that the people might have an opportunity of testifying their joy; and that a free circulation of money might revive commerce, and give work to that multitude of individuals who, to the number of a hundred thousand, exist in Paris by the labour of their hands,— a labour which, though chiefly devoted to objects of luxury, produces those commodities which the higher classes, especially in seasons of festivity, can no more do without than the lower can subsist without bread. The *fêtes* given by the Government were a signal not only to Paris, but to the whole of France, for balls, dinners, and social assemblages of every kind. Hence commenced in Paris, at this period, life and gaiety, which ceased not to animate it till the change introduced in 1814. Each succeeding day brought ten invitations for the evening.

The almost Oriental luxury which the Emperor afterwards introduced into his Court was not then known. Madame Bonaparte, who possessed in the highest perfec-

tion the art of dressing, set the example of extreme elegance. No sight could be more charming than a ball at Malmaison, composed of the numerous ladies connected with the Military Household which the First Consul had just formed, and who constituted, without having yet received the name, the Court of Madame Bonaparte.

All were young, many were pretty, and I know but one ugly enough to merit the epithet. When this beautiful group was attired in robes of white crape trimmed with flowers, and their hair ornamented with garlands as fresh as the complexion of their merry faces, smiling with happiness and good-humour, it was a charming and striking spectacle to see the animated dance which derived its zest from their gaiety in the same room in which the First Consul and the most eminent persons in Europe were promenading. These assemblies required a continual renewal of dress, and the first year of the Consulate saw the revival of that trade in the manufacturing towns of France, which again became an honour to the country. The Government officers, no doubt, made smaller accumulations, or laid out less money on estates; but shopkeepers sold their goods, domestics procured places, and workmen got into employment through the medium of from eight to ten thousand balls and five or six thousand dinners, which were given in the course of the winter at Paris. It followed that the silk mercers sold a million yards of satin or velvet, crape and tulle in proportion, the shoemakers manufactured their shoes, the artificial florist was called to assist at the toilet with his flowers, the hairdresser and dressmaker with their industry, and the perfumer with his gloves, fans, and essences.

The higher classes of trade were equally indispensable; the jeweller, the goldsmith, the glass and porcelain manufacturer, the upholsterer, the cabinet-maker, all flourished; the money passed through their hands into those of their

workpeople, and the immense population of this great town were all employed and all happy, because the superior classes received company, and expended their incomes in an honourable manner.

I have known the people of the Faubourgs at this period, when to be peaceful they asked only to be employed, and work was furnished to them in abundance. More virtues or more noble sentiments will nowhere be found than among the working classes of Paris. Never did they rise into tumult through the whole course of the Revolution except when driven into violence by misery and hunger. Hunger! the most imperious of wants! that which blinds the eye and deafens the ear to all other considerations and ripens the fruits sown by an improvident Government, — despair and revolt.

But at the epoch [1] of which I am writing things were not so; all prospered. The Peace of Luneville, which secured to France the Rhine as the limit, had been signed. The concessions stipulated at Campo-Formio between General Bonaparte and Count Louis von Cobentzel were confirmed; these concessions were the Duchies of Milan, of Mantua and Modena, together with the Ionian Islands, to be added to the Cisalpine Republic. All was glory shed upon France by the First Consul, and sensibly felt by a grateful nation.

All this was not, however, conceded without much hesitation on the part of the Austrians; it was the necessity of retreating on all sides before our cannon which first induced Austria to treat without the consent of England, notwithstanding her recent engagement to the contrary. This was a great victory gained over English gold. But Joseph Bonaparte, after having given some grand dinners at Paris to the Count von Cobentzel, in which department we had given him all the assistance in our power, was

[1] The 9th of February, 1801.

obliged to maintain against him at Luneville many long and warm discussions upon every point to be surrendered, for, alas! we were unreasonable, and asked, the plenipotentiary thought, too much. Happily for the success of Joseph's negotiations, he received, just at the critical moment, a courier from General Brune, bringing a copy of a despatch to the First Consul, announcing a victory in the true Republican style of conciseness: —

"Citizen First Consul,

"I have the honour to inform you that I crossed the Adige yesterday, 1st of January, immediately above Verona; which puts me into a position to announce to you very shortly the occupation of that town.

"I salute you with respect,

"Brune."

Accordingly, on the 3rd of January Verona was occupied by our troops, as well as Vicenza some days afterwards, and the Brenta was then crossed. In fact, the army was now on the march, and with sufficient rapidity to form a junction with Moreau, who, on his part, encamped at the distance of twenty-five leagues from Vienna, had concluded an armistice with the Archduke Charles, a good prince, an honest man, and a great captain,[1] but often unfortunate. M. de Bellegarde, who was so too (that is, unfortunate; for the rest I am not competent to speak), took the same method to obtain some quiet sleep.

An armistice was concluded between him and General Brune, and three weeks after the glorious Treaty of Luneville was signed, which wholly restored Marshal Bellegarde's repose, and I may add *en passant* that of some other Austrian Generals-in-Chief, who had had enough of this war. The Prince Charles was the only

[1] Who defeated Napoleon at the Battle of Aspern.

one of them whose noble conduct, even under every reverse, was worthy of his exalted birth and great soul. I more than esteem the character of this Prince, and believe I know it as well as a personage of his rank can be known without the advantage of personal access.

Brune, who gave so fortunate an impetus to the diplomacy of Luneville, was born at Brives, and, like all natives of the South, was ardent, active, fond of literature, poetry, and the fine arts; he possessed a large share of information, betook himself to composition, and, to facilitate the publication of his works, became a printer. When the Revolution opened Brune was young; his head and heart confessed but one idea, — glory and his country. He soon cast away his pen, ink, and paper, and took up sword and gun to enter one of those battalions of heroes which France produced by thousands in those radiant days of glory and liberty, and which were formed without the necessity of beating to arms. His battalion of the Seine and Oise was commanded by General Lapoype.

None of our Marshals have been so misrepresented as Brune. He was not one of Moreau's Generals, as it was the fashion to denominate those who had served in the Army of the Rhine. Had the restored Princes believed him so, they would surely have protected him from the popular fury, as senseless as all the accusations which have been advanced against him; but Brune did not belong to the Army of the Rhine, neither was he in Paris in the autumn of 1792.

Those, therefore, who accuse him of participating in the horrible saturnalia of the Septembrisers, to which, had he been at Paris, he would neither in heart, word, nor jest have assented, should, before staining his life with a falsehood, in order to palliate the horror of his death, have ascertained whether in physical possibility

he could have committed the atrocious crime with which he is charged, and of which an alibi of several hundred leagues is, I apprehend, a sufficient refutation. Brune was not at Paris in September, 1792, but at Radmack.

Brune advanced rapidly to an elevated rank in the army; he had courage and agreeable address, a union always tending to success, but at this period insuring it. The cannon made gaps in the ranks with a frightful rapidity, and so caused rapid promotion for those who obtained the notice of their chiefs, though it might be only to advance them more certainly to the honours of a soldier's grave. The cradle of Brune's glory was the Army of Italy, then under the command of Kellerman and Brunet.

It is remarkable that notwithstanding the activity of Brune's military life and a renown well earned before General Bonaparte's accession to the command of the Army of Italy in 1795, he is scarcely mentioned in the journals of the time; the *Moniteur*, for example, notices him only in 1797. Brune, however, largely contributed his portion of the glory to the three brilliant days preceding and following the battle of Rivoli, which decided the fate of Italy. He was soon after made Commander-in-Chief of the army in Helvetia; laid siege to Berne, and by its surrender compelled the submission of all Switzerland. From thence he was transferred to the Texel, to oppose the landing of the Anglo-Russian army under the command of the Duke of York, which might have been a fatal event for France, while at the same moment Masséna was sinking in Switzerland under the superior force of the enemy.

The road to Paris was open to the enemy, and Brune, with 20,000 men, whom the Directory kept in a state of inefficient provision, was to check the advance of an Anglo-Russian army which had been disembarked at

Alkmaar, and was joined by a Dutch force of 18,000 men. The Duke of York was entirely beaten at Bergen-op-Zoom, which led to the capitulation of his whole army at Alkmaar; and Masséna at the same time gained the battle of Zurich — two victories which saved France, as Marshal Villars had saved her at Denain.

Peace now gave a momentary security to our frontier, and the overthrow of the Directory opened a prospect of good government for France; the First Consul's anxious care was directed to the re-establishment of order in those fine provinces so long desolated by internal conflicts, and he sent Brune into the West, where General Hedouville had already prepared a convention, which was signed almost immediately after, and secured the submission and tranquillity of both sides of the Loire. At this period the First Consul appointed Brune to the command of the Army of Italy, which brings us to the point whence we set out.

It was in the month of November, 1800, that Macdonald at the head of the Army of the Grisons, comprehending the importance of his junction with Brune, penetrated into the Valteline by the passage of the Splugen, one of the most elevated summits of the Alps, and, braving tempests and avalanches, succeeded in his prodigious efforts by the most unprecedented display of courage and industry. But to the Chief of the Staff of this army, General Mathieu Dumas, is to be attributed, perhaps almost even more than to Macdonald himself, this triumph over the elements and Nature; all the resources which patience, vigilance, activity, and philanthropy could supply to the warrior, he provided, in forestalling his wants and protecting him from other dangers than those of the sword and the cannon.[1]

[1] See Memoirs of General Count Mathieu Dumas (English edition), vol. ii., p. 162. (London; Bentley, 1839.)

Brune, meanwhile, was attempting the passage of the Mincio, in face of the fine army of Marshal Bellegarde; the Battle of Pozzolo, in which Suchet, unsupported, sustained for many hours the whole weight of the enemy's forces, and which was finally decided by an admirable charge of cavalry, under Davoût, enabled him, on the 25th, 26th, and 27th of December, 1800, to effect his purpose, and nearly destroy the Austrian army. Its ultimate important influence upon the conditions of the Peace of Luneville has been already detailed.

Brune now returned to France, retired to his estate of Saint Just, in Champagne, did good in his neighbourhood and amused himself with literature. In 1804 he was one of the sixteen Marshals whom Bonaparte appointed on the establishment of the Empire. In 1807 Brune was ordered with a *corps d'armée* into Swedish Pomerania; he took Stralsund and the Isle of Rugen, and forced the Swedish army to retire. His interview with the King of Sweden during the siege of Stralsund, the particulars of which, as published by Gustavus, Brune denied to be correct, caused Napoleon's high displeasure; he continued for many years in disgrace, and the name of the conqueror of Bergen and the pacificator of the East was, during this period, never pronounced.

On Napoleon's return, however, in March, 1815, Marshal Brune was drawn from his retirement and accepted a post of great confidence and delicacy, — the command of the Eighth Military Division, which committed the peace of the South to his keeping. The restoration of Louis XVIII. and his re-entry into Paris found Brune at his post; he went to Toulon himself to restore the white flag there, lest its reappearance should be the signal for popular tumult, and was afterwards summoned to Paris.

It was on his way thither, at Avignon, that he met with the dreadful death which has stained the era to which it belongs with indelible infamy. Many particulars of it I received from an eye-witness.

Marshal Brune on reaching Avignon was warned that much agitation prevailed in the town, and that it was particularly directed against him; he was strongly recommended to avoid passing through; but turning a deaf ear to all advice, he commanded his postilions to drive to the post-house; here an armed mob of 800 men, calling themselves Royalists, besieged him in a room to which they had driven him for refuge; the Mayor, the Prefect, and a few *gens-d'armes* succeeded in protecting him during four hours from their infuriated attacks, while 3,000 citizens looked with apathy upon the atrocious scene, without affording the smallest assistance. The gallant resistance of the police was at length overpowered, and under the stupid pretence that the Marshal had been the murderer of the Princesse de Lamballe, — a vile slander generally circulated, and which I have already refuted,[1] in proving that he was not at Paris when that tragedy was performed, — he was put to death by the mob in the most barbarous manner; his lacerated corpse, after being dragged through the mud, was thrown into the Rhone; and the river refusing to contain it, it lay two days unburied upon the strand, whither the waves had cast it.[2]

[1] Page 229.

[2] A curious incident, which occurred eighteen years previously, closely connected with the tragical event, took place in Italy in the year 1797. General Masséna was called to Milan by General Bonaparte, then commanding in chief, to assist at some national festival. The command of Masséna's division then devolved on Brune, who celebrated the same *fête* at Padua. A banquet was given at which much patriotic poetry was read and sung. General Brune, who was wedded to literature, and fond of poetry, heard some stanzas of a song, the sentiment of which pleased him,

Junot was necessarily acquainted with many facts and events, because the military Commandant of a great city receives a daily report as to its order or condition, and this opened to him an infinity of doors of observation, into which sometimes he would not even look. Frequently, indeed, have I seen reports given in by the old Adjutant Laborde, which Junot has made him transcribe in order to omit certain names, or some words which might compromise the parties concerned in them, and were of no importance to the safety of the First Consul. On this subject I will cite an anecdote.

A lady of some importance in good society was involved in the reports concerning some conspiracy under the Consulate (I do not remember whether it was the infernal machine or that of Chevalier), but the fact was that this lady, perfectly innocent, had been induced by the giddiness of a young fool to give him an asylum against the political proscription he had incurred, while he represented the cause of his danger to her as totally different from the fact. The *gendarmerie* traced him, and took him from under the wing of Madame de Montesson. The lady no sooner discovered the real state of the case than in great alarm she hastened to visit Junot. She was held in much consideration by the First Consul: Madame Bonaparte was attached to her; she felt herself

and he composed impromptu the following couplets, which he sang in conclusion:

"Against one, two hundred rise,
Assail and smite him till he dies;
Yet blood, say they, we spare to spill;
And patriots we account them still!

"Urged by martial ardour on,
In the wave their victim's thrown,
Their fanatic joy to fill!
Yet these men are patriots still!"

Little did he suppose himself prophesying, and yet with what strange accuracy are the details of his horrible death here related in anticipation!

deserving of their good-will, and the bare idea of figuring in an affair which must come under the cognizance of the tribunals distressed her exceedingly.

Junot immediately perceived that she had committed no intentional error, and the report was altered; the name of Madame de Montesson did not appear in it, — there was no occasion that it should; the young man was arrested, which was the required point. Some time afterwards the First Consul asked Junot: "In what house was the young Lieutenant of the 12th arrested?" For a moment Junot was embarrassed, but he remembered that it had been stated in the report that he had been taken when walking in the Champs-Elysées, and he answered accordingly. The First Consul answered Junot, pulling him by the ear: —

"You have a bad memory, Junot; he was arrested at Madame de Montesson's house." He then added more seriously: "You were right, my dear Junot, in listening to Madame de Montesson's request; I have a respect for her, and I am glad you did not insert her name in the report, but you should have mentioned it verbally to me, and not have entirely overlooked the circumstance."

In this little trait the character of Napoleon is very conspicuous. He would always know everything, and was offended by the smallest concealment. Junot discovered Fouché to have been the channel by which the First Consul became acquainted with this affair.

I have reported this little story to prove that Junot suppressed whatever tended to scandal, if it had no immediate reference to the Emperor's safety. Many of these reports are to this day among his papers; they are purely military, but in these times of trouble were the depositories of many names connected with affairs into which the police were prying, but which, fortunately for their proprietors, fell into the hands of a man of hon-

our. With respect to the large sums which Junot received for the secret police of the capital, and of which he remitted an annuity of 3,000 francs to a reporter,[1] I know nothing of them.

I suppose, however, that the First Consul, unwilling to charge all the appointments of the Commandant of Paris upon the military funds, gave Junot a pension upon the extraordinary revenue raised by the Minister of Police, and which was solely at his own disposal; the daily reports were drawn up at the office of the Military Staff of Paris, or the Quai de Voltaire, and were brought to Junot by the Chief of the Staff, the Adjutant-General Doucet, under whose orders several district adjutants exercised a close *surveillance* over the peace and good order of Paris; these were Junot's agents and bulletinists, but they were not police spies. I may add that never did Junot, nor Marshal Mortier, who, in his quality of General Commanding the First Military Division, was his chief, in the performance of their duty compromise one innocent person. But I can easily conceive that there are men whose crooked policy, wishing always to remain in shadow, would endeavour to the utmost to frustrate the object of all these cares, and, failing to do so, would spare no slander which might bring those cares into disrepute. Hence I apprehend the origin of the animosity with which the Military Staff of Paris has been pursued.

[1] The exact expression in the original is not altogether complimentary, "*à un mauvais bulletiniste.*"

CHAPTER IV.

Count Louis von Cobentzel, who had just signed, at Luneville, the treaty of peace between Austria and France, was the greatest lover of spectacles, *fêtes*, and all kinds of merry diversion, that I have ever met with in my life. The Emperor, his master, had made a judicious selection in appointing him envoy for signing a treaty of peace. He interested himself in the programmes of all the intended *fêtes;* enjoyed them by anticipation, and gave his opinion on the preparations.

I frequently saw him, for, as he was passionately fond of plays, and I had a box at all the theatres, he preferred going privately with Junot and me to appearing in the official box of the Minister for Foreign Affairs.

Count Louis was middle-aged, very ugly, and is truly reported to have resembled Mirabeau. He had the same sallow face, and his eyes, which, however, bore no other resemblance to those of Mirabeau, were equally small. He had also the same enormous head of hair, which gave so singular an effect to Mirabeau's countenance. Count Louis was lively and sensible, but withal had plenty of follies, — follies which he is said to have only adopted in imitation of Prince Kaunitz. He had been for a long time Austrian Ambassador at the Court of the great Catherine, and retained a profound and enthusiastic admiration for that Sovereign, who kept a theatre, played herself, and carried the condescension so far as to write comedies for the amusement of her Court. When

Count von Cobentzel was once launched on this favourite topic it was a vain hope to extract a word from him that did not bear reference to the theatre at the Hermitage, in which his frightful person would certainly not set off his dramatic talents to the best advantage.

The First Consul related to us one evening that M. de Cobentzel had had a temporary stage constructed in the palace of the Austrian Ambassador at St. Petersburg, principally with the object, as you may suppose, of acting himself. One day the Ambassador was to assume the character of the Comtesse d'Escarbagnas. The Empress had promised to be present, and the *Count-Countess* was dressed early to be in readiness for appearing on the stage the moment the Czarina had taken her seat. She arrived, and the Ambassador was sought for, but neither *he nor the Countess* could be found.

At length, after a tiresome search, he was discovered in his cabinet, in male attire indeed, but with his hair puffed, in high-heeled shoes, and so suffocated with passion that he could scarcely articulate the words, "Hang that villain for me!" pointing to a man who was praying all the saints in heaven to defend him from the supposed madman.

This was a special courier from Vienna arrived in haste, with very important despatches, and specially ordered to deliver them into the Ambassador's own hands; for Catherine II. made no scruple of violating the seals, not only of her own subjects, but of foreigners, and even Ambassadors, whose diplomatic character is sacred amongst the most savage nations. M. de Beausset, when Ambassador from France, made serious complaints of this gross breach of international law. The courier was a young man, recently attached to the Foreign Office, and had never even seen the Count von Cobentzel. He arrived at seven in the evening, just as the Count, having

finished his toilet as Comtesse d'Escarbagnas, was complacently contemplating the reflection in a large looking-glass of a figure which has perhaps never since been paralleled; smiling at his whimsical visage, adding a patch, flirting his fan, enlarging his hoop, and repeating the most striking passages of his part. At this moment the courier from Vienna was announced. The Count replied that he would see him the next morning, but at present he was otherwise occupied; recommending that he should repose himself for the night, and leave business till the morning.

But the young man was a novice in diplomacy, and scrupulously conscientious in discharging his commission. His orders were to use all diligence and at whatever cost to reach St. Petersburg before midnight on this very day. He had arrived, and loudly and pertinaciously insisted on seeing the Ambassador. One of the secretaries informed M. de Cobentzel of the courier's orders. "Why, what does the obstinate fellow want? Is he possessed? Well, send him in!"

The secretary, accustomed to the fooleries of his master, without an instant's reflection on the necessity of preparing a stranger for the interview, introduced him into the cabinet, saying, "There is the Ambassador." And the courier found himself in the presence of a woman dressed in the fashion of his grandmother's days, who advanced affectedly to meet him, and while putting with one hand an extra patch on a round cheek, already concealed behind a thick coat of rouge, stretched out the other to receive the packet, saying: "Well, sir, let us see these important despatches." The courier turned round instead of answering, to request an explanation of the strange spectacle that thus presented itself. But the secretary had vanished, the door was shut, and he found himself alone with the burlesque vision.

"I wished to speak to the Ambassador," cried the young man, whose brain, somewhat heated by the fatigue of several days' rapid travelling, was nearly overset upon seeing a feminine figure seize the Ministerial packet and endeavour to snatch it from him, saying all the while, "Here is the Ambassador! I am the Ambassador!"

The young Austrian was strong, and retained a firm hold of the despatches confided to him; but, beginning to be frightened, he called for help, insisting on seeing the Ambassador, and refusing to recognise him under this disguise. In vain Count von Cobentzel ran after him round the cabinet, explaining why on this particular occasion he was dressed in his fine brocaded gown and velvet petticoat. Greek would have been more intelligible to his companion. At length the Count exclaimed in despair:

"Well, blockhead, you shall see him, you shall see your Ambassador," and, entering his bedchamber, he threw off his gown and petticoat, and returned to the obstinate courier in white silk stockings, high-heeled shoes, black breeches, and puffed hair, — another edition of my dragoon's dress and white satin shoes.

Accordingly, the young courier, more than ever persuaded of his insanity, persisted in refusing to surrender the Imperial packet, until the Ambassador was growing seriously angry, when, to complete his fury, the Empress's arrival was announced to him. The secretary of the embassy explained this strange scene to the diplomatic messenger, and persuaded him at length to give his despatches into the hands of Count Louis von Cobentzel. The Count read them, and found them indeed a singular prologue to the comedy he was about to perform.

They announced to him that Beaulieu and Wurmser had no better fortune in Italy than the Archduke Charles upon the Rhine. That General Bonaparte, then twenty-

six years of age, was taking possession of Italy at the head of 36,000 Frenchmen, and was beating General Beaulieu, notwithstanding (and very probably on account of) his seventy-six years, though he had 50,000 men under his orders. They also warned the Ambassador that it was of the utmost importance to induce the Czarina to give effect to her promises, so long since made, of placing an armament by sea and land at the disposal of the Allies, and pressed him not to lose a moment in communicating this intelligence to the Empress, and in entering upon the question of the armament.

This order admitted of no delay in its execution; Count von Cobentzel felt it, and I may say painfully. England was at this moment about to sign a treaty of subsidy and alliance with Russia; Austria was deeply interested in avoiding the smallest offence to England, and the Count felt that it would be an agreeable compliment to the British Ambassador to consult him on this important occasion. Lord Whitworth was sent for and came. To form a just conception of this interview the two personages should be known.

Lord Whitworth (who was educated at Tonbridge School) was tall, perfectly well made, and handsome, with a countenance and manner of the highest distinction. I have never known a man better calculated to represent a nation, great, prosperous, and haughty; always magnificently dressed, even at the Consular Court, it may be imagined how particular he would be at that of Catherine II., where Eastern luxury prevailed to a magical extent. Imagine, then, the contrast he would present to the countenance, figure, and manners of M. de Cobentzel, always a little burlesque, and decorated on this occasion, for the amusement of the persons who witnessed the conversation, in the absurd accoutrements of the Comtesse d'Escarbagnas.

The English peer received the Count's communication with the cold politeness habitual to him, and, recommending him not to keep the Empress waiting, went to apologize for a delay which admitted of no apology but the truth. I believe, though I am not quite sure of it, that the Empress, in her impatience to be informed more at length of the details of events of which the English Ambassador could only give the outline, required the immediate presence of the Count von Cobentzel, who came in his gown, hoop, and puffs to the audience.

Count Louis von Cobentzel, though really agreeable, was much less so than he would have been had he permitted his own good sense and information to direct his manners, instead of servilely copying those of Prince Kaunitz and Prince Potemkin, to both of whom he affected to bear a personal resemblance, and whose frivolity and morality, both of the school of Louis XV., he assumed together with an exclusive predilection for the great world. This world was the Court, beyond the luminous circle of which all to him was chaos.

His good sense made him understand that a generation had sprung up in which were to be found names bearing a lustre of renown fully equal to that of heraldic blazonry. He knew this, but to his aristocratic ears the sound of the word "citizen," applied to the Head of the Government, produced discord in all social harmony; and he could not reconcile himself to the necessity of addressing Madame Lannes without the title of Princess. He had talent, however, and was, as I have said, agreeable; he related multitudes of anecdotes about the Court of Russia, all very amusing; that of the Comtesse d'Escarbagnas did *not* come from himself, but was told me at a later period by the Count's cousin, Count Philip von Cobentzel, who very soon succeeded him as Ambassador at Paris, and remained here till our rupture with the Austriaus in 1804.

In 1801 also a treaty of peace was signed at Florence between France and Naples. It is worthy of remark that in this treaty the Isle of Elba was made over to France, although not as an object of much consideration, for it was always regarded as a barren and savage rock; thirteen years later it became the only asylum of the monarch to whom it belonged.

CHAPTER V.

Louis von Cobentzel was fond of joking, especially when he was, as he called it, incognito; that is to say, when he left two dozen ribands and medals in his carriage, and retained but two or three; which, with his black coat, almost French, his silk stockings, diamond shoe-buckles and full-dressed head, made him a personage not very likely to diminish the merriment of such of the frequenters of the Montansier and the Vaudeville as should chance to meet him in the corridors. Our box at the Vaudeville having a private entrance and staircase from the Rue de Chartres, made it particularly agreeable to the Ambassador, and his frequent presence there was an additional attraction and amusement to us.

In the seasons of 1800, 1801, and 1802, the Vaudevilles resumed the gaiety which the stern events of the preceding years had greatly diminished; song was resumed, and farce did not seek its subjects in Plutarch, Livy, or the State Trials. Pero and his friends, Scarron's marriage, and a thousand other such subjects, were more suitable to this temple of gaiety than ambitious names, the very sound of which is sufficient to chase away mirth. At this moment the companies of the Vaudeville and the Théâtre de Montansier were particularly well chosen.

The *Comédie Française* was also in its glory. Talma, Lafont, St. Prix, Monvel — what an admirable constella-

tion of talent! Then Mademoiselle Raucourt, Madame Vestris, Monsieur Fleury, Mademoiselle Georges, Mademoiselle Duchesnois, Mademoiselle Volnais, and Mademoiselle Bourgoin; the recent *débuts* of the four last still divided the society of Paris into rival factions; but greater than all these was Mademoiselle Mars, already the queen of comedy.

Fleury was one of the performers at this theatre who pleased me best; I never heard him assume any character without giving it full effect, by his excellent judgment and good sense. His manners were those of a perfect gentleman, fully imbued with the *ton* of good company, with none of the affectation of the present day.

I must especially speak of the triumph of his art in the character of Frederick in *The Two Pages.* Many persons can yet remember the astonishment of Prince Henry when he saw his brother upon the stage, speaking, walking, blowing his nose — in all points Frederick himself. And that mask, as it may be called, with which, at his pleasure, he assumed another face, was wholly furnished by a play of the muscles altogether his own, and for which he was in no degree indebted to any theatrical contrivance. This was proved to me in a singular manner by the Comte de Perigord.

This nobleman was thrown into prison during the Reign of Terror, when not ostracism only, but imprisonment and death were frequently the reward of genius, as well as of aristocracy of whatever kind; even success in the lowest grades of life was not exempt. For example, the Duc d'Orleans had for a companion in death a blacksmith, who had been denounced and condemned because the president of his Section was also a blacksmith and had hung fewer bells than his neighbour.[1]

[1] Referring to the bells then used on the peaked collars of the horses!

The entire company of the *Comédie Française* were for similar reasons under lock and key, and M. de Perigord was painfully surprised at meeting in prison so many persons who had contributed to his enjoyment in the days of happiness. But a Frenchman, it is well known, can be gay even in the presence of death, and the friend and companion of Marshal Saxe was not very likely to be otherwise. Every time, therefore, that the old Count met Fleury in the gloomy galleries of their prison he stopped, made a low obeisance, and said, "How does your Majesty do?"

"At the instant," continued M. de Perigord, "the King of Prussia stood before me, such as we have seen him in *The Two Pages*, such as he was at Potsdam two years before his death: his back bowed, but his carriage imposing nevertheless, the same air, and the same play of countenance. And this total change effected in a few seconds, in a damp dungeon, by the light of a grated casement, and when a turnkey might interrupt this dramatic entertainment by marching us before the revolutionary tribunal, that is to say, to death!"

There is great talent, no doubt, in this active and ever ready play of the features and alteration of the whole person; but I think the mental firmness of the man, which will permit him to exercise these faculties in the midst of the most imminent danger, is still more worthy of admiration than the powers of the actor.

The Austrian Embassy was not the only one which at this period enlivened Paris; the Emperor of Russia, if he had not an actual representative at the Consular Court, had at least a medium of communication with the First Consul in the person of General Sprengporten. Charmed with the generosity with which Napoleon had

treated Russia, in sending home without ransom or exchange, well clothed and provided for, the eight thousand prisoners taken at Alkmaar on the surrender of the Anglo-Russian Army, Paul had charged General Sprengporten with a letter of thanks to the First Consul, but without giving him any diplomatic status.[1]

This General gave charming *fêtes;* and though himself of a disposition habitually melancholy, arising from his exile from his native country, to which his engagements in the Russian service were a bar to his ever returning, he so frankly testified his desire to see his guests well amused that it was impossible to avoid being so. He was, moreover, a bachelor; and this circumstance contributed to the freedom of intercourse and mirth which his house offered.

It was here that I first saw Madame Recamier; I had heard her much spoken of, and I acknowledge that my mother had prejudiced my judgment concerning her, in persuading herself, and consequently me, that Madame Recamier's reputation was exaggerated, and that she must necessarily be a person of overbearing pretensions.

Great, then, was my surprise when I beheld that lovely face, so blooming, so childish, and yet so beautiful! and still greater when I observed the timid uneasiness she experienced in her triumph. No doubt it was pleasing to be proclaimed the unrivalled beauty of the *fête;* but it was evident that she was pained by the envious glances of the females, who could not wholly sup-

[1] General Sprengporten was not a Russian, but born in Finland of an ancient family. At the period of the famous revolution in Sweden in 1776, he was much attached to the cause of Gustavus III., but he arrived at Stockholm too late to assist the young King; the *chapeaux* had beaten the *bonnets*, and Gustavus was the conqueror. Sprengporten afterwards passed into the Russian service, and although not formally Ambassador at Paris he was treated and listened to as such.

press the ill-will with which they witnessed her monopoly of adoration.

Madame Recamier truly deserved that homage; she was really a pretty woman! The expression of her eyes was mild and intellectual, her smile was gracious, her language interesting; her whole person possessed the charm of native grace, goodness, and intelligence. She reminded me at first sight of the Madonnas of the Italian painters; but the resemblance consisted wholly in expression — not in regularity of features.

It was the mind which animated her eyes and blushed in her cheek; the smile which so frequently played upon her rosy lips expressed the unaffected joy of a young heart, happy in pleasing and in being beloved. When Madame Recamier was in England she excited the same enthusiasm in the multitudes who thronged to see her, because there is in grace and goodness a charm which exercises its power, without appeal, over the people of every country.

At the time when I first met Madame Recamier she was in the prime of her beauty and of her brilliant existence. M. Recamier was at the head of one of the first banking-houses of Paris; his misfortunes were not then foreseen. He had, therefore, the means of giving to his charming consort all the enjoyments of wealth and luxury, as a poor return for her tender attentions and the happiness which she shed over his home and his life. M. Recamier's house was a delightful residence; nothing was comparable to the *fêtes* he gave to foreigners recommended to him, and whose choice of M. Recamier for their banker was no doubt fixed by the desire of an introduction to his wife. Curiosity attracted them to his house; they were retained there by a charm which acted equally upon old and young, male and female.

Madame Recamier is an indispensable figure in contemporary Memoirs. Not that she either reflected or impressed her era, but because she could have belonged to that era alone. One cannot expect to find, in future times, a woman like her — a woman whose friendship has been courted by the most remarkable persons of the age; a woman whose beauty has thrown at her feet all the men whose eyes have once been set upon her; whose love has been the object of universal desire, yet whose virtue has remained pure; whose unsullied reputation never suffered from the attacks of jealousy or envy; a woman who lost none of the affections which had been pledged to her, because in her days of gaiety and splendour she had the merit of being always ready to sacrifice her own enjoyments to afford consolation — which no one could do more sweetly and effectually — to any friend in affliction. To the world Madame Recamier is a celebrated woman; to those who had the happiness to know and to appreciate her she was a peculiar and gifted being, formed by Nature as a perfect model in one of her most beneficent moods.

Since the 18th Brumaire society had been reuniting and grouping round a Government which offered it at length not only security but prosperity. The peace with Germany, that which was in progress with Russia, and a preliminary treaty already far advanced with Great Britain, afforded a bright horizon to replace those thick clouds which weighed upon the bosoms even of individuals, oppressing all with fears, not only for their possessions but their lives.

Paris once more became the abode of joy and pleasure. In the two first years of the Consulate the finest *fêtes*, except those of the Government, the Ministers, and other authorities, were given by the richest bankers, such as M. Recamier, M. Perregaux, and two or three others;

then followed MM. Seguin, Hainguerlot, and other opulent persons, who returned to France in pleasures the wealth she had bestowed upon them.

These *fêtes* were soon rendered more brilliant by the presence of numerous foreigners of distinction, who crowded into France as soon as they were permitted to travel. Italy, England, Switzerland, sent their contributions of visitors who, in exchange for the gold with which they enriched us, were taught the arts of refined entertainments.

The Russians followed the Germans as soon as their new sovereign gave them permission to quit their frozen regions. The Emperor Paul was just dead; and Alexander, the eldest of his sons, had mounted the throne at twenty-three years of age. The despotic domination of the Czars immediately gave place to a paternal government, as much wiser as it was more gentle. I remember that at this period the Russians who came to Paris cherished for their young sovereign a sentiment bordering upon idolatry. Many kept his portrait in their inmost apartment, beside that of the favourite saint, surrounded like it with lights and gems, and as much venerated as St. Alexander Newsky or St. Nicholas.

Our definitive arrangements with the Court of St. Petersburg, however, did not proceed very rapidly. M. Sprengporten was recalled and replaced by the Chevalier Kalitscheff, who also had no diplomatic rank, but was simply the bearer of a letter from the Emperor of Russia to the First Consul. One remarkable circumstance attached to his mission was that, though sent by the Emperor Paul, before he could deliver his letter the throne was already filled by Alexander. He was soon succeeded by the Count Markoff, in quality of Minister Plenipotentiary, which, however, he did not assume till two months after his arrival here. General Hédouville was

appointed by the First Consul to reside at St. Petersburg in the same capacity: all appointments of this nature were made with extreme caution; the Foreign Powers feared even to form alliances with France, for the Directory had rendered them suspicious of our good intentions.

CHAPTER VI.

One fine morning in the summer of 1801 Rapp joined our breakfast-table, bringing an order to Junot to attend the First Consul at Malmaison, and an invitation to me to spend the day there. We set out immediately after breakfast, and as Rapp was returning to Malmaison we gave him a place in our carriage.

I have already spoken of Rapp as a brave and frank soldier, but the quality which marked his character most strongly at this moment was his ardent attachment to the First Consul. Rapp, Duroc, Lannes, Bessières, Lemarrois, and two or three others of the Army of Italy and Egypt sympathized perfectly with Junot in this respect, and uttered precisely the same language. The First Consul was to them (as an adored mistress would be to most young men) the thought which predominated over every other.

On this occasion we remarked that Rapp was thoughtful, and that a strong feeling seemed to oppress him. We had scarcely reached the Barrière de l'Etoile when Junot, who had been contemplating Rapp's countenance, caught the reflection of its melancholy, and before we arrived at Nanterre he said to his brave brother-in-arms, taking his hand:

"Rapp, there is something the matter yonder . . . the General —" And his eye, fixed upon the excellent young man, seemed to fear a confirmation of his apprehensions.

Rapp at first bowed his head without answering; then pressing Junot's hand, "I know nothing," he said; "but the General has certainly received some painful news. I know him as if I had spent my whole life by his side, and when his forehead wrinkles and his eyelids fall. . . ." Here he knit his eyebrows as Napoleon was accustomed to do when deep in thought. "Then when retaining this melancholy air he pushes away his plate at dinner, throws up his napkin, removes his chair, walks to and fro, and orders three cups of coffee an hour hence, I say to myself that he has met with some cause of distress. This is the life he led all day yesterday, and this morning the same course has recommenced. This is why I am returning to Malmaison, though my attendance ended at noon. But I should be miserable in Paris."

Junot pressed Rapp's hand: the brave fellow had so entirely expressed his own feelings! I looked at both of them; Junot's eyes were wet, and Rapp was looking out of the coach window ashamed of his emotion.

"But," said I to them, "permit me to tell you that you are behaving like children. What! because the First Consul is perhaps out of humour, or, at the most, because you believe him to be vexed, you are so unhappy as to be absolutely ashamed of your feelings! I repeat it, you are as unreasonable as two babies."

Their two faces turned towards each other to take a mutual survey; and I burst into a laugh. Rapp was offended. "I may be ridiculous in expressing over-anxiety," said he; "but I who have seen the General's altered physiognomy . . . you know, Junot, I who have seen him know that it is not ill-humour; it is grief. Yesterday morning, after rising from breakfast, which he had not eaten, he ordered the horses, and we rode out to the park of Bougival. We were alone with Jardin; so long as we were within sight of the house the General

walked his horse; but we had no sooner passed the paling than he spurred it, and the poor beast galloped up the stony road of Bougival, where he might have been killed ten times over; for if the horse had stumbled upon one of the round and polished stones the hill is strewn with he might have rolled to the bottom without the possibility of being saved. When we reached the summit, there, under the fine trees at the entrance of the wood, he stopped short. The horse was blown and could not advance a step.

"I rode up to the General: he was alone: Jardin was still a long way behind. I then thought no more of the horse falling; but I pictured to myself in the dark and desert wood assassins in waiting to dog my General's steps. I saw that the most devoted guardianship cannot be so active but that danger may outstrip it; he had been there two minutes, and alone! The misfortunes which might have been accomplished in this short time presented themselves so forcibly to me that for a moment I forgot myself. I took the liberty to tell the First Consul that he rode like a madman, and did not know what he was about. "Why the devil, General," said I, "do you alarm those who are devoted to you in this way?"

"What! you spoke to him in that manner!" said Junot, with a look of astonishment.

"Certainly," replied Rapp, "and why not? You all try to frighten me out of speaking frankly to the First Consul; but I cannot believe it would displease him: he knows when the heart speaks." Rapp accompanied this speech with a collection of energetic words which may be dispensed with here. His language had nothing coarse in it, but he often introduced into it interjections and exclamations to which it would be difficult to do justice in writing. "But to return to what I was saying just now about the General; when I pointed out to him

the solitude which surrounded us, he smiled, so. . . ." And Rapp smiled with an expression of disdain and bitterness, at the same time inclining his head in a manner altogether peculiar to Napoleon, and which those only who have known him well can figure to themselves or understand.

"Then he said to me: 'Danger has no terrors for me, Colonel Rapp; there are even moments when I court it, for some days of my life are heavy to bear.' And thereupon he recommenced his furious gallop, but this time, if we were not in a level country, at least the road was such that it was practicable to follow him. Jardin and I did not let him outride us, but kept our horses close on the heels of his. We rode in this manner six leagues, I think; however, on our return, the First Consul seemed much more calm than when we set out."

Junot was thoughtful. All that Rapp had said did indeed indicate that some great trouble affected the First Consul. Junot questioned his comrade; but Rapp, who could easily remark the emotion which the countenance of Napoleon exhibited, was wholly deficient in that fine discrimination which could trace such emotion to its cause. I was perfectly astonished at the style, almost of eloquence, in which he had just related the particulars of his preceding day's ride, and I recognized in it a new proof that the eloquence of the heart is the most poetic; that of genius, when compared with it, appears cold and formal.

When we arrived at Malmaison, the First Consul was in his cabinet. He immediately sent for Junot, who, for above an hour, was closeted with him. Some time before dinner we saw them walking in the alley which leads towards Jonchère[1] and Bougival. Junot was serious, and seemed to listen with great attention to the First Consul.

[1] A country house, which afterwards belonged to Eugène.

Junot.

Photo-Etching. — After the Engraving by Mauduison.

Sometimes the countenance of Napoleon became animated; once he stopped opposite the house, and, as if he would explain demonstratively to Junot what he was saying, he traced some figures with his feet upon the sand, and probably finding this mode insufficient to his purpose, asked Junot for his sword, and, without drawing it from the scabbard, used it to trace his explanatory figures with more ease.

When we entered the dining-room the First Consul was already at table; he placed me by his side, and talked of things so entirely indifferent that it was manifest he was supporting a conversation to which he gave no attention at all, only to avoid the awkwardness of total silence. I examined him narrowly, and was convinced that he was under the influence of a strong impression. Alas! the subject was but too serious; we had lost Egypt!

In returning to Paris, Junot was strongly affected. He told me all he had learned from the First Consul, and how much he was himself distressed in seeing the affliction which weighed upon a great mind whose every sentiment was powerful and ardent.

"It is so long," said Junot, "since I have known his projects with respect to Egypt! When we walked upon the Boulevards Neufs on one of those fine summer evenings which then afforded us all the pleasure we enjoyed; when we were at Paris, unhappy and unemployed, then it was that the First Consul spoke to me of the East, of Egypt, of Syria, and the Druses; and when these brilliant dreams subsequently became glorious realities, when General Bonaparte saw in his own hands the power of executing such important projects, I know that he considered it the finest moment of his life. I know not what Heaven may have in store for him; but I may affirm that to constitute Egypt the station from whence, at some future day, the blow should be struck which should

annihilate the prosperity of England was his most cherished purpose, and was about to receive its accomplishment. When, then, he said to me to-day, 'Junot, we have lost Egypt!'[1] I felt all the pain with which he would receive the intelligence that Egypt was actually lost: and my heart throbbed with anguish. Rapp was right! the General suffered cruelly yesterday!"

Junot repeated to me all that had passed during the two hours he had been alone with the First Consul. Not only had Napoleon, during this conference, spoken like a patriot, and wept over the irreparable loss which the commerce and prosperity of France had sustained, but he had felt as the chief of the army and the friend of his soldiers. He regretted the land which the blood of thousands of Frenchmen had enriched! those burning sands where their bones must wither! "He had intended," said Junot, "to raise a monument to Sulkowsky, to Julien. . . . 'I would have erected at the foot of Mount Tabor a pillar on which the names of the three hundred brave men whom you commanded at Nazareth should be inscribed. We also should have braved ages, and posterity would have found our glory in the deserts of Syria' — but as the Consul said," continued Junot, "'My projects, and my dreams, England has destroyed them all.'"

Junot then described to me a plan which had hitherto only been sketched out, but which was about to receive its completion. At the time of the famous action of Nazareth, where Junot, cut off from the corps to which

[1] It is necessary, in order to understand the ulterior objects of Napoleon with respect to India after he should have conquered Egypt, to read the instructions given by him to M. de Lascaris [which are to be found in M. de Lamartine's "Pilgrimage to the Holy Land," vol. iii., p. 145]. This account, taken from the papers of M. de Lascaris, furnishes proofs of the gigantic conception of Napoleon, and is highly interesting.

he belonged, found himself at the head of a few hundred men opposed to the Grand Vizier's advanced guard of three thousand, commanded by Ayoub-Bey, and obtained a complete victory, one of the finest achievements in our wars, the General-in-Chief immediately ordered that this victory should be consecrated in the most glorious manner.[1] The Order of the Day, then issued, had not yet been executed, but the First Consul, in the most affectionate terms, assured Junot that it should be forthwith. I here insert that Order of the Day; it is a noble trophy to preserve; my children are entitled to be proud of it. They have no cause to fear that their hereditary nobility should be contested, for they will always be the sons of the conqueror of Nazareth.

HEADQUARTERS BEFORE ACRE,
2 Floréal, Year vii.

ORDER OF THE DAY.

The General-in-Chief, desirous of giving a mark of his particular satisfaction to the three hundred brave soldiers, commanded by General Junot, who in the action of Nazareth repulsed a Turkish corps of cavalry of three thousand men, took five standards, and covered the field of battle with the dead bodies of the enemy, Orders : —

Art. 1. That a medal of 12,000 francs shall be given as a prize to the best picture representing the action of Nazareth.

Art. 2. The costume of the French in the picture shall be the uniform of the 2nd light infantry and the 14th dragoons. General Junot and the Chiefs of the Brigade Duvivier, and of the 14th dragoons, shall be represented in it.

Art. 3. The General Staff shall cause our artists in Egypt to draw the costumes of the Mamelukes, the Janissaries of Damas-

[1] Two dukedoms, it is said, were on the point of creation by Napoleon had it not been for disasters in the Peninsula: Junot, as Duke of Nazareth, and Jourdan, as Duke of Fleurus.

cus and Aleppo, the Maugrebins and the Arabs,[1] and shall send them to the Minister of the Interior, inviting him to cause copies of them to be executed and transmitted to the principal painters of Paris, Milan, Florence, Rome, and Naples, and to name the judges who shall award the prize and the period when it shall be announced.

Art. 4. The present Order of the Day shall be sent to the municipality of the commune of all the soldiers who shared in the action of Nazareth.

The General-in-Chief,
BONAPARTE.

ALEXANDER BERTHIER,
General-of-Division, Chief of the Staff.

I believe that this Order of the Day is unique in our wars. The Directory, which was not fond of acknowledging the glory of our arms, was obliged to publish it, and directions were given that General Bonaparte's orders should be executed. The competition took place after the return both of General Bonaparte and Junot, and the prize was adjudged to M. le Gros, who received orders for the picture, but never completed it. The magnificent portrait of the Duc d'Abrantès, the immortal work I may call it of M. le Gros, was destined for this picture of the action of Nazareth. The portrait, of which the head, or rather the face, only is complete, is a *chef d'œuvre*, not only for the painting but the resemblance. How often has my heart thanked M. le Gros!

[1] These troops composed the Turkish corps opposed to Junot and his brave division.

CHAPTER VII.

At this period, when strangers abounded in Paris, a fashion existed which, in its various ramifications, served for the daily amusement of society. This was the art of mystification, *anglice* hoaxing, which had just sprung up amongst us. To make game of one's friends was an amusement of old standing; but now, for the first time, men made the art of mystification, as it was called, a profession, a regular means of livelihood: for example, an entertainment was to be provided in the best manner for a party of friends; M. or Madame N. must be mystified; but how? Send for Musson, Thiémé, or Legras; it was done with the same ease that you would send to Corcelet,[1] the Chevet of that day, for a truffled turkey.

But there existed a more general species of mystification in which a whole party were made actors, and that without the help of the inimitable Musson; I am about to give a special instance of this kind presently. The First Consul, who detested this diversion, was the cause of its falling into disuse, by the expression of his displeasure. Junot and I were once warmly reprimanded by him for having caused the mystification of a man by the whole audience of a theatre, without any intention on the part of the spectator-actors. But the scene which I am now about to relate especially concerns the Russian Princess Dolgorouky, who arrived in Paris at the time

[1] Corcelet was still well known at Paris in 1836, but the shop of Chevet was more visited by the epicureans.

when these follies were still rife, though fear of the First Consul had rendered them less frequent than they had once been.

This lady was by far the most distinguished amongst the Russians at Paris, for her qualifications of person, mind, and manners. She was called impertinent, but as I never found her so I can say nothing upon that subject; she was certainly stiff, with some bombast and more affectation; but her manners were nevertheless those of the best society. She was polite, but distant; she never conferred an obligation without hesitating; at a first introduction she curtseyed even without smiling, nor was it till she was certain of finding the person that pleased her that she advanced graciously to offer her hand.

She was thought handsome by some, because she was tall and finely formed; but this striking figure was surmounted by a countenance of harshness and severity almost repulsive. La Harpe, the Abbé Delille, and others of our literati, held her in high respect, and the superiority of her intellectual acquirements could not be denied; from all this resulted the reputation not only of a witty but of a learned lady — the character in the world the most alarming. Some young people, or perhaps some ladies, wearied and annoyed by the ceremonious airs of the noble stranger, whose haughtiness was ill-placed in a country where liberty, and especially equality, were at that moment in their verdure and activity, determined to make her the subject of a mystification. Her pretensions as a *bel-esprit* were well known, and were made the text of the drama.

The Princess[1] occupied a very small house in the Faubourg Saint Honoré, where she could not dine more than eight or ten persons; if she wished to entertain

[1] She was a daughter of the Princess of Nassau-Usingen.

twenty she was obliged to invite them to tea. The Princess returned home one afternoon about five o'clock, much fatigued by a traveller's visits to the curiosities of Paris, and had just taken up a reclining position upon a sofa when the folding-doors of her drawing-room opened, and her groom of the chambers announced M. de Lacépède.

M. de Lacépède would have been heartily welcome to me or to any of my friends, because we were personally acquainted with him; but the Princess had never seen him, and notwithstanding her learned reputation it is by no means sure that she had read any of his works. Be this as it may, there he was; and as he was the politest of men the compliments of the *entrée* went off very well. The gentleman was not under the smallest embarrassment, but the lady thought the hour he had chosen for his visit a somewhat strange one. A few minutes, however, only elapsed before the door was opened again to admit M. de Lalande. He was presently followed by M. Suard. At length, in about a quarter of an hour, the most important Members of the Institute, the greatest strangers to the world of fashion, from the solitude to which their scientific studies confined them, were all assembled in the Princess Dolgorouky's little drawing-room, except, indeed, those who happened to be acquainted with the hostess, whose situation was every moment becoming more uneasy from the increasing number of her singular visitors.

This was, however, neither the place nor the occasion for the exhibition of those stately airs which disconcert inferiors. The princess had sense, and though incapable of understanding the extraordinary situation in which she found herself, she perfectly understood that she was at home, and whatever might be the cause of this truly eccentric meeting, it was for her to prove that her humour

was not always so disagreeable as was reported. The conversation, nevertheless, became more and more difficult to sustain. One of the learned visitors had raised a discussion respecting some ivory fossils which had been found, I know not where, and referred continually to the Princess, who was equally at a loss how to answer or where to hide her head. At length a familiar face presented itself to her notice; her friend Millin was announced.

"So," said he to the Princess, kissing her hand with as much respect as if she had been the favourite sultana — "so it is by a singular accident only that I have heard of the scientific treasures and rare curiosities you have received from your northern estates! I, the most faithful, the most devoted of your servants! Oh, Princess, Princess!"

She looked at him with amazement, but at length obtained from him, rapidly and in an undertone, an explanation of the whole mystery, and learned that, two days before, the most distinguished Members of the Institute — the elect, in fact, from every section of the most learned — had each received an invitation in his own proper name to dine with her. A note appended to the invitation informed him, moreover, that some most curious objects of natural history had been sent to her from her estates in Siberia, which she not only desired to submit to the examination of the most scientific men in France, but proposed to offer to their acceptance.

Not another word was wanting to attract the attention of the whole learned body. The division of one of M. Demidoff's mines would not have tempted these minds devoted to science and learning; but the possibility of possessing a true moonstone, the carcass, or even a rib of a fossil elephant, had drawn these talented men from their retreat. M. de Lacépède had missed the single hour's sleep he allowed himself each day while engaged

on one of his great works, in the hope of seeing some skin, or some delicate bone which he might recognize as the spoil of one of those superb serpents a hundred and eighty feet in length which overran the world some twenty-five thousand years ago.

Millin had not seen these invitations, for the authors of the hoax had taken good care not to send them to the acquaintances of the Princess, but he, having met M. de Lalande at the Tuileries, had learned from him that there was to be a scientific meeting at the Princess Dolgorouky's, together with its cause; he wondered much that he had been forgotten, but fortunately determined, nevertheless, to make one of the party.

The result of this explanation by M. Millin was the discovery that the Princess had been hoaxed, a matter of serious concern to one who thought so much of the observations which might be made upon her, but she parried it with all the show of indifference she could assume, and followed the excellent advice of Millin, to retire for a week or two into the country. Her friends had more wit than to undertake the refutation of the story, one of the most ill-judged proceedings imaginable, unless supported by incontestable proofs.

The learned men implicated in the transaction, when the true state of the case came to be whispered among them, sneaked one by one out of the house, and *restaurateurs* being by no means so numerous as at present, they found some difficulty in procuring a dinner at six o'clock in the evening. Aware of the ridicule to which they were exposed (and who so sensible to ridicule as such men?), they took care to be silent, and thus the matter dropped, forgotten in ten days, as everything is at Paris unless supported by a prolonged discussion; and this adventure, which never gained much credence, was nearly unknown, and entirely failed to effect the purpose of its

contrivers. After awhile it was formally denied, but was perfectly true nevertheless.

"The dignity of science was somewhat compromised," said old Robert, who was as ready in conversation as at his easel; "this affair would have made a good subject for the pencil," and, in fact, the interior of the drawing-room, with the perplexity of the hostess, and the dismayed countenances of her guests when they found that neither serpents, elephants, nor dinner were forthcoming, would have made an amusing scene.

This Robert was an excellent old man; he had an affectionate friendship for me, which I cordially returned. He was a man of intelligence, had seen much, and retained much, and his judgment being good, his conversation was extremely attractive. It was he who was the hero of that adventure so famous in the annals of the French Academy at Rome, and which has furnished the text to M. Delille's fine poetical episode of the Catacombs.[1]

But how cold and colourless, how devoid of interest, are those verses in comparison with the rapid and animated narration I received from Robert's own lips, when, at seventy-nine years of age, sitting by my fireside, he related the peril he had run in studying the frescoes in the Catacombs of St. Sebastian at Rome from having lost the threads which guided him through the intricacies of these prodigious vaults.[2] With what simple, yet glowing, because heartfelt, eloquence did this old man portray the horrors of the youth of twenty creeping for two days in living agony, among the stones from which he had been copying, in search of a ball of

[1] In his poem entitled "L'Imagination."

[2] Robert is well known as a painter of ruins; he found his ball of twine only on the second day, which enabled him to trace his way out of the Catacombs.

thread! His remembrance of the mother he was to see no more, of his country, and of that glorious futurity of which the imagination of a youthful artist had dreamt, and before which a leaden curtain was falling. Then comes physical suffering, with its overwhelming force; he is hungry, he is in pain, in torture. But what words can paint the delirium of his joy, when, by accidentally dropping his hand upon a heap of bones, it feels his guardian ball!

Soon after this adventure of the Catacombs he fell again, and by his own fault, into a danger equally imminent, but less known. He was one day in St. Peter's, after the hour of prayer, alone, contemplating in the calmness of solitude the thousand wonders of the Christian giant. Suddenly he saw a cord descend from an opening in the cupola: a workman approached it, fastened to it a bucket full of water, and the cord was drawn up again. He perceived that they were mending the roof, and was seized with a desire to mount the cupola.

"I was curious," said he, "to see what harm had befallen this Colossus of modern architecture, which, rearing its head into the air, seems to deride the ruined monuments which surround it, saying to them: '*I am eternal!*' Its pride seemed to me to be greatly abated, for this cord, this bucket, this solitary workman, appeared so insignificant; I was no longer afraid, but determined to go up to discover what was the matter."

He mounted accordingly, and, having reached the summit, was at first seized with admiration at sight of the prospect which lay extended before him — a magnificent, but living, panorama, illuminated by that sun to which no other can compare, enveloping all Nature with that veil of golden hue which floats only on the buildings, the trees, the fields of Italy. Then, looking round nearer to

him, he saw some masons and tilers repairing, as they sang in their monotonous and nasal tones, some damage the roof had sustained. For the greater facility of bringing up the water, they had tied two long planks together, fixed them across the opening in the dome, and from them, by means of a cord and bucket, drew up the water; the two planks might be about two feet and a half in width, and the whole apparatus being intended only to support the bucket of water, no one concerned himself about its strength.

Eyes of twenty years see danger only to laugh at and brave it; it came into Robert's head that the appearance of St. Peter's, looking down upon it from above, must be very extraordinary, and the fancy soon became an ardent desire that Robert felt compelled to satisfy, without considering that the plank which he proposed to use as a bridge crossed an aperture three hundred feet from the ground. He set first one foot upon it, then the other, and presently behold him on this frail pathway without the possibility of turning back.

When Robert related this history to me, at the moment of his launching upon this plank, where my imagination represented him suspended between the sky and that marble which seemed destined to break his head, I was seized with the same vertigo that threatened him in his insane course; we gathered round him, listening eagerly to his words, and following him step by step on his aerial bridge.

"Having reached about a third part across I became desirous," said he, "of enjoying the spectacle I had set my mind upon, and cast my eyes downwards. Instantly a singing whizzed in my ears, a cloud first of blackness, then of fire, spread itself before my eyes. Fortunately I had the presence of mind to stop. I cannot describe what I felt at this moment in hearing close to me the

most execrable imprecations murmured in an undertone by the workmen. I reopened my eyes and determined to walk on, for I was convinced that if I remained another moment in my present situation I should die even without falling. I felt that my rescue depended upon myself, that my strength of mind alone could save me."

He advanced with a firm step along this narrow plank, at the extremity of which he might recover a life at present so uncertain, when he felt it crack under his feet! he was now in the middle of the plank, and the weight of his body so much exceeding that of the small bucket of water, seemed necessarily about to break it down and precipitate him to the marble floor. A young man, looking on with affright, heard the crash, and exclaimed: "The plank is split; the poor fellow must — " He did not finish the sentence, for the master mason laid his hand upon his mouth and pressed it violently. Meanwhile Robert proceeded, and at length stepped upon a solid footing. He looked behind him, saw the plank, the gulf, the death he had escaped, and, throwing himself upon his knees, returned thanks to God.

"Oh, my friends," said he to the workmen, "how fortunate I have been!" But, instead of sympathizing in his joy, the workmen laid hold of him and beat him so violently that he cried out for help. "You provoking Frenchman, rascal, torment!" bawled out the masons in chorus, "you have frightened us out of our senses," and the blows continuing to pour upon his back, Robert thought he should go mad. "Will you leave me alone?" cried he, half laughing and half angry. "Ouf," said the master mason, "I can scarcely breathe yet!" "And why," said Robert, "did you shut that poor boy's mouth?" "By St. Peter! would you have had me let him cry on till he had made you lose what little reason you had left?"

Robert took the mason's hand and pressed it with real and cordial friendship; this rough frankness, expressing such strong interest, however strange the mode of testifying it, went straight to the heart, and affected it perhaps more deeply than the most ceremonious expressions of interest uttered by a man of the world. Robert saw this man frequently during his stay at Rome, and painted two pictures for him, one of which was a sketch of this event, which I believe has been engraved, but I am not sure.

CHAPTER VIII.

I HAD received lessons in elocution from M. Laurent, and had even had some lessons from Larive, when we occasionally met him at Saint Mandé, at the house of a friend to whom he was related. But I had also had a very different mistress, if I may apply the term to the advice given on the subject of declamation to a young girl not destined for the theatre.

M. Brunetière, who was my guardian, and fulfilled to the utmost of his power the duties of the office, frequently took me into the country in his cabriolet when my fatiguing watchings in 1798 and 1799 were visibly injuring my health. We were not absent on these occasions more than an hour or two, yet even this my mother thought long; and so did I, because I could not be easy unless I was beside her to see that the thousand-and-one fancies, which as soon as formed became necessary to her comfort, were complied with.

M. Brunetière one day said to me: "I am going to take you to visit a very celebrated person; but I shall not tell you her name, you must guess it." Then, inclining towards my mother, he said some words to her in a whisper, adding aloud: "Will you give me leave to take her?" "Most certainly I will, and gladly," she replied, and added: "Loulou, look at her; examine her closely, and tell me what impression the person you are going to see makes upon you."

We set off about noon, on a lovely day of spring, to take, as M. Brunetière called it, "A bath of air, to refresh," said he, "that face of fifteen which is as pale as the one I am going to show you." And in truth I felt, as we passed through the Bois de Boulogne and a part of the Park of Saint Cloud, that joy which the breezes of spring never fail to inspire after a tedious confinement in close air. We entered the village of Sèvres, and turning to the left reached Issy, which was to be the turning-point of our drive.

We stopped before what had been a handsome house, but the dilapidated and neglected appearance of which surprised me. I could not conceive how an aged woman could take up her lodging in a house which looked so desolate. The servant rang a long time without receiving any answer, except from seven or eight dogs, who performed counter-tenor, bass, and baritone, in chorus, under the leadership of a great mastiff in the courtyard, who acquitted himself admirably in his office, barking according to order.

An old woman at length appeared to let us in. The extraordinary style of her dress arrested my whole attention; it was so strange a mixture of old-fashioned French with the Greek and Roman costume, that all the laws of politeness could scarcely restrain me from laughing at the old *femme-de-chambre*. Her apron trimmed with festooned muslin, and ornamented with ribbon at the pockets, announced her quality of waiting-maid. On recognizing M. de Brunetière she uttered an exclamation of joy: "You are come at last! Oh, how pleased Mademoiselle will be! And Mademoiselle Alexandrina, too, I suppose? How much she is like you! Dear young lady, you have a worthy papa. And to think that we have no fruit to offer the dear child!"

During this monologue M. Brunetière assisted me to

alight from the cabriolet, and we crossed a small court amid the clamorous yelpings of the dogs, whom the old woman beat with a switch, and M. de Brunetière wished heartily at the devil.

At length we reached the apartment of the mistress, who proved to be a very old lady, notwithstanding the title of Mademoiselle given her by her servant. She had been a fine figure in her youth, and age had not yet robbed her of a particle of height; her hair, white, but unpowdered, was drawn up behind in the Grecian style, and formed in front a *toupet*, which showed a still noble forehead, and a brow corresponding to all the expressions of an eye calm but animated. The costume of this lady, whose air imposed respect at first sight, was as extraordinary as that of her *femme-de-chambre*. She wore a sort of muslin mantle, which did not hang as mantles usually do, from the shoulders, but was folded round her in the form of antique drapery. A robe below it was shorter than the mantle; both were white, and bordered with garlands of laurels.[1]

This lady, at once singular and attractive, was seated in a large arm-chair well lined with pillows, with a bear-skin under her feet, and a table covered with books before her. A bust of Voltaire of great beauty stood upon it, as did a portrait of Lekain; many other busts and portraits were hung round the room, or attached by brackets to the walls, which were barely covered by paper, dropping to pieces from the effect of damp. The desolation of the house seemed even more striking in this room, surrounding with its misery an aged lady who had evidently been accustomed to the indulgences of affluence.

On seeing M. Brunetière, far from expressing the joy her maid had promised, she bent her brow, compressed

[1] These dresses were much in fashion about 1795, and were printed at M. Oberkampf's manufactory at Joüy.

her lips in a manner I have never seen in any other person, and exclaimed: "Ah! ah! Monsieur, here you are, then, at last! and where is your ambassador that he is not come also? He would have judged for himself of the condition of the asylum which is left to Electra and to Semiramis." So saying, she raised her arm in a theatrical manner, pointing towards a part of the ceiling through which the water was falling into the parlour, though it was on the ground-floor. "So!" she continued with an accent impossible to describe, "M. le Baron de Staël still fails in his word, his plighted oath! And why, sir, why do not you, who know what his engagements to me are, oblige him to fulfil them? for in fact, sir, it even rains in my room."

I looked at and listened attentively to this woman, as singular in her speech as in her costume, yet experienced no inclination to laugh, nor the smallest idea of ridiculing her. I even felt pain at hearing her complaints of ill-usage. M. Brunetière, who was no way responsible for the condition of things, approached her, kissed her hand with an air of deference which seemed to soften her, and presenting me to her by name, said: "Her mother is a Comnena." The old lady endeavoured to stand up, but could not.

"Mademoiselle," said she, "I knew your father and your uncle well; they both did me the honour of visiting me. I am rejoiced to see you. Permit me—" and taking my hand, she kissed my forehead with a solemnity which made M. de Brunetière smile. I was dying with impatience to know the name of this remarkable person who, surrounded by evidences of poverty, and herself giving the idea of the ruin of a superior nature, inspired me with an indefinable species of respect. My guardian at length took pity upon me.

"You see that Mademoiselle Clairon is surrounded by

objects worthy of herself and her glorious recollections," said he, pointing to the busts of Voltaire and Lekain.

But my eye did not follow the direction of his hand; it fixed immediately upon the person whose name I had just learned. Mademoiselle Clairon! so famous, so admirable in the parts of Electra, Aménaïde, Idamé, Semiramis! the woman sung by Voltaire, praised by all Europe! there I saw her, almost eighty years of age, in a state bordering on destitution, and apparently accusing as the author of her misfortunes a man whose name should have been a guarantee that talent in distress would have found protection from him.

I looked at her, and my eye probably expressed a part of my thoughts; for taking my hand with that of hers which she was able to use (the other was paralytic), she said to me, "Yes, my dear young lady, it is Clairon that you see. I am the woman whom Voltaire thanked for the success of his pieces; I am the woman whom all Europe came to hear pronounce the fine verses of that immortal genius." And she bowed to the bust of Voltaire. "My country," she added with a bitter smile, "has been grateful and liberal in praises, and has given me many laurels."

Again she pointed to the bust of Voltaire, and I observed that it was surrounded by emblematic crowns, numerous papers, and a thousand other trifles, all of which Mademoiselle Clairon had probably received during her long theatrical career. "I have offered to him," said the actress, "all the fruits of my success; it is to the master that the pupil owes all her credit." And raising herself in her chair, with theatrical dignity she recited an ode addressed by Voltaire to herself, in which, reversing Mademoiselle Clairon's observations, he thanked her for the success of his works. "But he did not believe a word of all that," she said, with a smile of intelligence;

"and he was right." She possessed, nevertheless, a degree of vanity of which it is difficult to form an idea.

My guardian, seeing how much Mademoiselle Clairon interested me, begged her to recite some passages from one of her favourite parts; she considered for a moment, and then commenced the fine monologue of Electra, which she went through with admirable talent. I know not whether at this day we should consider her performance so perfect, but I was delighted, and promised myself many visits to Issy with my guardian. She was fond of conversation, and supported it with grace; her language was correct, and she professed a profound contempt for all innovations upon the ancient manners. She told us that there was a worthy little man named Talma who had the audacity to give himself out as her pupil. "I know not how he performs," said she, "but that is of no consequence to me. I have sent a message to that miserable successor of Fréron, who leaves neither the living nor the dead in peace, desiring him to put into his papers that I never gave lessons to M. Talma." — "But he has great talent," said I timidly, for I was overpowered by her royal air. "Oh, I do not contest that," said she politely, but in that tone of voice which seems to say, "I pay no attention to your opinion." I know that she afterwards heard Talma, and was enraptured with his performance; also that she gave him some advice which he profited by.

In taking leave of Mademoiselle Clairon I begged permission to visit her again, which she granted with the utmost graciousness, adding: "Make my most profound respects to your mother. I had the honour of seeing her when she first came to Paris in her Greek dress; she was a star of beauty!"

M. Brunetière at parting approached Mademoiselle Clairon and put into her hands a rouleau, at the same time saying something to her very low, to which she

answered aloud: "This comes in good time, for the baker would no longer furnish bread to the Queen of Babylon. But you are a worthy man. Mademoiselle" — and she addressed herself to me, showing the rouleau M. Brunetière had just given her — "do you see this money? your guardian gives it out of his own purse that poor Clairon may not die of hunger. He gives it for that man who is without principle, that ambassador, that husband of a celebrated woman, in short, for the Baron de Staël, who suffers the rain of heaven to find its way into my poor abode."

M. de Staël had purchased an estate of Mademoiselle Clairon; the deeds stipulated that the house in which she resided at Issy should be kept in repair at his expense. Not one of the clauses were ever fulfilled. M. Brunetière, though an excellent man of business, could not draw blood from a stone. Madame de Staël, his wife, who had but little regard for him, could not pay his debts, however just; and in the midst of these claims and refusals Mademoiselle Clairon was dying with hunger. On our way home my guardian, who was M. de Staël's counsellor and friend, related to me this transaction between him and the great actress, but added: "I beg you, my child, not to repeat what you have heard to-day; Mademoiselle Clairon is unhappy, and as poverty sours the disposition she is unjust towards M. de Staël." "But he does not pay her," said I, "since you are the guardian angel who saves her from perishing with hunger. How is it that your friend Gohier does not rescue her from this state of distress?"

"The Government is too poor. But do you speak to Lucien upon the subject; young lips may with much grace beg bread for such a woman as Mademoiselle Clairon; M. de Staël cannot pay her, and I have heavy charges upon me."

I spoke to my brother-in-law upon the subject. Mademoiselle Clairon received material assistance from Lucien, but it was not till the Ministry of Chaptal that she was effectually relieved from want. In a collection of autographs of celebrated persons, two curious papers on this subject are preserved; the one, in some very energetic words of Mademoiselle Clairon, requests bread from the Minister of the Interior; the other has the two equally expressive lines which follow:

"*Good for two thousand francs, payable at sight to Mademoiselle Clairon.* — CHAPTAL."

I saw her occasionally. She was fond of me, but Talma and Mademoiselle Mars caused perpetual disputes between us. I was angry, because, as she did not see their performance, she could not appreciate all the talent of these two beings endowed with dramatic genius. Talma might be criticised, but Mademoiselle Mars was even then a diamond of the first water, without spot or defect. At length I was one day much surprised to find my old friend quite softened towards my favourite actress, and never could attribute the sudden change to any other cause than her having seen Mademoiselle Mars in one of her characters; she did not admit it, but I am almost certain of the fact. I had spoken so much of her that it was scarcely possible she should not wish to see her to judge for herself.

In *The Pupil*, Mademoiselle Mars, in the simple action of letting fall a nosegay, unveils at once the secret of a young heart. This expressive touch is one which could not be described, and yet Mademoiselle Clairon spoke to me as if she had seen it; nor do I think that she would have imbibed from any other source opinions sufficiently strong to overcome her prejudices, though I know that an old M. Antoine, a friend of Lekain, gave her frequent accounts of all that passed at the *Comédie Française*. I

have, however, no doubt that she had been carried thither herself in a sedan-chair, and had seen and admired our charming actress. I have often seen Mademoiselle Mars off the stage since that time, but I do not remember to have ever mentioned the circumstance to her — she could not but have been flattered by it.

It is well known that Mademoiselle Clairon was the cause, the innocent cause it is said, of the suicide of a man, who killed himself by a pistol-shot. Ever afterwards she heard that shot every night at one o'clock, whether asleep or at a ball, on a journey or at an inn — it was the same thing; it penetrated the music of a *fête*, it awoke her from repose, and it resounded equally in the court of a posthouse or of a palace. I cannot answer for it that there was no exaggeration in all this; but she who usually spoke in an exaggerated strain here laid aside all that could give any suspicion of seeking after effect. Albert, who believed in magnetism, wished after hearing Mademoiselle Clairon's relation to demonstrate to me that the thing was possible.[1] I laughed then. . . . Alas! since that time I have myself had a terrible lesson to cure me of incredulity.

[1] A part only of her Memoirs, written by herself, has been printed.

CHAPTER IX.

Those who were much about the person of Napoleon can never forget the winning expression of his features when he smiled; his eyes then became truly eloquent, their expression softened; and if the sentiment which produced the smile had anything truly noble in it, its effect was infinitely heightened; it was then that his countenance became almost more than that of man.

Well do I remember one of those fleeting but sublime moments when the combat of Algeciras roused the emotion of his soul; his countenance, as he recounted the circumstances of this action, and dwelt complacently upon his words, became truly interesting. The valour of Rear-Admiral Linois excited the sympathetic love of glory in Napoleon, and more especially when it caused the triumph of our flag over that of the Three Leopards.

Admiral Linois, with two ships of the line — one of eighty guns, one of sixty-four — and a frigate of forty, fought Sir James Saumarez, who commanded two ships of eighty guns, four of sixty-four, two frigates of thirty-six guns, and a lugger, in the Bay of Gibraltar, before Algeciras, and took one of his sixty-fours, called the *Hannibal*.[1] All the glory of this action belonged to

[1] [The errors in the narrative above are so numerous that it is impossible to correct them *seriatim*. For instance, this sentence should read in reality — "*Admiral Linois, with THREE ships of the line, TWO of eighty guns, one of SEVENTY-four, a frigate of THIRTY-EIGHT guns, and SEVERAL SPANISH GUNBOATS, fought Sir James Saumarez, who*

Admiral Linois, for he received very slight assistance from the Spanish land batteries. This success was followed by another equally brilliant; Captain Troude, who commanded the *Formidable*, one of Admiral Linois's two eighty-gun ships, was separated from the squadron a few days afterwards, and fell in with Sir James Saumarez and his three sixty-fours, to which he gave battle, and compelled Sir James to abandon one of them.

These facts Napoleon related; but it is impossible to describe the expression of his countenance while he invoked blessings on Rear-Admiral Linois for having attached a gleam of glory to our fleet. Naval victories were rare at that time, and the First Consul took the most lively interest in this; I can affirm it, because I saw it. I saw it when he was only Chief of the Government, not yet even Consul for life — much less Emperor! But he was General Bonaparte, the conqueror of Arcola, of Lodi, of Marengo, the true patriot. He loved his country then, and he always loved it! But at that time, happy in being the first of men, he wished for no other title.

The Rear-Admiral received the only recompense which then made the heart of a Frenchman beat — a sword of honour. But his grateful country multiplied that recom-

commanded ONE ship of eighty guns, FIVE of SEVENTY-four, and a lugger, etc." No English frigates were present on this occasion. The *Hannibal*, an English *seventy*-four, was captured through grounding under the guns of the Spanish batteries.

Sir James Saumarez's force was undeniably repulsed on this occasion (July 6, 1801), but his ill success was more than retrieved a few days later in the open ocean in an engagement with the same ships, reinforced by the *Hannibal* (which had been got afloat by great exertions) and several line of battle-ships from Cadiz, three of the latter being three-deckers. Vide James's *Naval History* (crown 8vo. edition), vol. iii., pp. 96-118, for further details.

The gallantry of Captain Troude is probably based upon the partially mythical account which appeared in *Victoires et Conquêtes* (tome xiv. p. 168).]

pense a thousandfold in the praises she still bestows on him who gained a triumph for our flag.

Since the Treaty of Luneville, Napoleon had resumed in all their activity his views of an invasion of England. He had laid them aside to give his whole attention to more important affairs; but since the pacification of nearly the whole continent had become certain, and England appeared to be the sole impediment to a universal peace, the First Consul openly stated that he would stake everything to compel her to treat with the French Republic. All who had an opportunity of closely studying the character of Napoleon knew that the predominating desire of his mind was the humiliation of England. It was his constant object, and during the fourteen years of his power, when I was always able to observe his actions and their motives, I knew his determination to be firmly fixed upon giving to France the glory of conquering a rival who never engaged upon equal terms; and all his measures had reference to the same end.

Boulogne was selected in the year 1801 as the chief station of the enterprise against England. The greatest activity suddenly prevailed in all the ports of the Channel; camps were formed on the coast, divisions of light vessels were organized, and multitudes were built. The flotilla, as it was called, created apparently with the greatest exertion, and all the apparatus of preparation, spread, as was intended, alarm on the opposite shore. The Boulogne flotilla was composed of extremely light boats, so small that at Paris, where everything forms the subject of a jest, they were called walnut-shells.

Brunet, who at this time was a truly comic actor, performing in some piece which I do not remember, was eating walnuts, the shells of which, after a little preparation, he launched upon some water in a tub by his side. "What are you doing?" said his fellow-actor. "Making

péniches," replied Brunet. [This was the name by which the flat-bottomed boats of the flotilla were known at Paris.] But poor Brunet had to atone by twenty-four hours' imprisonment for his unseasonable joke on the Government; and the day after his release the same piece was performed. When Brunet should have made the interdicted reply he was silent. The other actor repeated the inquiry as to what he was doing. Still Brunet made no answer, and the other with an air of impatience proceeded: "Perhaps you do not know what you are about?" "Oh yes!" said Brunet, "I know very well what I am about, but I know better than to tell." The laugh was general, and so was the applause; and, in truth, nothing could be more droll than the manner in which this was uttered; Brunet's countenance was of itself sufficient to provoke universal hilarity.

A very curious incident occurred to me about this time, which is connected with other circumstances that give a striking colour to the character of the period. This was the immense number of libellous pamphlets current in the second year of the Consulate, directed especially against the First Consul and his family. Bonaparte at last became violently provoked with Fouché upon the subject; and his displeasure burst out in several curious scenes, the more annoying to the Minister because they did not occur privately between himself and the First Consul, but before fifteen or twenty persons; I was myself present at two of them, one at Malmaison and the other at the Tuileries.

These pamphlets Bonaparte greatly suspected to proceed from the foreigners in Paris, and even from the Diplomatic Corps, that of Prussia especially, for the obsequious bows and language of the Marquis de Lucchesini, whose character was calculated to displease the

head of the Government, were very much at variance with the opinions he used to inculcate.

The Revolution with him was inseparable from the horrors of 1793; he would admit none of the benefits which these misfortunes had procured for us, and held liberal principles of all kinds in the most supreme contempt. He had much sense and wit, and could be agreeable when he pleased, notwithstanding a very ugly face. I never liked, however, his measured phrases, his cold politeness, and his eternal ironical smile; and I always thought his excess of cunning anything but sagacious.

We met him one day at dinner at the house of Madame Divoff, a Russian lady, established at Paris, and wholly French in her feelings. He was in one of those moods of frankness which, unless intended to serve a particular purpose, are not, I think, quite advisable in a diplomatist. Junot, who was always open and unsuspecting in his conversation, entered into much disputation with him upon some very singular questions; the Concordat, for example, in which, strangely enough, M. de Lucchesini defended the First Consul's proceedings against the objections of Junot; and the nomination of the King of Etruria, of which also the Ambassador approved, and which the republican principles of Junot looked upon as the first blow to our liberties.

Though very moderate in his language, M. de Lucchesini certainly in this debate exceeded the limits of his instructions; and Junot said much which would have been more suitably confined to his own closet than uttered at the table of a stranger amongst a mixed company. It was, however, a singular spectacle to see the dispute between these two parties so oddly supported: the one the adorer of Bonaparte, blaming his wish to reign; the other his enemy, rejoicing to see him take up sceptres and crowns as playthings, perhaps already fore-

seeing the embarrassments they would occasion, and hoping they might ultimately prove the rock on which his power would be wrecked.

The First Consul heard the particulars of this conversation the following day; but it was not until some months after that Junot learned that his General had been dissatisfied with the dinner and the discussion; Napoleon did not like to be blamed by a friend, any more than by other people, and this dinner was not without consequences.

These pamphlets which inundated us with their venom were supposed to be chiefly concocted by persons attached to the Northern Embassies, and Madame de Lucchesini was even said to be active in superintending them. She was not present at the dinner I have spoken of above, or her husband would have received a hint to be more prudent, for she had quite sense enough to understand that his ambassadorial functions were not in keeping with such unreserved discourse. She was, however, very ridiculous, affecting at forty-five the airs of a coy maiden of sixteen; speaking like a child, and professing incapacity to pronounce the letter *r*, unless, indeed, when she forgot herself.

I think myself that the First Consul was rather unjust in laying the dissemination of these pamphlets so much to the account of the recognized representatives of the Northern Courts. The two Counts von Cobentzel were incapable of such treachery, and if M. de Lucchesini and M. Markoff could have sanctioned it, it must have been unknown to their Governments. The Emperor Alexander, whose young heart beat with the chivalrous honour peculiar to the morning of life, did not, it is true, love Napoleon in 1802, but he already began to feel, notwithstanding the storm which rose soon after, a portion of that admiration on which the friendship of the Niemen

was founded, and the soul which admires greatness is incapable of a base action.

I am disposed to believe that those scandalous libels and personal invectives were the productions of many unaccredited agents, who came amongst us for the double purpose of sowing discord and seeking pleasure. The First Consul was never able to unravel the whole mystery of this iniquitous manœuvre. Two hundred specimens of these atrocious writings were seized in the boudoir of a young and pretty woman; in a perfumed and ornamented retreat, which should have harboured only romances, flowers, and billets-doux. The First Consul laughed when this fact was reported to him, but it was with a laugh of bitterness.

In relating the occurrence which connected me with these detestable pamphlets, I must observe that comfort had not then reached its present pitch amongst us, especially in the interior arrangement of our houses. A private bathroom was a luxury which appertained to very few; but the deficiency in this respect was in a great degree remedied by the convenience offered to the public by the baths of Tivoli, of Albert, and of Vigier, which were frequented by ladies of distinction. I was in the habit of using Albert's; and was one day in the bath when the young woman who usually attended me gave to my maid a large packet directed to Madame Junot the Younger. It was brought, she said, by a respectable man dressed in black and advanced in years, but of whom I knew no more by her description than of a Chinese mandarin.

On opening it a multitude of little sheets of note-paper flew about, which on inspection proved to be covered over the four sides with very small and fine writing in a perfectly legible hand — the whole of them copies of three different pamphlets, and a few of one

number of a Royalist journal, which, Fouché's active police having suppressed it in print, was now disseminated in written copies to the amount of several hundred. One of the pamphlets was particularly scandalous, and was entitled *A Fortnight of the Great Alcander*. It appeared every fortnight, professing to give a journal of the First Consul's proceedings, and was filled with such stupid absurdities that it was a subject for neither laughter nor anger, but very fit to excite disgust. The First Consul was preposterously accused of lavishing extravagant sums on his mistresses; and poor Bellilotte was attacked with a rancour which she certainly did not deserve.

The first time Napoleon heard of this scandalous journal he paid little attention to it, except to inquire what was meant by the Great Alcander. When he was informed that it was Louis XIV. he became seriously angry. "To Louis XIV.!" he exclaimed. "Ah! those people know very little of me to compare me to him — to Louis XIV.!" Then, taking up the libel again, he continued reading, occasionally striking the floor with his foot, and exclaiming, "Louis XIV.!" He would have an explanation of how and when the Great King, who was not great, obtained the title of the Great Alcander. He had never read the works of Bussy de Rabutin; he asked for them, looked them through in one night, and they offended him. "Your Comte de Bussy-Rabutin," said he to Junot the next morning at breakfast, "was a bad man." The speciality of the pronoun referred to the circumstance of Junot's having been born in the village of which Bussy-Rabutin had been Sieur, and where his mansion stood in very good condition in the year 1802.[1]

[1] In a tower attached to this mansion there was a collection of ill-painted portraits, but curious on account of the persons they represented.

But to return to my packet; I examined all these innumerable little sheets to find some note or notice by which I might imagine to whom I was indebted for so singular a present, but in vain; they were but endless reduplications of the same three pamphlets and the *Royalist Journal.* One only clue could I gather, and that so very slight that I dared not affix much importance to it, or even speak of it; it was a very peculiar perfume.

Before I left the bath I closely questioned the girl who had taken in the packet, but with no effect; she evidently knew nothing of the person who delivered it; and I was obliged to return, wondering who could be so absurd as to place in the hands of a young woman so giddy as I was a collection of papers which might compromise so many people.

Who could have so strange an idea of my situation as to choose me, the wife of General Junot, the most devoted of the First Consul's friends, to be the depositary of libels against him, and against his sisters, one of whom was my particular and beloved friend! For a moment I thought of going to my mother for advice, but my good angel made me prefer applying to Junot, which I did without loss of time.

I found him on the point of setting out for the Tuileries to receive the order of the day, as he regularly did at twelve o'clock, whenever the First Consul was at

They were executed by Bussy-Rabutin during the periods of his various exiles, and were likenesses of most of the ladies of the Court of Louis XIV. In each picture was an emblem of the character of the woman, intended to express his own opinion of them. Madame de la Vallière had a violet; Madame de Montespan was represented as one of the seven capital sins. Madame de Sévigné, cousin of Rabutin, and whom he never forgave because she would not yield to his wishes, was placed in a scale; in the other was a chubby-cheeked zephyr, blowing with all his strength against her; beneath these scales was written, "Lighter than air."

Paris. I related my adventure to him, and he seemed surprised like myself; but he had much more experience of the world than I had, and immediately imbibed suspicions which directed his researches, and led him to the belief, afterwards confirmed, that this singular expedient was adopted to injure him.

"But why," said I, "did they take this packet to the baths? you see it must be a mistake." "That is precisely the circumstance which convinces me that there is no mistake in the case. The man, the gentleman as you call him, who delivered this packet, had no inclination to meet a face which would not have been so forgetful as the servant of the baths. There he has left no trace; here it would have been quite another thing; he might have fallen in with me at the door; for the same reason he did not go to your mother's house."

"Then it is really true that these venomous papers were intended for me," said I, weeping. "But why was I chosen? I could but do two things with them: either throw them into the fire or distribute them. The writers could hardly be so absurd as to intend the one or expect the other. All this puzzles me. The First Consul pretends that my drawing-room and my mother's are full of his enemies; a fine disturbance it would create if he should learn that I have here a whole edition of libels against him. I can hear him now! He would say directly that the authors knew very well whom they were applying to; or else, 'They certainly came from your mother.'"

Alas! my poor mother was then very ill, and was thinking upon very different and much higher subjects. Junot, however, did not hear me lightly; he was struck by the words, "They came from your mother." He embraced me, took up all the papers in the envelope and set out for the Tuileries. As soon as the order of the

day was given he requested an audience of the First Consul, and, presenting the papers, related their history with perfect simplicity. As I had foreseen, Napoleon's first words were an accusation against my mother and myself.

"It is impossible," said he to Junot, "that these papers should have been sent to your wife without the knowledge that they would be well received — if only for the sake of amusing her mother." Junot made no answer; he knew the First Consul's prejudice, or rather mistake, respecting my mother, and he wished to convince him that neither she nor I could be in any way interested in the disagreeable affair; but he could not without proofs. He hoped to obtain some clue to the affair by means of one Fouillon, who was known to him as the editor of these pamphlets; he also had cognizance of several other persons who were concerned in this base proceeding; and he set to work in earnest to find out the motive which led them to choose for their agent a young woman much more disposed to laugh and dance than to read newspapers, still less libels.

Junot had good sense, a rapid and acute judgment; his *coup d'œil* was prompt, and his reasoning almost always right, notwithstanding his hastiness and vehemence. The maid of the bath was sent for, but her renewed examination threw no light on the subject; she knew only that the packet was directed to me, and, further, that the old gentleman had desired her to deliver it to Madame Junot.

"Perhaps my sister-in-law," said I. Junot shrugged his shoulders; in fact, that could not be; but the choice they had made of me for a political agent appeared so eccentric that I imagined everything rather than the possibility that I was upon the scene in my own individual capacity. Junot, seeing me affected to melan-

choly, if not indisposition, resolved to consult my mother that she might scold me. But what was his astonishment when she immediately said, "I have received just such another packet, my dear son."

"Let me see it, then," cried Junot; "let me compare the envelope with ours." "The packet!" answered my mother. "Do you really believe, then, that I should keep such low trash, conceptions fit only for the perusal of chambermaids? Truly not I!" "Then what have you done with them?" "Burned them all. When M. de Bois-Cressy, after unsealing the packet, had read some of the horrors it contained, I did not choose that my table should any longer be stained with such vile productions. I told him to put them all into the fire; at first he was not disposed to do so, because he preferred reading them. A hundred newspapers a day, as you know, would not satisfy his ravenous appetite for politics; but this abominable packet contained no newspapers, and the whole was committed to the flames."

Junot kissed my mother's hands, saying, "How I admire you for being so sensible!" My mother looked at him with a sweet smile. "It is not on your own account that you thank me, my son," said she, "but on Bonaparte's. Why should you be surprised that I could destroy attacks upon his reputation, and especially such as are absolutely false? — the little I saw of those libels certainly was so. If you think I cherish an unjust aversion to General Bonaparte you are very much mistaken. I do not entertain for him that admiration which transports into regions where no one can follow; but I consider him great, and even good, only his own interests lead him to forget or neglect those of others. Why should I not excuse that? It is the common failing of mankind. Well, he is as good as other men, but do not tell me that he is more than man."

This had always been my mother's manner of speaking of General Bonaparte since my marriage. Junot returned home thoughtful, but rejoiced to be able to relate to the First Consul my mother's war against the pamphlets. He wished to see me before going to the Tuileries, where he expected to find the First Consul in Madame Bonaparte's apartments, as he spent every evening there when they did not go into public. He repeated the anecdote to me, and I shared his surprise. I thought the affair more and more strange; but we had not yet come to the end of it. While we continued discussing the evening slipped away, so that Junot could not go to the Tuileries. The next day was devoted to a parade, so that he was again obliged to postpone his interview with the First Consul.

The evening of this day a courier arrived from Marseilles, where my brother was stationed as one of the three Commissaries-General of the Police of the Republic. The courier brought us a letter from my brother, with another packet of the same pamphlets and journals, the whole written by the hand, but by way of variety some of these were in the *Provençal* dialect, worthy of the days of the good King Réné. It was added that the pamphlets were sent by my mother, but through my agency; only they had the prudence to make me say: "You will easily understand why I do not write to you myself."

My brother, on whose good-nature they had relied rather too much, at first took this present for a hoax, as he could not for a moment believe it came from me. Albert had never participated in my mother's resentment, which he thought unjust, but was devotedly attached to the First Consul. I thought as he did; and without blaming my mother, whom we adored and respected, we did not exactly think with her respecting Napoleon.

But Albert knew my mother's noble heart, and was perfectly sure that she would not join in such a tissue of vile abuse; and my name introduced into the affair was sufficient to convince him that it was all a deception.

He accordingly sent for one of the police officers whom he could trust, and charged him to make all possible research at Marseilles to discover who had transcribed the pamphlets and who had delivered them. And judging that my mother and myself might be compromised in this mysterious business, his affection induced him, without loss of time, to send a courier to Junot with the whole atrocious baggage of pamphlets, journals, and letters, several from me, but not written by me. Junot read Albert's letter, and leapt for joy at the thought of his triumph.

"I should not sleep to-night," said he, "if I did not see the First Consul; and it is not yet too late to ask for a moment's audience; besides, the affair is not a little complicated, and the First Consul must read Albert's letter."

I approved of his intention, and though it was nearly eleven o'clock he proceeded to the Tuileries. The First Consul, fatigued with the review of the morning, was just going to bed, but Junot was admitted at once. Napoleon made a remark upon the air of hilarity which his countenance exhibited; and Junot, without answering, put my brother's letter before him. He read it rapidly, and seemed struck by it, for he directly read it again, laid it upon the table, walked about the room, then took the letter up, and ran through it again, rubbing his forehead; at last he suddenly stopped before Junot, and said, "Can you give me your word of honour that your mother-in-law is not concerned in all this?"

"My mother-in-law!" exclaimed Junot, and he related to the First Consul the history of the burnt papers. As

he spoke, Napoleon became by degrees more attentive; then began to walk rapidly up and down the room, and at last assumed an angry frown. Junot could not understand it. "If Madame Permon's opinion was not so well known," said he with bitterness, "she would not have such presents made her. See if such have been sent to Madame Gheneuc, or to the mother-in-law of any of my other Generals. Madame Permon dislikes me — this is known, and is the groundwork of the whole proceeding. People who detest me meet in her drawing-room; people who, before my return from Egypt, were prisoners in the Temple for their opinions — these are her friends. And you, great blockhead! you make them your friends also . . . you make friends of my enemies!"

Junot looked stupefied, staring at the First Consul. He make friends of his General's enemies! He thought it all a dream. "Of whom are you speaking, General?" said he at length. "Of M. d'Orsay, to be sure — he whom they call the handsome D'Orsay. Was he not on the point of being shot for a conspirator, and was he not sent to the Temple? Fouché told me the other day that he was a dangerous man."

Junot smiled bitterly. "General, you have given me to understand in two syllables to whom I am indebted for all this, and I shall know how to thank him. I shall begin by saying that Citizen Fouché has told you a falsehood in asserting that Albert d'Orsay was a dangerous man and a conspirator. He is the most loyal and honest man living, of the highest honour; and if, in returning to France, he has given his word to be faithful to the established Government, he will keep it. I should have thought, General, that as Fouché gave him the title of my friend you would have held him worthy of your esteem as a man of honour; for I could not give my friendship to anyone who was not. But, General, you

should never have believed that an enemy of yours could be my friend." Junot passed his hand over his forehead, which was dripping. Napoleon knew him too well not to be conscious how much he suffered. He approached him, and pressed his hand affectionately. Junot was suffocating.

"Come! don't be childish. I tell you I am not speaking of you, my faithful friend. Have you not proved your attachment when I was in fetters? would you not have followed me to prison?" "I should have followed you to the scaffold!" cried Junot, striking his fist upon the table. Napoleon laughed. "Well, don't you see, then, that it is impossible for me to say anything that should go to your heart and hurt you, Monsieur Junot?" And he pulled his ears, his nose, and his hair. Junot drew back.

"Ah! I have hurt you," said Napoleon, approaching him, and resting his little white hand upon Junot's light hair, caressing him, as if he meant to pacify a child. "Junot," he continued, "do you remember being at the Serbelloni Palace at Milan, when you had just received a wound — just here — at this place?" And the small white hand gently touched the large cicatrice. "I pulled away your hair, and my hand was full of your blood. . . ." The First Consul turned pale at the recollection. And it is a remarkable circumstance that Napoleon spoke to me not less than ten times, in the course of his reign, of this incident at Milan, and never without starting and turning pale at the recollection of his blood-stained hand.

"Yes," he continued, with a movement as if to repress a shudder — "yes, I confess at that moment I felt that there is a weakness inherent in human nature which is only more exquisitely developed in the female constitution. I then understood that it was *possible* to faint.

I have not forgotten that moment, my friend; and the name of Junot can never be mingled in my mind with even the appearance of perfidy. Your head is too hot, too heedless, but you are a loyal and brave fellow. You, Lannes, Marmont, Duroc, Berthier, Bessières." At each name Napoleon took a pinch of snuff and a turn in the room, sometimes making a pause and smiling as the name recalled any proof of attachment. "My son, Eugène — yes, those are hearts which love me, which I can depend upon. Lemarrois, too, is another faithful friend. And that poor Rapp, he has been but a short time with me, yet he pushes his affection even to an extent that might give offence; do you know he even scolds me sometimes?"

The First Consul, who had taken Junot's arm while speaking, was leaning upon him as he walked; then, standing near the window, he disengaged his arm, and, resting it on my husband's shoulder, compelled him almost to stoop as he leant upon him.

"How many of the persons now passing below this window," said Junot, smiling, "would give years of their existence to be where I am now, close to you, General, supporting that arm which can raise the world! Yes, I believe there are many who would make great sacrifices only to be able to say they had been so fortunate; but in all Paris there is not a heart as happy as mine is at this moment."

Napoleon disengaged his arm, looking at Junot with that ineffable smile to which he owed his power of conquering with a single word, and said, "Well, my old friend, we will say no more of this foolish affair of the pamphlets — but attend: what am I to think when I know that you receive so many of my enemies? That your wife and your mother-in-law are intimately acquainted with numerous persons who are my enemies,

Bessieres.

Photo-Etching. — After Painting by Joubert.

who hate me and desire my fall? nay, more, my death — as they have proved."

"But, General, give me leave to answer that among all the persons you speak of there is not one who, even before my wife's marriage, would have dared in her presence to use an expression disrespectful to you. With respect to my mother-in-law, I have frequently heard her speak of you, General, but never in terms which could give me pain. Madame Permon is too much attached to Madame Bonaparte, to your mother, and to all your brothers."

"Oh yes, Lucien especially," interrupted the First Consul, with a bitter smile. "Lucien is her favourite. She thinks him a prodigy; nevertheless; Madame Permon is no Republican! How do they contrive to agree on that point?"

"I have not twice heard my mother-in-law talk politics since I have belonged to her family," replied Junot. "The subjects of conversation in her drawing-room are literature and music, a thousand important nothings, the affairs of society and fashion; and it must be confessed that the society of the old school understood the management of such conversation better than we do; besides, General, if you were aware of the present state of Madame de Permon's health you would not suspect a person preparing for the grave to be amusing herself with such miserable trifles."

Here I ought to do full justice to Napoleon. When Junot was speaking thus of my mother he was some paces distant from him; he stepped hastily to him and pressed his arm forcibly, saying: "Ah! what do you say? Is Madame Permon very ill?" "Dying, General; all the physicians we have called in agree upon her danger." "Corvisart must see her." He rang the bell. "Send someone immediately to tell Citizen Corvisart that I wish to see him. Is it possible!" said he, as he walked with

an agitated step — "is it possible that a woman so fresh and beautiful only fifteen months ago can be so seriously ill? Poor Madame Permon! Poor Madame Permon!"

He sank into his arm-chair, put his two hands before his eyes, and sat some time without speaking; then, rising, he recommenced that rapid promenade which was his usual habit when strongly affected. "Desgenettes and Ivan must also be sent to her; it is impossible that the faculty should be unable to save a person so lately as healthy and fresh as a rose." "General," replied Junot, "Madame Permon's malady is of a deplorable nature in the history of the healing art; she will sink in defiance of medical aid." And hereupon he repeated Baudelocque's answer to him, when Junot, fearing for my mother's life, asked his opinion: "General, he who could cure such a complaint as Madame Permon's might boast of performing as great a miracle as if he had restored a decapitated man to life."

Napoleon seemed quite overwhelmed in listening to this sentence; but impressions, however strong, were only transiently marked upon his countenance; he soon recovered himself, and was apparently quite calm when Junot took leave of him.

My recent mention of my husband's wound recalls to my memory a trivial circumstance connected with it, which happened in Italy. This terrible wound, which had nearly cost him an arm, kept him confined six weeks; notwithstanding M. Ivan's fraternal care of his patient he was very long in recovering from its effects.

During the tedious hours that he lay upon a sofa, dressed in a white wrapping-gown, he played the agreeable, being really a handsome youth; and, as his greatest defect at that time was too high a colour, his complexion was improved by his loss of blood. Madame Bonaparte and Madame Leclerc were among the ladies who assisted

in dissipating, by their presence, the tedium of confinement. One day, when they were making this visit of charity, Junot was very much enfeebled, not only by the effects of his wound, but of an abundant bleeding he had undergone that morning; however, he collected all his strength to receive his charming visitors, happy in having beside his couch of suffering two of the most lovely women in Milan. For if Madame Bonaparte could not be compared in beauty to Madame Leclerc, she was very handsome at that period, and the extreme elegance of her manners and really fascinating gracefulness might well be taken as a substitute for more regular beauty. Indeed, if her teeth had been good I should have preferred her face to that of the most celebrated beauty of her Court.

The pleasing conversation of two such women was no doubt the best panacea for pain, and at first produced its full effect. Junot was the happiest of men to be attended by two such *sœurs de la charité*. Time, however, rolled softly on, and with its lapse matters changed. Junot's heart began to sink, his sight to fail; he became paler, and at length his eyes closed. Madame Leclerc first perceived his condition, and, standing up, cried out: "Good heavens, Junot! what is the matter?"

Junot had still strength enough left to extend towards her the hand which lay upon his bosom, and instantly Pauline's white gown was covered with blood. The bandage round his arm had unfastened, and the blood, confined within the thick sleeve of his wrapper, had flowed gently and unperceived till his strength was nearly exhausted; but the effort of moving his arm in a moment of surprise had caused it to spring forth in abundance, and Junot fainted completely. On recovering he found himself the object of the most anxious cares, tendered by the prettiest hands in the world. Heldt, his Alsatian valet, had replaced the bandage, and the ladies, after a

few moments, left the patient to repose, and the accident had no other consequence than retarding his convalescence.

"But," said I, when he related this little adventure to me, "how was it that you did not feel that your arm was bathed in blood?" "I was aware of it," he replied; "but could I desire these ladies to leave me?" "No, but you could have had the bandage replaced." "That could only be done in their presence when I was insensible; in any other case the thing was impossible."

I looked at Junot with amazement, asking myself if he had been educated by Yseulte with the white hands, or the fair Guinevere, for none but a Tristan or a Launcelot could have had such ideas; when suddenly the remembrance of a certain promenade on the Boulevards in the year of grace 1795, when Junot was madly in love with Paulette Bonaparte,[1] crossed my mind, and the whole was explained.

[1] Pauline.

CHAPTER X.

I HAVE dwelt at some length upon the libellous pamphlets, because it furnishes a good ground for the extremely false ideas which existed in foreign countries of the interior condition of France, and especially of the intercourse which General Bonaparte had with those who surrounded him. It is an important circumstance of his life, and the cause of the judgments passed upon him in many countries where they did not take the trouble of investigating the truth of what was advanced concerning him. I believe the prejudices of distrust exaggerated the good as much as the bad, for, amongst the strangers who just now abounded in France, many entertained the most ridiculous notions, both for and against Napoleon.

One believed that he drank a cup of coffee every hour; another, that he passed entire days in the bath; a third, that he took his dinner standing, and a thousand absurdities each one more ridiculous than the other. It is remarkable that the most extraordinary versions of these absurdities came from England, and that the emigrants who returned from thence had formed opinions totally different from the reality. One whom I knew was perfectly astonished at seeing him, so entirely false was the impression he had imbibed.

One of these pamphlets, badly composed, and in manuscript, contained a most ridiculous scene, said to have passed between Napoleon and General Lannes, of which Madame Bonaparte was the subject. The whole is abso-

lutely false, but it is a curious fact that at a later period a dispute really took place between Lannes and Napoleon, in which Madame Bonaparte was concerned. At the time of the affair of the military chest of the guards, General Lannes, who really was not so much to blame as was represented, learned that Madame Bonaparte had been attempting to screen the guilty parties at his expense, and gave vent to his wrath against her in the cabinet of the First Consul with a freedom which, perhaps, a friend should not have indulged in. He told Napoleon that instead of listening to the gossiping of an *old* woman he had much better take a young one. The discussion was warm; keen, and even abusive, words were not spared; General Lannes forgot himself so far as to speak in injurious terms of Madame Bonaparte, and was really in a passion on that occasion. But he had never before disputed with the First Consul; nor was the thing easy.

It is the same with the familiarity with which Lannes and others are said to have been in the habit of addressing him. I do not deny that some of these Generals used the pronoun *thou* in speaking to him, though fully persuaded of the contrary; but for this I can answer, that if such a habit ever existed it was disused after his return from Egypt. I never heard anyone *tutoyer* the First Consul. He did so by many of them, by Junot to the last;[1] it was only on ascending the throne that he ceased to address them in this familiar style in public, and in the cordial intercourse of private friendship which always subsisted between him and Lannes, Junot, Berthier, and two or three others, he continued to use the pronoun

[1] [Accordingly, in all the conversations between Napoleon and Junot in the French work, Napoleon always uses the pronoun *thou*, and Junot *you*; but as the French familiar style of *tutoying* would sound oddly to an English ear, the difference could not be marked in the translation. It is, in fact, using the language of the Quakers. — EDITOR.]

thou. But to say *toi* to General Bonaparte was quite another thing, and I do not believe Lannes ever did so.

Already in Italy we find Bourrienne did so no longer; Junot never did, nor did Berthier, who, with the army in Italy, was surely sufficiently intimate with him — if anyone could be. But after the campaigns of Italy and Egypt Napoleon felt too strongly the necessity of being obeyed, and of establishing around him that barrier of respect which familiarity destroys, to permit such a fashion of addressing him. In some Memoirs you might imagine General Lannes extending his hand to Napoleon, and accosting him with "*Bon jour, comment te portes-tu?*" But certainly, if in his sleep or in a fit of absence he had been guilty of such irregularity, the First Consul would have known how to repress it by some such reply as M. de Narbonne gave to the friend whom he had never seen: "Very well, friend, but what is thy name?" At least, I can affirm that during the long period in which I was witness of the intercourse of Napoleon with General Lannes I never either heard or saw anything of the kind.

In the time of the Consulate there was at Paris an Abbé Bossu, who received the candidates for the Polytechnic School. He was not the only examiner, but his veto was strict; he was a man of great learning and very severe. The Polytechnic School, created at first under the name of the Central School of Public Works, by virtue of a decree of the Convention in Germinal of the year iii. (21st March, 1795), after being disorganized by the destructive system which ruined us, had been reconstructed and put into activity by the First Consul in Frimaire of the year viii., immediately after his accession to power.[1] The analysis of the mathematical sciences,

[1] The First Consul did not found the Polytechnic School, as is stated by many writers; he re-established it the 16th December, 1799, which

with their application to mechanism, geometry, etc. ; the physical sciences, including chemistry and general physics, formed the course of study pursued in the Polytechnic School from its foundation. The most illustrious names in knowledge and science were then at the head of that battalion of young men whose youthful minds were eager to become participators in the sublime acquirements of their masters.[1]

The aide-de-camp on duty, one day crossing the court of the mansion at Malmaison, found there a young man of a pleasing countenance and good figure, well dressed, and bearing the stamp of good birth and good education. He was leaning against one of the (two) great sentry-boxes which stood on the east side of the inner gate, looking towards the house with an uneasy and melancholy air, and apparently seeking someone whom he might address. The aide-de-camp, M. de Lacuée, approached him, and with his habitual politeness inquired if he wanted anything there. The young man, starting from his profound reverie, answered :

" Ah, sir! I want what everyone tells me is impossible, and yet I shall die if I cannot obtain it: I want to see the First Consul. At the door of the house I was repulsed — I was asked if I had an appointment. Oh, that I could have one! I believe an appointment to meet the most adorable mistress could not make my heart beat so violently as would an appointment with General Bonaparte. I must speak to him."

may have given rise to the error. It was the Convention that organized most of the fine institutions of this nature in France.

[1] France owes much to such men as Monge, Berthollet, Vauquelin, Fourcroy, Chaptal, and Lagrange, so famous in literary and scientific acquirements; they are highly to be esteemed on account of their great services to the country, and were foremost in their arduous endeavours to organize this celebrated school on the best footing. It is, indeed, unrivalled in Europe; and almost every Frenchman of celebrity or of deep erudition has been bred up within its walls.

And the young man again cast his large black eyes, moistened with tears, upon the mansion. M. de Lacuée was always attracted towards anything that presented itself to him out of the ordinary routine. He saw a romantic adventure in the rencontre; he advanced towards the young man, who was standing in an attitude of natural grace leaning against the sentry-box, and looking with longing eyes to the house, and said, "Well, sir! what do you want with the First Consul? I am the aide-de-camp on duty, and will undertake to present your request if it is a reasonable one." "You, sir!" exclaimed the young man, springing towards M. de Lacuée, seizing and pressing the hand he offered him; "are you the First Consul's aide-de-camp? Oh, if you knew what a service you could do me! I must be conducted to him." "What do you want with him?" "I must speak to him." Then he added in a low tone: "It is a secret."

Lacuée looked at his youthful petitioner, who stood before him, his bosom palpitating, his respiration hurried; but with purity and innocence in the expression of his countenance. "This young man cannot be dangerous," said Lacuée to himself; and taking him by the arm, he led him into the Inner Court. As they passed the gate, Duroc and Junot entered on horseback, coming from Paris; they stopped, and alighted to salute their comrade, who related his little adventure. "What!" said both of them at once, "you are going to introduce him without even knowing his name?"

Lacuée acknowledged that he had not asked it. Junot then approached the young man and told him that the First Consul was certainly very accessible, but, still, that it was necessary to know the motive which urged anyone to request an audience, and that it was impossible to announce an anonymous solicitor.

The young man blushed like a girl; but he gave his name, adding with a respectful bow: "It is true, General. My father lives in the country, and his knowledge is sufficiently extensive to enable him to instruct me in all branches of elementary education, directing my studies with a view to my admission into the Polytechnic School. Judge, then, of my distress, and his also, when on our presenting ourselves to the Abbé Bossu, who it appears is the person who must decide whether or no I can be entered, he absolutely refused to examine me as soon as he was informed that my father only had been my instructor, and that I had not been taught by any professor. 'Of what consequence is that,' I asked, 'if I know what is required?' But he was inflexible, and could not be induced to put a single question to me."

"But," said Duroc, with his natural mildness, "it is a rule, and whether a good one or otherwise is alike to all comers. What do you wish the First Consul to do in the case?" "To examine me," answered the young man with the most engaging simplicity; "I am sure that when he has put any questions to me that he may judge proper, he will pronounce me worthy of sharing the studies of those young persons of whom he proposes to form officers capable of executing his great designs."

The three comrades looked at each other and smiled; Duroc and Junot thought as Lacuée had done, that this young man with his ardent speech and look of fire could not but be agreeable to Napoleon, and Duroc went to broach the matter to him.

"So the young enthusiast would have me examine him?" said he, with one of his most gracious smiles; then rubbing his chin, he continued: "How could such an idea have entered his head? It is a very singular thing." He walked about for some time in silence, then

added: "How old may he be?" "I cannot tell, General, but should guess about seventeen or eighteen."

"Let him come in." The young petitioner was introduced. His brilliant countenance expressed his happiness as he cast his eye upon the First Consul. He looked as if his existence depended upon the first word of Napoleon, who advanced towards him with that smile which cast over his countenance a charm entirely different, at these moments when he intended to be gracious, from his usual expression. "Well, young man," said he, "so you wish me to examine you?"

The youth trembled with joy, and could make no answer; he stood silent, with his eyes fixed on the First Consul. Napoleon did not like either the boldness of presumption or the bashfulness of fear; but that which he now saw was silence, because the heart spoke too loudly — and he understood it.

"Compose yourself, my boy; you are not at this moment sufficiently calm to answer me; I am going to employ myself in other affairs; by-and-by we will resume yours." "Do you see that young man," said the First Consul, leading Junot to the recess of a window; "if I had a thousand such as he the conquest of the world would be but a promenade." He turned his head aside to contemplate the youth, who, plunged in meditation, was probably revolving in his mind what questions were likely to be put to him. In about half an hour Napoleon commenced the examination, in which the young candidate acquitted himself admirably. "And have you really had no other instructor than your father?" asked the First Consul with surprise. "No, General; but he was a good master, because he knew how to bring up a citizen to be useful to his country, and especially to follow the great destinies which you promised to it."

Junot observed that they were all astonished at the

almost prophetic expression with which the youth pronounced the last words. "I am about to give you a line which will open the sanctuary to you, my child," said the First Consul; and he wrote a few words upon a paper, which he presented to the young man.

On arriving at Paris he hastened to the Abbé Bossu, who, on seeing him, exclaimed: "What do you come again for? There is nothing here for you."

But the youth held a talisman which was equal to a magic ring, and which the Abbé Bossu having read could not refuse to obey; it was as follows:

"*M. Bossu will receive M. Eugène de Kervalègne. I have examined him myself, and find him worthy of admission.* BONAPARTE."

The young man accordingly became a distinguished pupil of the Polytechnic School. His advancement in life was rapid at first; my brother knew him at Toulon, where he had an appointment in the Department of Bridges and Roads. His attachment for Napoleon amounted to idolatry.

The First Consul long remembered this adventure, and one day related it to Cardinal Maury at a dinner at Saint Cloud; the Cardinal, it happened, knew the young man's family, and confirmed him in the good opinion he had formed of his character, disposition, and adventurous spirit.

CHAPTER XI.

My poor mother was now suffering under a state of severe illness which neither our cares nor our affection could alleviate, but which she endured with admirable fortitude. Her distressing state added to my indisposition. The final stroke which was to inflict on me this heart-breaking grief was not yet given, but it was threatened, and contributed to my present suffering.

I was at this time far advanced in my first pregnancy, and had suffered much; surrounded by the tenderest attentions, spoiled, as I may say, by my own family, and bearing about me the child who was to make me proud of the name of mother, I ought not, perhaps, to have been sensible of suffering.

At that period the culture of the pineapple was not so well understood as it is at present, and it was consequently a great rarity. In my peculiar situation I became possessed of a longing for this fruit that produced a degree of intense suffering; and in order to gratify my whim Junot, with the affectionate gallantry of a man whose wife is about for the first time to make him a father, ran all over Paris, offering twenty louis for the object I so much coveted. Disappointed in his endeavours, he informed Madame Bonaparte of the circumstance, and she, with her characteristic kindness of heart, sent me the only one that was procurable from the hothouse at Malmaison. From a singular revulsion of feel-

ing this delicious fruit, so eagerly desired by me, and obtained with so much difficulty, became, when actually in my possession, positively distasteful.

No one could be more kind than Madame Bonaparte always was to young women in my situation; she entered into our feelings and interested herself in everything that could be agreeable to us; in these circumstances she was truly amiable. On hearing of the pineapple she prophesied that I should have a daughter, and in support of her opinion proposed a game of patience. I knew by experience all the *ennui* which this unfortunate game promised; but there was no refusing, and in spite of my incredulity I was compelled to sit down and see my destiny settled by the caprice of the cards. It is known that the Empress Josephine was superstitiously credulous in these matters; and, in fact, I was witness, in the years 1808 and 1809, to two events of this kind not a little extraordinary. This time she kept me above an hour, cutting with the right hand and the left, naming days, hours, and months, and ended at length by confirming her prediction of a girl.

"Or a boy," said the First Consul, who came in at that moment, and who always made game of Josephine's cards; "Madame Junot will have either the one or the other, and if I were you, Josephine, I would not risk my reputation for sorcery by a too confident prediction." "She will have a girl, I tell you, Bonaparte; what wager will you lay me of it?" "I never bet," said the First Consul; "if you are sure of the fact, it is dishonest; if not, it is as foolish as losing money at play." "Well, bet sweetmeats, then." "And what will you lay me?" "I will work a carpet to put under your feet at your desk." "Well, now, that is something useful. On such terms I will bet you that Madame Junot has a boy. Now, mind," said he, turning to me, "that you do not

make me lose;" and laughing as he looked at me, he added: "But what will become of the wager if you should have both a boy and a girl?" "I will tell you, General, you must give me both wagers."

And there was something so ridiculous in this idea of boy and girl coming at once that even I could not refrain from joining in the laugh, while my look of consternation increased the mirth of the First Consul, my husband, and every one else who was present.

We were now at the period of New Year's gifts and visits, and I was admiring like a child, as I then was, all those brilliant and useless trifles which custom demands should be offered by the gentlemen to a lady whose house they frequent, when two friends came to increase their number and add their good wishes, which were not merely the tribute of etiquette. They were General Suchet and his brother. After the conversation which the occasion demanded, we fell into a discussion upon the merits of those family meetings which this season brought with it; and it was agreed that the celebration of Christmas, of New Year's and Twelfth Days, the birthday and saint's day of the head of the family, and other festivals, were favourable to the maintenance of domestic harmony, and were therefore worthy of being preserved.

If the family is numerous, occasion is thus furnished for ten or twelve convivial meetings in the course of the year; and, if the members have conceived any mutual offence, the embarrassment of meeting otherwise than cordially, on the birthday of the grandmother or aunt, will often cause the coolness which had begun to take place to disappear, and slight disputes will thus be prevented from becoming serious quarrels. The two brothers were fully capable of appreciating such feelings; they were perfectly united; the General always displayed the

tenderest friendship for his brother Gabriel, which the latter returned with the sincerest affection and respect; his love for his brother was that we feel for the object of our pride. In furtherance of these observations the General proposed that we should meet on Twelfth Day, to which I assented with great satisfaction.

"Yes," said my good mother-in-law, who was never silent when a project of pleasure was on foot, "we will by all means draw king and queen." "Yes, let us draw," said Junot; "I engage you to sup here the evening after to-morrow upon a truffled turkey." "Agreed," said General Suchet; "we will come here the evening after to-morrow, and then for the turkey, and truffles, the cake, the drawing, and plenty of laughter."

I was now in momentary expectation of my confinement, and, notwithstanding the efforts of my mother-in-law to support and comfort me, looked forward to the moment with dread. In the night of the 4th of January we had an alarm, which called up my mother-in-law, who had not undressed for a week past. Marchais was summoned, and pronounced that twenty-four or forty-eight hours would settle the business, and left me, recommending composure and sleep.

I was out of spirits during a part of the succeeding day; I performed my religious duties and wrote to my mother, because she had forbidden me to leave the house; I then arranged my baby-linen and basket, and in this occupation I found the entire dissipation of my fears and melancholy. In the little cap with its blue ribbons, and in the shirt, the sleeves of which I drew through those of the flannel waistcoat, I thought I could see the soft and fair head and fat little mottled arms; in my joy I imagined the pretty clothes already adorning my promised treasure, and pressed them to my bosom, longing to clasp and to see my child, to feel its breath, while I said to

myself: "And this little being which I expect will be all my own!" Oh, what days of joy were before me! Junot found me leaning over the cradle in a sort of ecstasy, and when I explained to him the cause of an emotion which his heart was well formed to understand, he embraced me with a tenderness of which I felt prouder than I should have done six months earlier.

My thoughts now took quite a different direction; I not only did not fear, but I desired the decisive moment; and when my friends met in the drawing-room they found me as gay and as happy as any young wife or young girl could be. Madame Hamelin formed one of our party. She was then young, gay, lively, and a most ready assistant in promoting that easy confidence which forms the great charm of intimate association. She had an original and striking wit, bordering a little on the maliciousness of the cat, and sometimes showing that she had tolerably long claws; but I believe that, like puss also, she did not put them out unless attacked.

The evening passed off cheerfully; my mother-in-law was delighted to see me in perfect oblivion of the critical moment, which, however, she knew could not be far distant. We sat down to table, and the turkey, the cake, the madeira and champagne redoubled our gaiety. In half an hour we laughed so heartily that even to this day I think of it with pleasure. At length came the moment of drawing; General Suchet sat beside me; I do not exactly recollect whether the prize of royalty fell to him or to me; since that time so many sovereignties, which seemed vastly more solid, have sunk into visionary crowns that my memory may well be excused its want of accuracy on this point.

But whether the General had received his crown from me or whether he had made me his queen, he addressed me in a compliment so absurd that it provoked a violent

fit of laughter, with which the room resounded, and which was echoed with equal noise by seventeen or eighteen persons who surrounded the supper-table. I stood up to answer, with my glass of water, for I never in my life could drink wine, to the numerous glasses filled with sparkling champagne which were extended towards me, when I fell backwards into my chair, a cry escaped me, and my glass dropped from my hand. But the sudden attack which had caused this commotion was over in an instant, my cheeks recovered their colour, and I looked up. Junot, still paler than I had been, holding his glass of champagne, was looking at me with an air of consternation.

The rest of the company seemed nearly equally alarmed, and the grotesque expression of so many countenances hardly recovered from a fit of hilarity, while, as in duty bound, they were assuming on the other side of their faces the solemnity which the circumstances appeared to require, resembling at once *Jean qui pleure* and *Jean qui rit*, produced so risible an effect that I relapsed into a fit of uncontrollable laughter. My mother-in-law now came behind my chair, and whispered: "Take my arm, my dear daughter, and come to your room." "No, no!" said Gabriel Suchet, "we cannot spare our queen!"

Hereupon he began to relate a story so absurd that I laughed again as immoderately as before, and was again interrupted in the same manner; my mother-in-law told her son that I must be removed and a carriage sent for Marchais. Junot came to me, took me in his arms, and almost lifted me from my chair. This time the General interposed, offered to bet upon the sex of my child, and would with difficulty permit my husband to carry me away. He led me, however, to my room, obeying his mother's behests with as much simplicity as any honest bourgeois, any M. Guillaume or M. Denis, of the Rue de

la Perle or Rue Saint Jacques. He busied himself in regulating the temperature of my room, in calling my nurses together, giving them fifty orders at once, which neither they nor he understood, ordered the horses, and returned to my side, already expecting to hear the cries of his child; but I was in no such hurry.

During this tedious season of watching and anxiety Junot was almost distracted; he threw himself at intervals on the mattress which had been laid for him in the parlour, then got up, walked the room with hasty steps, crept to my bedroom door and tried to get in, which I had positively prohibited, and returned to his apartment, where his aide-de-camp, General Lallemand, sat up with him all night, endeavouring with arguments and consolations of friendship to calm a little the violence of his agitation and to restore something like composure to his mind.

Junot on leaving me by no means recovered his self-possession; he wandered through the rooms all opening into each other, which at both extremities brought him to one of the doors of my chamber, found repose in none of them, and at length, unable longer to endure his confinement, snatched up a round hat which happened to meet his eye and sallied forth into the street. Without once considering which way he was going, habit or instinct led him to the Tuileries, and he found himself in the Grand Court without knowing how he had got there. Before ascending, however, the staircase leading to the First Consul's apartments, the consideration of his dishabille crossed his mind; "But no matter," said he, as he looked down upon his brown coat, "I am sure of finding here a heart which will understand my feelings."

All his comrades in the antechamber were astonished at the expression of his countenance and the disorder of his dress; but none of them felt any disposition to ridi-

cule; and the First Consul, as soon as he heard that Junot wished to see him, sent for him into his cabinet. "Good God! what is the matter, Junot?" he exclaimed with surprise on seeing him. "General, my wife is in labour and I cannot stay at home," was the answer, but in a voice almost choked with tears. "And you are come to me to seek courage; you are right, my friend. Poor Junot! how you are upset! Oh, woman, woman!"

He required a relation of all that had happened from my first seizure; and though Junot dared not give utterance to his apprehensions, yet Napoleon gathered from all the facts he described that my life was actually in danger; and his conduct in this moment of anxiety, when his discernment penetrated into a mysterious horror, was that of the tenderest and best of brothers. "My old friend," said he to his faithful and devoted servant, pressing his hand,—a very rare caress,—"you have done right in coming to me at this moment, as I hope to prove."

So saying, he left his cabinet, and, leaning upon Junot's arm, stepped into the salon where the statue of the great Condé stands, and walked up and down, talking of the only subject which interested his companion; for he was too well versed in the management of the human heart to interrogate chords which would certainly have been mute at such a moment. Amongst other things, he asked my husband how he came to the Tuileries. "On foot," was the answer; "a species of desperation drove me from home, though my heart is still there, and I wandered hither without knowing which way I came." "And may I ask you, then," said Napoleon, "why you look out of that window ten times in a minute to see if any one passes the gate? How should they come here to seek you if your servants do not know where you are? if your officers saw you come out in plain clothes? It seems to me that they are more likely to suspect you of

throwing yourself into the river than of coming here." He called and gave his orders. "Send a footman immediately to Madame Junot's to learn whether she is yet put to bed, and if not, let the family be informed that General Junot is here."

He again took my husband's arm, and continued to converse with him with such affecting kindness that Junot could not repress his tears. He was attached to his General, to that vision of glory which commanded admiration; but in such moments as the present Napoleon's conduct could not fail to subject to him the whole heart and affections of the individual whose sufferings he thus alleviated, even if he had not been already devoted to him body and soul. This day riveted, if I may say so, the chains which bound Junot to Napoleon.

Seeing him leave the house in a state bordering on distraction, Heldt, his German *valet-de-chambre*, followed him into the Tuileries, and on his return home informed the aide-de-camp Laborde where the General was to be found.

Junot had been three-quarters of an hour with the First Consul, whose arm rested on his, obliging him to remain a prisoner when he would rather have been at large and have had the power to come and learn the result of all his uneasiness. The footman could not yet be returned, when Junot, emboldened by the First Consul's goodness, begged to be allowed to inquire for him. "I should have been told," answered the First Consul, "if he was returned. Remain quiet." Then, dragging him still farther on, they were presently in the gallery of Diana. There Junot's uneasiness became so violent that Napoleon several times looked at him with astonishment, and, with an accent to which it is impossible to do justice, repeated, "Oh woman, woman!"

At length, at the moment that Junot was about to

escape without listening to anything further, M. de Laborde appeared at the farther end of the gallery ; he had run with such haste that he could scarcely speak, but his countenance was full of joy.

"My General," he said, as soon as he had recovered his breath, "Madame Junot is safe in bed, and is as well as possible." "Go, then, and embrace your *daughter*," said the First Consul, laying a stress on the word "daughter." "If your wife had given you a boy, they would have told you at once; but first of all embrace me;" and he pressed him affectionately in his arms. Junot laughed and cried, and, thoughtless of everything but the event which had just occurred, was running away, when Napoleon said to him: "Stay, giddy-pate, are you going through the streets without your hat?"

He returned to the First Consul's cabinet, where he had left his hat; the time was not yet come when the Prince of Neufchatel would not have presumed to enter the Emperor's presence, even at three o'clock in the morning, without his coat buttoned, his ruffles, dress-boots, and his plumed hat under his arm. "Give my love [1] to your wife, Junot, and tell her that I have a two-fold quarrel against her: first, because she has not given the Republic a soldier; and secondly, because she has made me lose my wager with Josephine. But I shall not be the less her friend and yours." And again he pressed Junot's hand and let him go.

It would be impossible to describe the delirium of joy which was painted on Junot's countenance and actuated his manners when he returned to me. He bathed his daughter's little face with tears of delight so soft, so pure, that it was easy to see his happiness without his uttering a word. Then, throwing himself on his knees beside my

[1] The words *tu feras mes amitiés* was a form of speech very often used by Napoleon to those he loved.

bed, he took my hands, kissed them, and thanked me for his child, his daughter, his little Josephine.

But notwithstanding his joy, Junot perceived that something weighed upon my heart which was not connected with my past sufferings.

"What is the matter?" said he, embracing me again. "Nothing, but a great deal of happiness." "I know you, Laurette; I see the tears in your eyes: your heart is not at ease. What is the matter?"

I looked at him without answering; the tears rolled down my cheeks, but I would not speak. At this moment M. Marchais came in. "What! again?" he said to me. "My dear General, you should scold your wife, and the way I see you employed gives you additional right to do so!" Junot at this moment had his child in his arms and was embracing it. "You shall hear all, then. Oh, Madame Junot, make no signs to me; I shall not heed them! You must know, then, General, that this young mother, who is a little heroine for courage, as soon as she was safely put to bed, and had learned that you were not at home, sent for your father, that he might give his blessing to your child. I went myself to seek M. Junot, but he refused to come as soon as he learned that the infant was a girl. At length he was persuaded; but when Madame Junot, notwithstanding her weakness, took the babe in her arms to present it to him, saying, 'My father, bless your granddaughter; it is another heart that will love you,' instead of embracing the child, he replied in a tone of vexation:

"'It was not worth while to make all this noise about a wretched girl. What is your husband to do with this little crying thing? He will give it a pretty reception . . . and the First Consul too! do you think he does not wish his Generals to have boys?' If I had any authority over your father other than that of a physician

in his patient's chamber, I confess I should have used it with some severity. I have frankly told you all this because it is a part of my duty, and because to-morrow, or the day after, a similar scene might have a fatal effect upon Madame Junot. It has affected her seriously, because she believes that the birth of a daugther is a great grievance to you, and it is in vain that I have represented to her that a mother of seventeen and a father of twenty-nine years of age will have time enough to pray for boys without being in despair at a first disappointment, and meanwhile the grandfather may fret as much as he pleases."

Scarcely had M. Marchais' first words struck Junot's ears than he understood the cause of my distress; and he seated himself upon my bed and wept with me, while he dried my eyes with his handkerchief and kisses.

Then, taking up his daughter out of a little basket [1] of fine embroidered muslin, made on purpose that she might lie in it upon my bed, he placed her in my arms, and embraced us both with an air of such joyful delight as left no doubt of the sentiments of his heart, which, however, never could be doubtful to me. But the first moment of my father-in-law's denunciation was terrible; no doubt he had no intention to injure me, but he might have killed me. "Mamma," said I to my mother-in-law, who just then came in, "you were right, you see; he loves it as well as if it had been a boy."

"Did not I tell you so?" replied this excellent woman. "My son's heart is too good and too noble to entertain the ideas his father would have given him credit for."

[1] This barcelonnette was the tasteful production of Mademoiselle Olive, — in form of a swan, the feathers of which were embroidered in relief with white cotton; the wings, a little spread, made a sort of handle to lift it by; the back was open, forming the cradle, and from its neck and reverted head fell a veil of white Indian muslin for the curtain, which was gathered up in the beak of the swan.

I have been led into some minute particulars connected with my first accouchement in order to expose the falsehoods which the Memorial of St. Helena has propagated. I am confident that the Emperor was wholly incapable of saying what is there attributed to him in the chapter entitled "Junot and His Wife."

CHAPTER XII.

I HAVE always been fond of the society of artists and literary men, and in whatever situation fortune has placed me I have made it my principal study to assemble around me the chief talents of the day. Amongst a crowd of distinguished men I had the happiness of receiving Nadermann, Garat, Denon, Girodet, Lefebvre, Robert the Elder, Lemercier, Millin, Delille, Talma, and many others.

The last name upon this list reminds me of an adventure in which Talma played a part, certainly not that of Cinna or Orestes. To what perfection he acted those dignified parts with which French tragedy abounds is well known; but at the time I am speaking of he was immersed in the gloom of those English tragedies which he rendered so terrible; and the contrast made his gaiety in society, which provoked the cheerfulness of all around, peculiarly striking.

My readers may remember a certain M. d'Offreville, who lived like a salamander in a perpetual fire at Lucien Bonaparte's mansion of Plessis, and continued to fatigue every one with his vanity and absurdity. On my marriage he presented himself to me with an epithalamium in each pocket, and an acrostic upon every one of Junot's names and mine; there was no resisting his folly.

His conceit made him ridiculous, and restrained every sentiment of commiseration which otherwise his age would have demanded. He was the butt of all his acquaintances.

After pronouncing a fine eulogium on himself, he would walk up and down the room majestically, with one hand in his waistcoat pocket, and the other playing with his laced shirt-frill, which was in keeping with the other ornaments of his dress, — his plaited ruffles, silk stockings, and buckled shoes.

He had composed a tragedy, on which he had bestowed ten years' labour to very little purpose; but he would rather have renounced his hopes of salvation in another life than have believed that any production in the world could be equal to his *Statira*. "Faith!" said Junot one day, "this man must be hoaxed; his incorrigible vanity deserves punishment."

He furnished us with the opportunity in a very few days. He came one morning to request I would perform a promise which, in a moment of gaiety, I had thoughtlessly made him, of procuring Talma's permission to have *Statira* read before the Committee of French Comedy.

I was much embarrassed, for I would not for the world have spoken of this production to Talma, Dugazon, or Fleury. I answered that I should shortly see one of these gentlemen, and would report the answer; but the good poet was not so easily satisfied, and he so strongly insisted on my giving him a letter of introduction to one or the other of the committee that I was really puzzled in what manner to put him off, when, fortunately, Junot came in and at once extricated me from my difficulties.

"Your work shall be read next week, M. d'Offreville," said he in a solemn tone; "it shall be read at my house by Talma himself."

"Oh, General, you are too good! Oh, heavens! my work read at Madame Junot's; at your house, my dear General, and by Talma himself! it is too much!" Here was the poet in a delirium of joy at the idea of his tragedy being read by Talma. I could not understand Junot, but

in two words he let me into the secret. The day was fixed, Junot arranged the whole affair, and communicated his project to Talma, who willingly undertook to second it. Our party consisted of the two Baptistes of the French comedy, Talma and his wife, Fleury, Dugazon, and Dazincourt. It was agreed that Talma, as soon as he saw D'Offreville, should speak to him of his tragedy, of the part he wished to take in it, and of the pleasure he should have in reading it after dinner.

I never saw such an expression of extraordinary joy as that which was portrayed on D'Offreville's burlesque physiognomy when on my introducing him to Talma the latter addressed him with the most hyperbolical praises of his work, with an air of seriousness which was enough to make those acquainted with D'Offreville die of laughing. He bowed, thanked him in broken words, and in the most rapturous terms concluded by pronouncing Talma divine.

I think I never was present at a more amusing dinner-party in my life. The champagne and madeira soon put D'Offreville into excellent spirits; and he proposed favouring us with an improvisation, which he had been preparing from the day he had been assured that Talma would read his tragedy: but as it was to pass for an impromptu, he had taken good care not to bring his written paper with him, never suspecting his memory of treachery. But the wine he had drunk, and the noisy mirth which surrounded him, had so confused his ideas that, after giving the two first lines their highest effect, after shading his eyes, and enacting all the monkey tricks necessary to produce a belief in an actual improvisation, he stopped short, wholly unable to recollect another word.

The total silence in which the whole party were listening to his recitation and awaiting its continuation added to his embarrassment, and made him look absolutely

stupefied. After an interval of becoming solemnity, General Lallemand interrupted the silence. "Indeed, M. d'Offreville," said he, "it is a sad thing that you cannot *recollect* any more of your *improvisation*." "I beg your pardon," said he, "I shall continue immediately," and he again repeated the two unfortunate lines: —

> "Say, Muse-loved Talma, does thy voice divine
> Deign with immortal fame my verse to crown ——"

"My verse to crown — my verse to crown;" and he would have harped upon the same unharmonious string for an hour if Talma had not cried out in his inimitable accent: —

> "'While Tyre's proud walls re-echo my renown.'"

Now, this happened to be a line in the famous tragedy of *Statira;* Junot had whispered it to Talma, who pronounced it instantly, to the admiration of the company. But D'Offreville saw nothing ludicrous in it; on the contrary, he was ready to worship the man who was already master of the finest passage of his tragedy. "Is not that inspired poetry?" said he to Talma; "how your talent will shine in performing so brilliant a character as that of my hero! You are supremely fortunate, my dear sir! But let me beg you to give me the unutterable pleasure of hearing these fine lines read with such judgment as yours; here is the piece." And he drew from his pocket the much-honoured *Statira*, wrapped in vellum, and tied with fresh bows of rose-coloured ribbon.

This last folly was almost too much for the gravity of the company. Talma was still holding his cup of coffee in his hand, when the simpleton gravely proposed to him to read five acts of pathos consecutively. Talma, in reply, took him by the arm, and, leading him and me to

the recess of a window a little out of the noise, said to him: "My dear sir, I understand from Madame Junot and the General that your work is full of beauties; now I should wish to read this *chef-d'œuvre* with all the attention it merits, and to be listened to with the respect I should demand for it. At present this is impossible; do you see those wild fellows, Baptiste the younger and Dugazon ——"

The latter was at this moment relating to his auditors that he had once been aide-de-camp to the Commune of Paris, and describing his adventures in this capacity in the most laughable manner. "I therefore recommend," continued Talma, "that Madame Junot should indulge us with a promenade in the Bois de Boulogne or elsewhere; we shall converse while we are out upon literary and theatrical subjects, and when we return in the cool of the evening our minds will be composed and prepared to enjoy the delightful impressions which the reading of *Statira* promises, and which I engage to assist with my best abilities."

I seconded the motion, and Madame Talma supported us; so that D'Offreville, however anxious for the commencement of the reading, had no alternative; and as it was only a pleasure deferred, it was tolerably well received. I rang and ordered the horses, which were already harnessed to three carriages.

On my return to the salon equipped for the ride, Junot approached me and said, in a perfectly natural tone: "I understand, my dear, that you intend to take a drive; in my opinion you had better pass an hour or two at the Théâtre Montansier, where they are performing a new piece, which I am told is charming. My box is not lent, and I will borrow that of the manager and M. D——." The name was an invention intended only to deceive D'Offreville, who would have supposed a scheme

laid against himself if he had found several boxes hired beforehand; he was foolish, but not stupid.

Junot's proposition carried the day by acclamation, and we set out for the Théâtre Montansier, then at the Palais Royal. D'Offreville was put under the care of M. Charles, M. Lallemand, and M. de Laborde, first aide-de-camp to Junot. On reaching the theatre he proposed to join me in my box, for the pleasure of conversing with Talma; but this was not exactly the intended plan. "No, no," said these gentlemen; "Madame Junot's box is full; you are going with us into one where you will see excellently."

Hereupon they made a preconcerted signal to the door-keeper, who opened the stage-box to the right of the audience; General Lallemand and M. de Laborde pushed D'Offreville into the box and shut the door, leaving him *tête-à-tête* with a man whom he did not know, and whose appearance was almost as singular as his own. This man was dressed in a scarlet cloth with copper buttons, yellow breeches, striped stockings, an immense cravat, a powdered wig with a great queue, and a three-cornered hat badly cocked, which he took off and put on again ten times in a minute.

D'Offreville, to whom his conductors had said, "We shall return presently," awaited patiently the commencement of the piece. The curtain drew up; but an actor in his stage dress came forward to announce that, the principal actress being extremely ill, the performance could not take place. "What!" cried D'Offreville's neighbour in the red coat, with a hoarse voice, "what do you mean by that? I have paid three francs and a half to see the show, and I will see it, or ——" And here he stood up, leaning over the front of the box, and vociferating in a great rage. "Sir," said D'Offreville to him, pulling one of his red skirts, "it is not usual to talk in

this manner here; they will turn you out, sir." "Hem! what is this fellow saying?" And, turning towards D'Offreville, the man in the red coat burst out laughing. "Ah, I know you very well! You come from the Estrapade;[1] you compose tragedies to make people laugh." "Sir, sir," said D'Offreville, "pray speak lower!" And he attempted to effect a retreat, but in vain, the door would not open; for General Lallemand, M. de Laborde, and M. Charles were behind, holding it fast.

At this moment a voice from the gallery shouted out: "James! James!" and James, who was the man in the red coat, looked up and answered: "Ah! ah! is it you, John? Come here my lad,—here is plenty of room; come here."

And the accent and attitude of the watermen of the fens was perfect; for by this time my readers may have guessed that the man in the scarlet coat was Tiercelin the actor, and that the farce they were performing was *The Farce and No Farce*, represented for the second time only. Tiercelin, who was in the secret, played his part excellently; and what made the joke perfect, from my box, where we could see the whole, was that the audience in the pit took the introduction of D'Offreville for a new scene, and every time he leaned forward to Tiercelin to give his advice, several voices cried out "Louder!"

The poor author of *Statira* stood as much in dread of these cries as of his terrible neighbour, who, seeing the impression he made upon him, gave him from time to time a most menacing glance. "Oh!" said he, "I have told you I know you; you come from the Estrapade. You should cry out like John and me upon those thieves who take our money and give us nothing for it."

The piece proceeded. Tiercelin, or James, as he is called, was furnished with a gourd, out of which he

[1] The Rue de l'Estrapade in Paris.

drank five or six times during the act. Generally he had nothing in his gourd; but it happened that evening, having a bad cold, that the gourd contained barley-water. When he saw the apprehension with which he inspired D'Offreville, it came into his head, to our great gratification, to offer him his gourd, recommending him to drink to recover himself; and to our still greater delight the other took it, so much was he afraid of his companion; and, tasting, notwithstanding his expectation of having his throat burned with peppered brandy, was not a little surprised at swallowing nothing but warm water fit to make him sick. He drank, however, what was in the gourd, amidst the encouragements of Tiercelin and the reiterated applause of the pit, which would have been delighted with this unexpected scene if the new actor could have been persuaded to speak louder.

But D'Offreville at length discovered the joke, and immediately precipitated himself head foremost, like a ram in a rage, against the box-door; and so furious was he that when the gentlemen outside opened it, he pushed through without seeing them. But he was not to escape thus; and all the young men of the conspiracy surrounding him, he found himself, without the power of retaliation, once more in my drawing-room in the presence of Talma. When he commenced his complaints we all told him he did not know what he was talking about; that the box he had been put into was the manager's, who had given an order to one of the common people, a waterman, who, it would seem, lived in the Rue de l'Estrapade and knew him, which he had given him to understand by his manner, rather vulgarly, to be sure.

"But," said Junot, "if I were you I should be very proud of being recognized thus, and for an author, even by people the most remote from your ordinary associates! D'Offreville, I should look upon the meeting

with this waterman as the greatest homage to your great talents."

It would be absurd to make such speeches to a man who understood irony; but D'Offreville was persuaded to see in this adventure a circumstance of which he had a right to be proud: whether it were Tiercelin, or plain James of the Estrapade, on this point he could not divest himself of some doubt, but the actor or the waterman had said: "You compose tragedies!" This was enough to make him forget the warm water and the suspicious character which had been forced upon him.

"And when you are called for on the day of the first representation of *Statira*," said Madame Talma; "when, having made a sufficient resistance to the demands of an impatient audience, my husband and I will lead you between us upon the stage, that the whole house may be able to see you,—a different homage will then be rendered to your talents!" D'Offreville listened eagerly, and seemed to enjoy in anticipation the ecstasy of his triumph. "But where are M. Talma and our *Statira?*" said he, casting a glance of intelligence on M. Talma.

"Here am I," said Talma; "but where is the manuscript? Come, prepare the table: two wax lights and a glass of sugared water. But, M. d'Offreville, be so good as to give me your manuscript; for though I have retained many beautiful lines of this immortal work, I have not learned it by heart." But D'Offreville was more ridiculous at this moment than he had been at any preceding part of the entertainment. His cherished manuscript was lost; nor could he recover it. The truth was that I had stolen it from the spot where he had concealed it, as the only means of avoiding the infliction. "My *Statira!*" he exclaimed, in a kind of frenzy, as if he was calling his mistress; "my *Statira!*"

At length supper was announced. D'Offreville, at first

in despair, found comfort in making a capital meal, — a power which seldom failed him. They afterwards made him recite some madrigals, and two or three acrostics upon Laura and Andoche; then he repeated, as a child does his lesson, the letter he had received from Voltaire; and before rising from table he had become quite as vainglorious and as complete a braggart as ever. But when after supper his dear *Statira* was restored to him, when he had found upon examination that not a single absurdity was wanting to it, he proceeded to utter such a tissue of nonsense that Junot cried out in great wrath:

"This man is absolutely incorrigible." "I have seen many such characters," said Talma, "but never one so thoroughly ridiculous."

Did he not wish to have his precious production read after supper! "We shall see about that some day next week," said Talma; "for to-night, or rather this morning, I entreat you to excuse me." It was already two o'clock. "And how am I to return home?" said the little man. "You know that Madame d'Offreville would die of grief if any harm should happen to me." This apostrophe was addressed to me in a somewhat petulant tone; for he could not forgive me for the occurrences of the day, though I was no otherwise concerned in them than as having shared the general mirth. "You know," he continued, "all the tenderness of that incomparable woman!"

The fact was that the wife was quite as ridiculous as her husband; I dare say they were attached to each other; but to make a parade of love, when their joint ages amounted to a hundred and fifty years, was of itself absurdity enough. "Well," said M. Charles, "I am going to drive you home in my cabriolet." "No, no, I shall," said General Lallemand. M. de Laborde interfered with, "I propose myself that honour." "If M. d'Offreville will trust himself with me?" chimed in M. Bardin.

M. d'Offreville looked at them all in turn; the remembrance of the misadventures of the evening made him tremble; but he found M. Charles's countenance the most inviting. He determined to confide himself to his care; and making low bows to M. Talma, who bent still more profoundly in return, he ascended the slight cabriolet of M. Charles, to which was harnessed a little mare known as the most vicious brute in Paris. To his other defects D'Offreville added that of being timid in a carriage; and his apprehension was converted into absolute terror when the cabriolet took, with the speed of an arrow, the road to the Pont Royal.

"Good God!" cried M. Charles, what will become of us? The horse is running away; I have no power over it." "Sir, I conjure you — I entreat you; a wife who adores me, sir, is waiting for me . . . I beseech you, sir!" "What would you have me do?" said M. Charles, slightly touching the flanks of the mare with the whip, — "what would you have me do? you see I have no command of the mare . . . she is running away . . . that's certain . . . God grant that she may not drag us to the river!" "M. Charles, let me alight. . . . You are a worthy man; you would not kill me. . . . Good heavens! here we are upon the bridge!"

"Well, so much the better; it proves that we shall not go under it; you see there is nothing to fear now. Will you be quiet? By Jove, you will put me in a passion presently!" exclaimed M. Charles, half angry and half laughing, for the old poet was trying to get hold of the reins.

"Oh, what will become of me!" muttered D'Offreville, almost crying; "and my wife, my poor wife!" "Ah! you shall see your wife again by-and-by," said M. Charles; "only let me get home, then I will put you into a hackney coach, and you shall return home to console your

wife, who is no doubt fast asleep without thinking of you." "And do you live far off, my worthy friend? Heavens! how the cabriolet sways! Do you live far off?"

"In the Rue des Maturins." "The Rue des Maturins! then I shall not get home before five o'clock in the morning!" "Be quiet, will you! and let me drive the mare without meddling with the reins; and we shall arrive all the sooner."

At last they reached the Rue Neuve des Maturins. But not the least amusing part of the adventure to M. Charles was the anger of the hackney coachman to whose care he now confided D'Offreville, as they both stood and looked at his whimsical and disordered dress, besmeared with powder that had fallen from his hair. The coachman said he would not take charge of a masked and disguised person at a time when there was no carnival. D'Offreville, amongst whose delusions was that of being very eloquent, undertook to persuade the man to drive him home by speaking of his wife and her love, himself and his talent; and afterwards boasted of his success as a triumph of his oratorical powers. "The Muses," said he, "touched my lips, like Pindar's, with milk and honey."

[The truth was that M. Charles, unknown to his companion, had put a crown-piece into the coachman's hand.]

CHAPTER XIII.

We have now attained a new and memorable epoch in our history, that of the re-establishment of thrones and of religion. The foundation of several republics was the work of General Bonaparte; when at the head of an army, not yet his subjects, his moderation procured him even more renown than his victories. Now that his powerful hand directed the destinies of France, he attempted to set up a petty crown, to place a baby sceptre in the hands of a man incapable of reigning, as if he would say to France, already grown unaccustomed to sovereignty: "See what a king is! Be not afraid of the phantom!"

This monarch, whose new dignity procured for him more ridicule than respect, was the King of Etruria, Don Louis, Infant of Parma, nephew of Queen Marie Antoinette,[1] and husband of the Infanta Maria Louisa Josephine, daughter of Charles IV. They came to Paris in the month of May, 1801, to thank the First Consul for their nomination to the crown of Etruria, which was a stipulation of the treaty between France and Spain concluded on the 21st of March, at Madrid. By this treaty France acquired the Duchy of Parma, and ceded Tuscany to the Prince, giving him as an indemnity for his paternal inheritance the territory we had conquered from his uncle. But the King, Louis I., was very pos-

[1] Maria Theresa had four surviving daughters, married to the King of Naples, the King of France, the Duke of Parma, and to the Duke of Saxe-Teschen respectively.

sibly ignorant who was the Sovereign of Tuscany before it fell to his share; though had he known it, I am by no means certain that he would on that account have refused the crown.

I never beheld two more extraordinary persons than these new Sovereigns. They assumed the incognito of Count and Countess of Livorno (Leghorn), and brought with them a *Countling*, who, though not quite three years old, was made of more importance than both his illustrious parents put together. Those who have not seen this royal personage at five years of age, in full Court dress, a hat and feathers under his arm; a sword at his side, decorated with a huge bunch of ribands; his poor little locks powdered and frizzed, confined in a bag wig, driven through the streets of Florence on the front seat of a state carriage, and, though fastened to his cushion, rolling from right to left like a little ball; the Queen Dowager, his mother, riding backwards in the most respectful attitude, — whoever has not beheld this spectacle has missed one of those exquisitely ridiculous scenes which prolong laughter till it becomes painful.

At the time I am speaking of, as the King his father was still living, the Prince Royal of Etruria was content to give his little hand to be kissed, whether asked for or not. As for his parents, all who remember their arrival and sojourn in Paris in 1801 will agree with me how totally dissimilar they were from all other human beings, especially if Her Majesty the Queen is to be compared with a woman of even moderate beauty, or the King with a man possessed of a single idea.

Fêtes were given to the King of Etruria, not from any regard to the new-fangled monarch, but from a spontaneous desire to meet the wishes of the First Consul, who well knew how to appreciate the sentiments which dictated the attention. The reception given to his

tributary King, who was come to tender to the Republic homage for his crown, was at once magnificent and in good taste. He was, in the first instance, cordially entertained at Malmaison.

The First Consul wished to become acquainted with the character of the man on whom he had bestowed a kingdom, enriched by the noblest monuments of art and science; a very few interviews, however, sufficed to prove that he was nullity personified. Not so the Queen. Her appearance was at first repulsive; but on further acquaintance, when she had thrown aside a timidity partaking in some degree of stateliness, which threw a restraint over her words and actions, she proved to be very agreeable.

M. de Talleyrand was the first of the Ministers who gave a *fête* to the new Sovereigns. The entertainment was given at Neuilly, in the month of June, when the country was in its highest beauty. Taste and ingenuity were displayed in all the arrangements, but both were lost upon him for whose enjoyment the whole was chiefly intended. The *fête* was Florentine, and its illusion complete. The beautiful square of the Pitti Palace was admirably represented, and when their Majesties descended to the garden they were surrounded by crowds of pretty Tuscan peasant girls, offering them flowers, singing couplets, and enticing the royal pair into their groups to hear verses in their own praise. This was followed by the famous improvvisatore Gianni prophesying for them, in fine Italian verse, a long and prosperous reign. All this made no impression on King Louis. The Queen, who alone understood it, made acknowledgments for both.

The finest of these *fêtes* was that given by the Minister of the Interior. He had not, like M. de Talleyrand, the advantage of a villa in the country, but his garden was

skilfully laid out to bear the appearance of a park, and the whole scene reminded one of fairyland. Three hundred and fifty ladies found seats in that fine gallery where Lucien in the preceding year had given such agreeable balls, which, pleasant as they were, certainly afforded no presage of M. Chaptal's evening of enchantment. The First Consul was enraptured, and, though seldom known to take notice of such matters, not only expressed his satisfaction at the time, but long afterwards reverted to the invisible singers and the ravishing harmony of M. Chaptal's gardens.

Yet here, as at Neuilly, all the delicate courtesies shown in honour of the Sovereigns were appreciated by the Queen alone; the poor King could not find a word of thanks for so much pains expended on *féting* and pleasing him; even when, in the midst of a Tuscan village, where Tuscan peasants were singing in chorus the beautiful lines of Tasso and Petrarch, which he could scarcely fail of understanding, a crown of flowers was offered him, accompanied by flattering verses, still not a syllable could he say — the same eternal and unmeaning smile, which seemed to express that he could not comprehend even the language and scenery of Italy, still sat upon his lips.

In the dance his Tuscan Majesty was really amusing. I had the honour of figuring near him at the ball given by the Minister of War on the anniversary of the Battle of Marengo, and congratulate myself on my wonderful self-control in preserving my gravity through the whole country-dance. The King, dancing with Queen Hortense, skipped and jumped about in a manner by no means beseeming the royal dignity. In one of his capers a buckle from his shoe suddenly flew into the air, and alighted in my head-dress; and so highly was the King's mirth excited by its course and final resting-

place, that he was nearly choked with laughter. We were little less diverted when, on examining the buckle to ascertain how it had found its way from the royal foot to my head, it was discovered that it had been only glued to the shoe.[1]

[1] This unfortunate Prince was very ill-calculated to recommend, by his personal character, the institutions to which the nobility clung with so much fondness. Nature had endowed him with an excellent heart, but with very limited talents; and his mind had imbibed the false impress consequent upon his monastic education. He resided at Malmaison nearly the whole time of his visit to Paris. Madame Bonaparte used to lead the Queen to her own apartments; and as the First Consul never left his closet except to sit down to meals, the aides-de-camp were under the necessity of keeping the King company, and of endeavouring to entertain him, so wholly was he devoid of intellectual resources. It required, indeed, a great share of patience to listen to the frivolities which engrossed his attention. His turn of mind being thus laid open to view, care was taken to supply him with the playthings usually placed in the hands of children; he was, therefore, never at a loss for occupation. His nonentity was a source of regret to us: we lamented to see a tall, handsome youth, destined to rule over his fellow-men, trembling at the sight of a horse, and wasting his time in the game of hide-and-seek, or at leap-frog, and whose whole information consisted in knowing his prayers, and in saying grace before and after meals! Such, nevertheless, was the man to whom the destinies of a nation were about to be committed! When he left France to repair to his kingdom, "Rome need not be uneasy," said the First Consul to us after the farewell audience, "there is no danger of *his* crossing the Rubicon" (*Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo*, vol. i., p. 363).

I once heard the First Consul, in a conversation with his colleague, Cambacérès, treat his royal *protégé*, the King of Etruria, very severely. Of course his Majesty was not present. "This good King," said he, "evinces no great concern for his dear and well-beloved subjects. He spends his time in gossiping with old women, to whom he is very lavish of his praise to me, though in secret he murmurs bitterly at the thought of owing his elevation to the hateful French Republic." "It is alleged," observed M. Cambacérès, "that you wished to disgust the French people with kings by showing them this fine specimen of royalty, as the Spartans used to disgust their children with intoxication by showing them a drunken slave." "Not at all, not at all," resumed the First Consul, "I have no wish to excite a distaste for royalty; but the presence of his Majesty the King of Etruria, will vex a good many worthy folks who are striving hard to revive a taste for the Bourbons" (*Mémoires de Constant*).

The King, though well received and well entertained, was in all respects

This *fête* of the Minister of War acquired a peculiar character from the supper being served in the garden, under tents, with all the military appendages of a bivouac, and from the charm imparted by the glorious day which this *fête* was intended to recall. The fireworks were so designed as to show to the First Consul that the army which surrounded him could honour him alone. A balloon was sent up in the course of the evening, which, against the dark azure of a clear sky, luminously traced as it rose the word "Marengo."

One evening during the King of Etruria's stay in Paris the First Consul accompanied him to the *Comédie Française* to see *Œdipus*. The house was crowded to excess. All Paris was desirous to see, side by side, General Bonaparte, who as a private individual had created republics, and the King he was crowning, now that he was himself Chief of the most powerful Republic in the world. The manners of the new King were especially amusing when contrasted with those of the First Consul, who was always calm, serious, and well calculated to stand the gaze of millions.

When Philoctetes repeated the line, "I have made Sovereigns, but have refused to be one," the noise of the acclamations with which the theatre resounded was almost alarming. The whole house was shaken by applauding feet, while the audience in the boxes, who seldom take part in such scenes, unanimously joined in the cheers of the pit. It was the universal nation expressing to Napoleon the sentiment which filled all hearts.

As for the King, he started at first in his arm-chair,

a very ordinary man. Not that I had an opportunity of judging of his character myself, but the First Consul told me that his capabilities were extremely limited; that he even felt repugnance to take a pen in his hand; that he never cast a thought on anything but his pleasures, — in a word, that he was a fool (*Bourrienne's Memoirs of Napoleon*, vol. ii. p. 74).

then laughed most complacently on observing all hands and eyes directed towards the box where he sat with the First Consul. But the mirth of those who knew him was complete when, finding the applause prolonged, he thought politeness required some mark of attention in return for such unequivocal proofs of an interest he was quite proud, as he said, of inspiring in so great a people; and he rose to make his best obeisance.

"Poor King!" said the First Consul, shrugging his shoulders. These words, "Poor King!" appear the more contemptuous from his mouth, covered as he was with laurels, and radiant with the glory of his great deeds. But on all occasions a word either of praise or contempt has appeared to me more impressive from him than from other men.

After a visit of some weeks the King and Queen of Etruria quitted Paris and proceeded to their own kingdom of perfumes, where they were received and installed in their throne by Murat. "The rising generation," said the First Consul one day, laughing, "were unacquainted with the face of a King; well, we have shown them one." But his countenance instantly recovered its seriousness, and he added: "Poor Tuscany! poor Tuscany!"

Shortly before the arrival of the King of Etruria in Paris, an aristocratic measure was under discussion,—that of the lists of eligibility relative to elections, the object of which was to fill all official posts with select persons.

Cambacérès, strange as it may seem, pronounced strongly in favour of the lists, and the First Consul held a long discussion with him. Napoleon said that the lists were founded on a bad system, and on false and erroneous principles. "France," said he, "is a great Power, but it is the people who compose that power. This law,

although a part of the constitution, is not therefore the less bad and absurd. It is not fifty, sixty, or even a hundred men, assembling together in a moment of tumult and excitement, who have a right to make a constitution and to alienate the rights of the people. The sovereignty of the people is inalienable." These are the very words of Napoleon; they were written in pencil by him who gave them to me, and he wrote them as they fell from the First Consul. Did they truly interpret his sentiments?

It was some weeks previous to this incident that the establishment of the Legion of Honour, one of the most remarkable events of the whole rule of Napoleon, was first talked of. This affair doubtless made an impression, but less than proportionate to the difficulty with which it had been effected. It would not, perhaps, have been possible to have achieved the victory so early had not the First Consul been powerfully seconded by Regnault de Saint Jean-d'Angely, a man of great ability, whose portrait is necessary here, as his name will be found in every page of Napoleon's history. Regnault, having, like nearly all the members of the Constituent Assembly and of the Convention, taken a denomination from the place of his residence, was, as his name indicates, from Saint Jean-d'Angely, where, however, his parents, who belonged to that class known before the Revolution as the *bonne bourgeoisie*, had but recently established themselves. They intended their son for a merchant; but the young man determined otherwise for himself, and, finding his parents inexorable, quitted the paternal mansion, where no better prospect than an insufferable slavery awaited him, to wander he knew not whither. Happily he met a family friend, who, entering into his character and feelings, and being desirous to save both him and his parents from eternal regret, brought him back to his home, and induced them to educate him for the Bar.

Thus was laid the foundation of Regnault's success. He studied, and very soon displayed a brilliant and original eloquence, combined with a force of reasoning which placed him at once on a level with the most distinguished orators.

Napoleon, who knew how to discriminate between talent and mediocrity, designed Regnault, from the moment he heard him speak, for one of the speakers in his Council of State. Regnault, on his part, also judged the Colossus; and, strange to say, in many instances fathomed his real thoughts through the veil with which, though Napoleon was not deceitful, his simple and vigorous ideas were frequently covered. Regnault, in listening to discussions introduced by the First Consul, seldom coincided in the opinion first mooted by him; he opposed it, and, curiously enough, generally found himself maintaining the side of the argument which Napoleon really intended to preponderate. If this was the effect of address, it was excusable.

The creation of the Legion of Honour, when it was first mooted, excited feelings and discussions of which, in the present day, it is impossible to convey an idea. The creation of an order of knighthood in a country filled with republican institutions, and resolved on equality, appeared at first, even to those who, from their reputation in arms, were entitled to be chiefs of the order, a sort of monstrosity. None of them had even imagined that the First Consul would one day assume the sovereignty of the State. I do not think that the Consulate for life had yet been talked of; Napoleon now held the office for ten years only.

"Well, after all," said my mother to Junot, "I assure you, my dear son, a green, red, or blue ribbon is a very pretty thing over a black coat or a white waistcoat. I am fond of these talismans of ambition. The Consular

Court is now rising with an *éclat* far surpassing its predecessors. You will agree with me that, unless power possesses both the will and the means to make itself respected, it is indispensable to surround it with a sort of theatrical splendour, to prevent its becoming an object of mockery. Bonaparte is a man of sense and tact; he understands all this, and reduces it to practice. You will see where all this will end ——" And my mother gently nodded her head, as she changed her position on the sofa; for at that time, in compliance with the decree of her physicians, she scarcely ever rose from it.

Junot's demeanour as he listened to her harangue was droll; he saw plainly that she was jesting, but as he did not himself entirely approve this measure at the outset, he was at a loss for an answer. He was much perplexed also to guess how my mother had penetrated the secrets of the Council of State, in which the First Consul had spoken at great length, and with an eloquence the more extraordinary as oratory was by no means his forte; he possessed to an almost irresistible extent the art of compelling his auditors to adopt his views; but that he should speak for an hour together and with real eloquence, was truly astonishing.

This was not the first time that my mother had surprised us by talking politics, in which formerly she never interfered; but a heart like hers must follow the interests of those she loved. Until my marriage no warmer sentiment than a sincere friendship for a few individuals had caused her to look upon public affairs either with pleasure or uneasiness. But in fifteen months her attitude was changed. Her daughter was the wife of a man so intimately attached to the established order of things that the future welfare of that daughter depended on its preservation; her son had a lucrative office in the administration of the Republic; and the personal opinions of my

mother were silenced by these strong ties, which bound her to the existing Government.

She who had never busied herself with any political gossip now grew desirous of sounding public opinion; she had two or three journals read to her daily, and such of her friends as were in a situation to give her information were laid under contribution. My good and affectionate mother, all these habits so foreign to her former life were not agreeable to her. But it would have distressed her to be ignorant of anything in which we were interested; and through the elder M. Portalis she frequently learned rumours which did not reach Junot till he heard them from her two or three days later; not through any breach of confidence on the part of the Councillor, but merely because Junot did not attend the sittings of the Council, and their proceedings were not reported in the journals. It happened so in the case of the Concordat, one of those landmarks which denote a great epoch in the history of our Revolution.

Cardinal Consalvi, Signor Spina (since Cardinal Archbishop of Genoa), and Father Corselli, also a Cardinal later on, came to Paris to conclude the negotiation for the Concordat. I shall speak hereafter of Cardinal Consalvi; I was at this time too young to know and appreciate him. The First Consul himself was much deceived respecting him, and there is every reason to believe that he was prejudiced against him by the Minister of Foreign Affairs.

A person every way worthy of credit says, in his excellent work upon the Consulate, that in a conversation he held with him at Malmaison, the First Consul mentioned that the Cardinal jested as freely as a young musketeer, and had told M. de Talleyrand *that he was as fond of pleasure as any one, and that he had obtained a reputation for devotion which he did not possess.*

I repeat, the person who reports this conversation with

the First Consul is a man of honour, and worthy of credence. What he reports the First Consul had undoubtedly said to him. I can equally answer for Napoleon. He could dissemble and give a false colouring to a story, but was never guilty of direct falsehood to the extent here imputed to him. The Minister must himself have been deceived; for had Cardinal Consalvi been as profligate as a Borgia and as impious as the Fifth Sixtus, it is impossible that he could so stupidly proclaim it.

All who have been honoured with his acquaintance know that, whatever political license he might allow himself in conversation, he never, in the man of the world or even in the man of gallantry, forgot the dignity of the Cardinal. I have held frequent and intimate intercourse with him, and have in my possession more than thirty of his letters; and I can affirm that I never heard him utter an unbecoming word, or received from him a single line that passed the bounds of decorum.

About this time M. Portalis the elder presented to the Council of State a brief of Pope Pius VII., authorizing M. de Talleyrand to return to a secular life. Regnault de Saint Jean-d'Angely asked: "What the Council could possibly have to do with the conscience of a man: we are called upon to admit or reject a brief that grants to a person all indulgence and enjoyment of those civil rights of which he himself is in possession. I contend that the Council cannot have anything to do with it."

Cambacérès, the President, put the question to the vote, and argued that the First Consul would be much displeased if the registry of the brief were refused. The permission of the Pope was finally admitted, M. de Talleyrand was restored to the lay community, and can now be buried without wrangle or strife whenever he shall quit his busy path of life.

It was the First Consul's desire that the promulgation

of the Concordat, which had received his definitive ratification, should be attended with a religious ceremony, in all the pomp and circumstance of Roman worship. The Concordat concerning religious affairs, after being signed at Paris on the 15th July, 1801, by the Consuls, was sent to Rome, where it underwent a critical examination in the Conclave, and was then signed and ratified in all its integrity by the Pontiff, which, considering the Pope's Infallibility, methinks ought to suffice to quiet the consciences of those who should be content with being as good Christians as their Holy Father.

Fourteen prelates, more attached to remembrance of the past than to hope of the future, refused to recognise the Concordat. These fourteen bishops were then in London, where at least they lived in peace and without care; they were right not to change their lot: they would not have been so well treated in France; for the First Consul allowed the bishops only a sufficient revenue for maintaining a creditable establishment.[1] "They should not have reason to blush," said the First Consul, "in fulfilling the highest ecclesiastical functions; they should also have the means of succouring the unfortunate within their dioceses; but archbishops and bishops must not absorb the revenue of a province, excite scandal, and, as in former days, bring religion into disgrace." Forty bishops and nine archbishops were instituted by the First Consul, who imposed the formula of oath to be taken by them on entering upon their dioceses.

From sixty to eighty ladies were invited to accompany Madame Bonaparte to Notre Dame. She had then no ladies of honour; but four companion ladies had volun-

[1] According to a statement made by the committee for regulating the allowances made by Parliament to be granted to the emigrants in England, there were but twelve bishops, who received each £250 annually from the money voted. This was in 1793.

tarily taken upon them the duties of that office. We assembled at the Tuileries at half after ten in the morning of Easter Day, in the year 1802. The Consuls occupied but one carriage. The First Consul had issued no orders, but it was intimated to the principal public functionaries that he would be pleased to see their servants in livery on the day of the ceremony. He put his own household into livery on the occasion: it was certainly showy, but, as yet, by no means well appointed. Madame Bonaparte was accompanied by her daughter and her sister-in-law: the rest of the procession followed promiscuously.

Madame Bonaparte and all the ladies were conducted to the gallery to hear the Te Deum, and the gallery of Notre Dame on that day presented an enchanting spectacle: it formed a magnificent conservatory, filled with the choicest flowers.

Madame Murat's fair, fresh, and spring-like face, comparable only to a June rose, was surmounted by a pink satin hat and plume of feathers. She wore a gown of fine Indian tambour muslin, lined with pink satin and trimmed with Brussels point, and over her shoulders was thrown a scarf of the same lace. I have seen her more richly dressed, but never saw her look more beautiful.

How many young women, hitherto unknown, on this day took their degree in the realm of beauty, beneath the brilliant beams of a mid-day sun, rendered more glowing in their passage through the stained windows of the cathedral! The First Consul himself, the same evening, remarked upon the galaxy of beauty which shone in the gallery.

The ceremony was long. Cardinal Caprara, who officiated, was tedious in the extreme; and M. de Boisgelin was equally prolix in his sermon. At near three o'clock we returned to the Tuileries completely

tired. One of the most striking circumstances of the day was the military display. The firing of musketry, the troops lining the streets, the salvoes of artillery, which from the earliest dawn had shaken every window of Paris, mingling the sounds of the camp with religious chants, and with that ecclesiastical pomp so justly in accordance with the solemnity, formed a combination truly imposing.

The First Consul was vehemently irritated by the answer of General Delmas to his question, How he liked the ceremony? "It was a very showy harlequinade," said the General, "and, to render it complete, wanted only the presence of the million of men who have shed their blood for the destruction of that which you have re-erected."

My uncle, Bien-Aymé, was Bishop of Metz; this reminds me of a conversation he had with the First Consul soon after his admission to the College of Episcopal Prelates. When first Canon of the Cathedral of Evreux, he had been for many years the intimate friend of M. de Buffon. The First Consul, whom Junot had informed of this circumstance, wished to converse with the Bishop of Metz about this extraordinary man; and my uncle's astonishment at finding him intimately acquainted with the private life of M. de Buffon, who lived at a distance from him, and was precluded by all his habits from intercourse with Bonaparte, was particularly diverting.

CHAPTER XIV.

A GREAT misfortune had befallen our family: my mother had ceased to exist. Her sufferings were over, but we had lost our friend, our delight. She had occupied all my time and thoughts, and the void produced by the removal of this adored object occasioned an anguish to which I know of nothing comparable. The affectionate and considerate conduct of Junot on this sad occasion sweetened the bitterness of my grief.

A proof that Junot well understood the heart of her he honoured was his liberality to three hundred of the most distressed amongst the poor of Paris. They were relieved and clothed in the name of her whose funeral car they surrounded, and for whom they were mourning and offered prayers of gratitude. How much did this delicacy in giving and administering the consolation of which I should be most sensible endear my husband to me!

The First Consul was very kind at the time of my affliction. He appeared to bury in oblivion his former disagreements with my mother. Junot brought me messages of the most friendly consolation from him, and Madame Bonaparte did me the honour of a visit, with Lucien, who had just arrived from Spain. The sight of Lucien deeply affected me. I knew how dear he was to my mother. She loved him almost equally with my brother Albert; she rejoiced in his success, and suffered in his disasters. His departure for Spain had much

distressed her, and in her greatest agonies she made Junot repeat to her all the honourable traits of his mission to Madrid. Junot felt a degree of partiality for Lucien, as did all who were attached to the First Consul.

I have always been at a loss to account for the schism between the brothers, and I must in justice declare that I never heard from Lucien an unkind word against his brother, although the First Consul frequently made use of expressions which must have been wounding to him even in his absence. But Lucien's conduct in Spain, the treaty of Badajos, that of Madrid, the secret treaty of St. Ildefonso, by which Louisiana, surrendered to Spain by the shameful treaty of 1793, was re-ceded to us, — all this made one esteem the man who, at a distance from France as well as in the chamber of her representatives, invariably defended the interests of his country and raised his voice in vindication of her glory and her prosperity.

Meanwhile we had lost Madame Leclerc; she had been strongly urged by her brother to follow her husband to Saint Domingo. I believe General Leclerc would willingly have dispensed with this addition to his baggage, for it was a positive calamity, after the first quarter of an hour's interview had exhausted the pleasure of surveying her really beautiful person, to have the burden of amusing, occupying, and taking care of Madame Leclerc. In public she professed herself delighted to accompany *her little Leclerc*, as she called him; but she was in reality disconsolate, and I one day found her in a paroxysm of despair and tears, quite distressing to any one who had not known her as well as myself.

"Ah, Laurette," said she, throwing herself into my arms, "how fortunate you are! You stay at Paris. Good heavens, how melancholy I shall be! How can my brother be so hard-hearted, so wicked, as to send me

into exile amongst savages and serpents! Besides, I am ill. Oh! I shall die before I get there." Here her speech was interrupted, for she sobbed with such violence that for a moment I was fearful she would have fainted. I approached her sofa, and, taking her hand, endeavoured to encourage her, as one would a child, by talking of its playthings or new shoes: telling her she would be queen of the island; would ride in a palanquin; that slaves would watch her looks to execute her wishes; that she would walk in groves of orange-trees; that she need have no dread of serpents, as there were none in the Antilles; and that savages were equally harmless.

Finally, I summed up my consolatory harangue by telling her she would look very pretty in the Creole costume. As I advanced in my arguments, Madame Leclerc's sobs became less and less hysterical. She still wept, but her tears were not unbecoming. "You really think, Laurette," said she, "that I shall look pretty, *prettier than usual*, in a Creole turban, a short waist, and a petticoat of striped muslin?"

Description can give but a faint idea of Madame Leclerc at the moment when her delight at being presented with a new hint for the toilet chased away the remembrance that she was on the eve of departure for a country where she expected to be devoured. She rang for her waiting-maid. "Bring me all the bandanas in the house." She had some remarkably fine ones, which my mother had given her from a bale of Indian silks and muslins brought over by Vice-Admiral Magon. We chose the prettiest amongst them, and as my mother had always worn silk handkerchiefs for nightcaps, I was accustomed from my infancy to the arrangement of the corners in the most becoming manner; Madame Leclerc, therefore, when she examined herself in the glass, was enraptured with my skill.

"Laurette," said she, replacing herself on the sofa, "you know, my dear, how I love you! You preferred Caroline, but we shall see if you won't repent yet. Listen! I am going to show you the sincerity of my affection. You must come to Saint Domingo — you will be next to myself in rank. I shall be queen, as you told me just now, and you shall be vice-queen. I will go and talk to my brother about it." "*I* go to Saint Domingo, madame!" I exclaimed. "What in the name of madness are you thinking of?" "Oh, I know there are difficulties in the way of such an arrangement, but I will talk to Bonaparte about it; and as he is partial to Junot, he will let you go to Saint Domingo."

While I looked at her in perfect amazement, she proceeded, arranging all the while the folds of her gown and the fashion of her turban: "We will give balls and form parties of pleasure amongst those beautiful mountains" (the serpents and savages were already forgotten); "Junot shall be the commander of the capital. What is its name? I will tell Leclerc I expect him to give a *fête* every day. We will take Madame Permon too." And as she said this she pinched my nose and pulled my ears, for she liked to ape her brother, and thought such easy manners had an air of royalty.

But both the ludicrous effect of this scene and the weariness I was beginning to feel from it fled at once before the sound of her last words. My mother, who loved her with a tenderness equal to that of Madame Lætitia, — my poor mother, who already lay on a bed of suffering from which she was never more to rise! I felt it possible that I might make an answer harsh enough to awaken the beautiful dreamer from her reverie; therefore, putting on my gloves, I was about to take leave, when Junot was announced; he had seen my carriage at the door, and, stopping his cabriolet, came to my rescue.

Caroline Bonaparte.

Photo-Etching. — After the Engraving by Hopwood.

"You are just arrived in time," cried Madame Leclerc; "sit down there, my dear General, and let us settle everything; for it is high time," said she, turning to me; "you will have no more than enough for preparing Mademoiselle Despaux, Madame Germon, Le Roi, Copp,[1] Madame Roux — no, Nattier will do better, Mademoiselle L'Olive, Lenormand, Le Vacher, Foncier, Biennais" (and at each name of these celebrated contributors to the toilet, as she counted them on her finger, she cast a glance of triumph towards us that seemed to say, "See what an excellent memory I have, and how admirably I can choose my ministers!"). "As for myself," she added, "my preparations are made, I am quite ready; but as we set out very shortly, you had better make haste."

Junot's countenance would certainly have diverted any fourth person who might have been a spectator of the scene; his eyes wandered from me to Madame Leclerc, who, perceiving his perplexity, said: "I am going to take you both to Saint Domingo, Madame Permon too, and Albert; oh, how happy we shall all be together!" Junot was for a moment motionless, till a tremendous burst of laughter interrupted the silence, — not very politely, it must be confessed; but I afterwards learned that the explosion was provoked by a wink of peculiar intelligence.

Madame Leclerc was astonished at such a mode of testifying his gratitude, expecting to see him throw himself at her feet; but she reckoned without her host. "Very pretty," said she, pouting; "will you please to explain the meaning of this gaiety? Methinks it is not exactly the way to thank an old friend who intends you a kind-

[1] Copp was a famous shoemaker, the same who, after a most attentive examination of a shoe which one of his customers showed him, complaining that it split before she had worn it an hour, detected at length the cause of such a misfortune befalling a specimen of his workmanship:

"Ah," said he, with the air of making a discovery, "I see how it is, madame: you have been walking!"

ness." "Have you had the goodness to mention your intentions to the First Consul, madame?" said Junot, who, though growing more decorous, could not yet entirely overcome his risible propensities. "No, certainly not; for your wife has but just suggested the idea."

Junot turned to me with an astonishment that nearly set me laughing in my turn. "What! my wife go to Saint Domingo?" said he. "And why not? She will be the first person there next to myself; she is used to the world; she dresses well; she is elegant. I will give her some slaves, and Leclerc will make you commandant of that town — the — the ——" "The Cape," said Junot. "Exactly, the Cape — the Cape." And she repeated like a parrot the word which in five minutes she would altogether have forgotten.

"I am infinitely obliged to you, madame," said Junot, with comic seriousness; "but really, with your permission, I should prefer remaining Commandant of Paris. Besides, there is a slight obstacle which you do not appear to have taken into contemplation." And, throwing his arms round me, he drew me towards him, embraced me, and hinted at my being in the family way.

Madame Leclerc opened her eyes even wider than was usual with her when surprised, and that was not unfrequently, — a little mannerism that was not unbecoming, and said: "I did not think of that. But what of that," said she the next moment; "what does it signify whether your infant utters his first cry on the waves or on *terra firma?* I will give Laurette a vessel to herself. Ah! what say you to that, M. Junot? Am not I a capital manager? I will write immediately to Brest, where we are to embark, and order a vessel to be expressly prepared. Villaret-Joyeuse is a good-natured man; he will do anything that I desire. Come, let me embrace you both."

"As for embracing you, madame," said Junot, laughing himself almost out of breath, "I am assuredly too happy in the permission not to take advantage of it, but for our voyage we will, if you please, drop that project, which Laura's friendship for you no doubt inspired. Besides," added he, "I do not think the First Consul would consent to it. You know he likes to nominate his Generals spontaneously, and without reference to private feelings, such as would influence this affair." And he laughed anew. "But," he continued, "I am not the less grateful for your intentions, madame, and be assured I am fully sensible of them, only" — and again the unfortunate laugh redoubled — "another time be kind enough to prove them otherwise than by putting my little Laura to bed on the wide ocean, and giving me the command of the Cape instead of Paris, and all this for old friendship's sake."

Junot, kneeling on a footstool beside Madame Leclerc's settee, was kissing her hands all the while that he said this, in a tone which, though certainly of derision, and perhaps of a little innocent impertinence, could not be offensive. Madame Leclerc was not competent to understand the raillery of his expressions, but, by a sort of instinctive cunning, she perceived that he was making fun of her, and, whether really distressed at so peremptory a negative to her project, or at being laughed at in my presence by Junot, of whose former attachment for her she had a thousand times boasted to me, the fact is she repulsed him with such violence as to throw him from the footstool on the carpet, and said, in a voice choked with sobs:

"This it is to attach one's self to the ungrateful — I, who love Laura like a sister!" (and, in truth, that was not saying much). "And you too, Junot, who refuse to accompany and defend me in a country where I am to be deserted!" And her tears rolled in floods.

"I will never refuse to assist a woman in peril," said Junot, rising, and with an expression half in jest and half earnest; "but permit me to say that is not your situation." "Ah!" continued she, still weeping, and without listening to him, "you would not have made all those reflections when we were at Marseilles! . . . You would not so tranquilly have seen me set out to be devoured, perhaps. . . . How can I tell? In short, to face all the dangers of a land filled with savages and wild beasts. I, who have said so much to Laurette of your attachment to me."

This time it was impossible to restrain my laughter. Such an appeal to a husband in the very presence of his wife threw me into such a paroxysm of mirth that Junot, though beginning to be weary of the scene, could not forbear joining. "Come, be reasonable," said he to the beautiful Niobe with the freedom of an old friend; "do not weep; it destroys the lustre of the eyes, the bloom of the cheek, and renders the prettiest woman almost ugly — beautiful as you are!" After our departure we indulged for several minutes in a most immoderate fit of laughter.

"Is it possible," said Junot at length, "that you can have said anything tending to inspire her with the barbarous notion of your inclination to visit the country of the blacks?" I told him the whole story, and he in return explained to me why he had been so excessively amused by the capricious beauty's sudden proposal to carry me off eighteen hundred leagues from Paris, made with as much ease as one invites a friend to a week's visit at a country seat. "She still loves you, then?" said I

"She! — in the first place, she never loved me, and in the next, supposing her to have returned in the slightest measure a love as passionate as beauty can engender in an ardent mind and volcanic head at the age of twenty-four,

she has long ago lost all remembrance of it. No; you visited Madame Leclerc at a moment when she was under the dominion of one of those nervous affections to which women, and especially such women, are frequently subject. The sight of you instinctively redoubled her emotion, simply because it recalled happy days; then you talked to her of dressing *à la* Virginia, and she immediately recollected that at Marseilles, when I was madly in love, when the excellent Madame Bonaparte, the mother, was willing to accept me as a son-in-law, and the First Consul, ever prudent and wary, observed, 'You have neither of you the means of living,' I, in my delirium, answered: 'But, my General, think of Paul and Virginia — their friends preferred fortune to happiness, and what was the consequence?' The First Consul, who was never romantic, did but shrug his shoulders and repeat his usual phrase: 'You have neither of you the means of living.'"

"But," said I, "it could not be the bandana and the fashion in which I turned up its red and green corners that produced this jargon of unconnected folly." "You need seek no deeper for it. Madame Leclerc's imagination is perfectly stagnant on many points, and compensates itself by an incredibly creative faculty in others. Her ignorance is unbounded, and equalled only by her vanity. Well, these two properties, which make up her whole composition, easily open themselves a way which the most sprightly imagination, united with a few grains more of sense, would find it difficult to trace. I know her well; her vanity made her veritably believe that I should be but too happy to join this expedition to Saint Domingo." "And you think she would really have spoken to the First Consul if you had not arrived?" "Beyond all doubt, for she is perfectly sincere. She was convinced that all she was arranging, or rather deranging,

in her pretty little head was entirely for our interests, and would have requested her brother's permission for my joining her husband's army as a special favour towards me."

I do not know whether it was a suggestion of the female imagination, ever restless, or perhaps more properly jealous, that made me observe on the possibility that Madame Leclerc, tenacious of her project of roaming with me amongst the blacks in a gown of striped muslin and a bandana jacket and turban, might yet mention it to her brother.

"Faith! you are very right," said Junot. "Beautiful creature as she is (and good and excellent, moreover, for her heart is free from malevolence), this affair might prove a rehearsal of the story of the bear knocking his friend on the head. We must forestall such favours."

The event proved my sagacity. The same day Junot related to the First Consul all that had passed between his sister and me, taking care, as may be supposed, not to throw in too strong a colouring. As for the picture itself, with all its subordinate attributes, the First Consul knew his sister too well to suppose the relative situation of the parties exaggerated. Three days afterwards he said to Junot with a smile: "You are bent, then, on going to Saint Domingo?" Junot replied only by a bow and a corresponding smile. "I am sorry, but you cannot go at present. I want you here, as I have given General Leclerc to understand, who wanted to persuade me that you would be more useful to me at the Cape than in Paris." Junot assured me that it was amusing to observe the countenance of the First Consul as he spoke this; it exhibited a rapid succession of novel impressions, recalling images of the past.

Yet the whole affair passed over Madame Leclerc's mind without penetrating beyond its surface, for she pos-

sessed no solidity, and all her conceptions were as uncertain and fugitive as her head was incapable of methodizing any plan. The next time I saw her she had forgotten everything but the bandana. She had been that very morning to my poor mother's to have her turban arranged by her hands, and my mother, though in extreme pain, had taken a sort of pride in setting it off to the best advantage round a head which in this dress was one of the prettiest imaginable.

The squadron at length set sail in the month of December, 1801. The dresses, hats, caps, and other frivolities which Madame Leclerc took out with her, were innumerable. Thirty-five ships of the line, twenty-two frigates, and an immense number of gunboats followed the vessel which bore the lovely Cleopatra, and which had been furnished with every appurtenance of luxury, elegance, and utility, that the fair voyager might have no desire ungratified. The General was disposed to refuse admission to so many useless indispensables; but Madame Leclerc, at the first sound of objection, assumed a tone that instantly reduced her spouse to silence for the sake of peace during the exile to which he was condemned. This was a singular match — I could never comprehend its inducements — for the reason ascribed by report was absurd. Madame Leclerc treated her husband pretty despotically, and yet was afraid of him, not, indeed, properly of him, but of the First Consul. She required from him observances that would be very amusing in the relation.

The expedition to Saint Domingo encountered in its day plenty of approbation and plenty of censure. The censures alleged that it was folly to oppose the entire population of a distant colony, whose savage disposition refused all quarter to their adversaries, thus exposing our troops to the double perils of a murderous warfare and no less

murderous climate. They were grieved to see so fine an army despatched to America before the remnant of that which the deserts of Africa had nearly engulfed was restored to us. They contended that, in spite of his profound ambition, in spite even of his cruelty, it was necessary to guarantee to Toussaint-L'Ouverture the government for life which had been conferred upon him by the colonists. He had very considerable military talents, a political address, or rather an ingenious cunning, which had saved Saint Domingo from the English yoke, and, above all, from its own passions. They were therefore of opinion that the First Consul should leave Toussaint-L'Ouverture at liberty still to call himself, if he so pleased, *the first of the blacks*,[1] and that he should be acknowledged Governor of Saint Domingo, subject to the dominion of France — terms to which he would most willingly have agreed. But the First Consul justly observed that Toussaint was a hypocrite, who, while protesting his devotion to the Consular Government, was meditating the liberation of the French Antilles from the authority of the Republic. "I am the Bonaparte of Saint Domingo," said he; "the colony cannot exist without me. I must be preserved to her."

Such language on the part of such a man must have excited alarm for the future fate of the island and its dependencies, especially considering the character of his two Lieutenants, Christophe and Dessalines. A cousin of mine in the marines, who, having arrived at Saint Domingo, served as a volunteer in the army, and was prisoner to Dessalines, has told me anecdotes of this *monster* — for he does not deserve the name of man —

[1] When acknowledged by the Consular Government Commandant of Saint Domingo, he had written a letter to the First Consul with this superscription: "Toussaint, the first of the blacks, to Bonaparte, the first of the whites."

which surpass in sanguinary horror all the most tragical conceptions of the most gloomy and terrific imagination. Bonaparte knew the character of these men of blood, but he was desirous of restoring peace and abundance to that fine colony, and it could only be accomplished by maintaining the blacks. In the short interval between the submission and the second insurrection of the island (that is to say of the blacks) for which the re-establishment of slavery at Guadeloupe was the pretext, Saint Domingo recovered its prosperity; the lands were cultivated, and commerce revived. But Toussaint, who, on the submission of the colony, had ostensibly retired to live peaceably on one of his estates, soon began to contrive and organize another massacre of the whites.

England was no stranger to these new projects of Toussaint; she excited them, and, more than once, English gold paid the price of our blood. Toussaint-L'Ouverture was carried off in the middle of the night, transported on board a vessel, and brought to France. He was consigned to the Castle of Joux, and thence removed to the citadel of Besançon, where he died suddenly, which gave rise to an absurd rumour; for if the death of Toussaint was violent, as some voices have proclaimed, there should have been some actuating motive for the deed; but where can such motive be found?

Although General Rochambeau has been much censured, because none could venture openly to blame the First Consul's brother-in-law, it cannot be denied that one principal cause of the loss of Saint Domingo, and the destruction of that immense expedition which had sailed from Brest, L'Orient, and Toulon was the unskilful and imprudent administration of General Leclerc.

Before we hastily decide on Rochambeau's errors, we should take all the circumstances into account, and, judging candidly of his situation, consider what he could have

done without resorting to arbitrary measures, which the unhappy state of affairs drove him to the hard necessity of employing. Pressed on one side by the blacks, who thus irritated by the faults of his predecessor had raised the standard of revolt with more frantic fury and sanguinary rage than ever, he was hemmed in on the other by an English fleet, to whom he surrendered with the six thousand men that remained to him. Death seemed to have brandished his sickle with ambitious eagerness through the ranks of that army but two years ago in so flourishing a condition. Sickness, assassination, battle, had afforded him an ample harvest; the means of destruction multiplied around this devoted army, and only a very small remnant ever set foot again on their native soil.

Madame Leclerc returned to Europe bearing the corpse of her husband, which she had enclosed in a coffin of cedar, and then, cutting off her beautiful hair, affected the Artemisia. Her parade, however, of immoderate grief and ostentatious despair made but little impression; the First Consul himself, when told that his sister had sacrificed her hair to the manes of her husband without preserving a single lock, answered with a significant smile: "Oh, she knows full well it will only grow the more luxuriantly for its cropping."

CHAPTER XV.

PEACE with England was definitely signed. The Treaty of Amiens had confirmed the preliminaries of reconciliation with our great rival on the 25th of March, 1802. On this occasion, which terminated all the differences of Europe, Joseph Bonaparte was again our messenger of peace. The temple of Janus was at length closed, and France exalted to a higher pinnacle of glory and real power than she has ever since attained, for she had emerged from a struggle with united Europe victorious, aggrandized, and respected. The colonies captured by England were restored to us. The course of the Scheldt was left in our hands, as well as the Austrian Netherlands, part of Brabant, Dutch Flanders, and a number of cities, as Maestricht, Venloo, etc.

A noble speech of the First Consul to the Belgian deputies is connected with this point of our history. On the opening of the conferences of Luneville they waited on the chief of the Republic to offer him their thanks for having supported the rights of a people who would accept no other protection than that of France. "It was in justice to ourselves," replied the First Consul to the deputation;[1] "the treaty of Campo-Formio had already recognized the position of Belgium. During the years which have elapsed since that treaty our arms have suffered reverses, and it was supposed that the Republic, less favoured by fortune, would weakly yield; but this was

[1] See the *Moniteur* of the month of October, 1800.

a serious mistake. Belgium, like all other territories acquired by treaties solemnly guaranteed, forms as integral a part of France as the most ancient of her provinces, as Brittany or Burgundy, and were the FAUBOURG SAINT ANTOINE IN THE OCCUPATION OF AN ENEMY, FRANCE COULD NEVER ABANDON HER RIGHTS." Such were the words of Napoleon, addressed to the Belgian deputies.

Yes; France was then resplendent in glory. Independently of the northern possessions, forming that national boundary for which it is the duty of every Frenchman to contend with his life, she was mistress of the German territory on the left of the Rhine, as well as of Avignon and the Venaissin, Geneva, and almost the whole bishopric of Basle, Savoy, and Nice. The Republic founded and protected States; she erected the Grand Duchy of Tuscany into a kingdom; Austrian Lombardy was transformed under her auspices into an Italian Republic; Genoa rose into a sovereignty under the name of the Ligurian Republic; and all these States sheltered themselves beneath the spacious folds of the tricoloured banner, relying on the vigour and vigilance of the Gallic cock. The Republic extended her protection to aquatic Batavia. By her recent treaties with Spain and Portugal she had recovered colonies capable of reviving her preponderance in another hemisphere. By the secret treaty of Saint Ildefonso, and the care of Lucien Bonaparte, her flag waved once more over Louisiana, that fine and fertile province, surrendered to Spain by the disgraceful and humiliating peace of 1793, but the possession of which now placed us in an imposing attitude in the Gulf of Mexico, and would prove a formidable point of attack against the American Union in case of a rupture. She had wrested from the Portuguese sceptre territories which, with their broad deserts, formed an impenetrable barrier for French Guiana. In short, the Republic, at this period of the

Consular Government, was greater even than the Empire ever was. Napoleon's orb of glory was then, indeed, immensurable.

Paris now realized the vision of the First Consul for his great city; it had become the capital of the civilized world. Such was the concourse of foreigners that exorbitant prices were charged for the most inferior lodgings, and paid without hesitation. My situation as wife of the Commandant of Paris introduced me to all strangers of any celebrity, and I confess my most interesting recollections belong to this portion of my life. Russians and English were the principal actors on this scene. The English, greedy of travelling, and so long shut out from their European tour — for Italy, Switzerland, and part of Germany had, since 1795, been as inaccessible to them as France — gave loose to their joy with all the frankness and sincerity of their national character, which is so totally in opposition to the sophistry and artifice of their Cabinet. They flocked in crowds to Paris, and entered with ardour into the pleasures which France offered them in abundance, which they felt too happy in repaying with their gold. Society, too — the best society — then beginning to reorganize itself, presented attractions which their acute and judicious perceptions were equally capable of appreciating.

Among the English arrivals of that day were some names whose undying reputation fills the memory nearly to the exclusion of all others. Mr. Fox, for example, was one of those beings whom it is impossible to see, though but once, without remembering forever, as a happy epoch in one's life, the day of introduction. His fine talents and noble character were the adoration of a majority of our countrymen. I shared with others in admiring the high feeling of Mr. Fox, when, seconded by Grey, and I believe by Sheridan, he summoned Mr. Pitt,

the Minister of the day, to adopt a course not menacing, but conciliatory; in short, to make an attempt, by entreaties addressed to the Convention, to save the life of Louis XVI. "In the name of English honour," said this great man, "however vain your efforts, however useless your endeavours, try them at least, and show the world that kings do not stand by unmoved to see a brother sovereign murdered. Why do you talk of armaments?" he added with warmth, in reply to Mr. Pitt. "By what right would you immolate a thousand heads to revenge the fall of one, when a few decisive words might prevent the sacrifice?" What a contrast do these admirable arguments offer to the proceedings of the inflexible Minister, who by arming England, exciting Spain, and making a clamorous display of hostility, did but too probably accelerate the fate of the unfortunate Louis!

Mr. Fox's aspect did not at the first glance seem to justify his prodigious fame — his demeanour was even ordinary — and the first time that I saw him, dressed in a dark gray coat, and with his head somewhat inclined, he gave me the idea of a good Devonshire farmer — a man incapable of any pretension. But how rapidly were these opinions put to flight when the course of conversation brought the energies of his mind into view. His countenance became animated with the first sentence of interest that passed his lips, and gradually brightened with increasing intelligence till it was absolutely fiery and sparkling. His voice, subdued at first, rose in modulation till it burst upon the ear like thunder; and the same man, who but a few minutes before had appeared the most commonplace of mortals, was now an object of intense admiration.

I first saw him at a distance; he was next introduced to me at the Tuileries, where, in the midst of a multi-

Fox.

Photo-Etching. — After the Painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

tudinous and noisy throng, it was impossible to put in operation any of the plans I had concerted for drawing forth the sentiments of one of the most distinguished and most justly celebrated men of the eighteenth century. At length he dined at my house, and the conversation, having first been of a general kind, turned afterwards on such topics as were more especially adapted to the illustrious stranger. The entire concurrence of opinion between Mr. Fox, Junot, and some of his other guests, precluded debate, but the affairs of England and the Ministry which had replaced Mr. Pitt were long under discussion, and the conversation, though tranquil, was of a remarkable character; when one of the company, who had been of the Egyptian expedition, and had returned with his mind violently exasperated, brought forward the awkward subject of the events in that quarter, freely indulging his rancour against England. Mr. Fox's countenance changed with a rapidity it is impossible to describe; we no longer beheld the leader of the English Opposition, but the advocate of Mr. Pitt, defending him with his eloquence amidst a circle of enemies. The conversation grew warm, and Junot soon took an unfortunate part in it. He had been made prisoner on his return from Egypt by a Captain Styles, conducted to Jaffa, and introduced to Sir Sidney Smith, who was negotiating there with the Grand Vizier the Treaty of El-Arich for the evacuation of Egypt; thence he accompanied Sir Sidney on board the *Tiger* to Larnaka, in Cyprus; here Junot, as I have before observed, contracted for Smith one of those chivalrous friendships which he was very capable of feeling and the brave English Commodore well calculated to inspire. He had more than once laid lance in rest as the champion of his friendly foe; and now, believing him compromised in something that was said respecting the infamous infraction of the treaty which he had

guaranteed, and satisfied in his own mind that his gallant friend was the most honourable of men, "It was not his doing!" cried Junot, animated by a sentiment of truth and justice, "he would never have said, with Mr. Pitt, 'The destruction of that perfidious army is a matter of rejoicing; the interests of human nature require its total annihilation.' No. Sir Sidney Smith would be incapable of uttering such a libel on his profession and on human nature." Mr. Fox turned crimson, then pale as death; passed his hand over his eyes, and made no immediate answer; at the end of a minute that striking voice, which, with its sonorous tone, could overpower all others, murmured rather than articulated: "I beg your pardon; Mr. Pitt never used such words. No," answered the statesman, to whose upright and patriotic soul the imputation was truly painful; "those terrible words never fell from the lips of Mr. Pitt; they are Mr. Dundas's." [1]

[1] The following anecdote illustrative of Fox's character was communicated to me by an Englishman. At a time when he was much embarrassed in his pecuniary circumstances, a note of hand of his for three hundred guineas was presented for payment. There were no funds to meet this, and the unlucky creditor made repeated but useless application to get the bill cashed. By a stratagem he succeeded at last in seeing Mr. Fox, who was actually employed at the time in counting out several hundred guineas. The creditor's hopes of a satisfactory settlement of his claim were now very sanguine, especially as Mr. Fox showed no signs of embarrassment at being discovered in the employment he was engaged in. His dismay may therefore easily be imagined when he was calmly told that, in spite of the display of wealth before him, Mr. Fox had not ten guineas at his own disposal. In fact that the whole of the money on the table — about eight hundred guineas — was destined to discharge a *debt of honour* — a gaming transaction of the previous evening. When the creditor remonstrated upon the injustice of passing by his own legitimate debt in favour of one so much less pressing, Fox appeared astonished, and endeavoured to show that the *debt of honour* had a much higher claim upon his immediate attention, in so far as there existed no other security for its liquidation than his verbal assurance; whereas the holder of the bill possessed his signature, which would be ultimately honoured. "If this be a just mode of discrimination," dryly remarked the creditor, "I

Paris was also at this time the rendezvous of a multitude of English, who, though less celebrated than Mr. Fox or his brother, proved very agreeable acquaintances. Those whom I chiefly preferred were Lord and Lady Cholmondeley, Mrs. Harrison, a young widow from India of most simple, unaffected, and fascinating manners, the Duchess of Gordon and her daughter Lady Georgiana, Colonel James Green, and Lady E. Foster, afterwards Duchess of Devonshire. Lady Cholmondeley had considerably the advantage of me in years, but her manners and those of her lord were courteously polished. She talked to me of the glory of the First Consul and his companions in arms in a tone of perfect sincerity and good-will — she blended so amiably with unqualified respect for the dignity of her own nation a just appreciation of the qualities of those I loved — that I was almost attached to her. The First Consul, who received every morning circumstantial intelligence respecting the English in Paris, had a high esteem for the Earl and Countess Cholmondeley. The Duchess of Gordon is assuredly not forgotten by those who had the supreme happiness of seeing her in Paris in 1802. When I wish to divert my thoughts I call to mind her burlesque appearance and manners, which, as is well known, were, notwithstanding her duchess mania, very far from ducal.

The general aspect of society in Paris at that time deserves a place in contemporary memoirs. The First Con-

will instantly convert my claim into a debt of honour," at the same time tearing the bill into pieces; "and you will allow that, as my demand now stands upon an equal footing with your last night's loss, as being simply a debt of honour, I have the advantage of priority, at all events." He well judged his man. Fox was too generous and right-minded to hesitate; he accordingly took the necessary sum from the heap before him, and satisfied the creditor whose debt, in justice, required immediate payment; and cheerfully resigned himself to fortune, in the hope of discharging the mere debt of honour.

sul required all the principal authorities to maintain not only a creditable, but a splendid establishment. Nothing could exceed (and this fact will be attested by all living persons who knew Napoleon as I did) his extreme and rigid economy in all his private concerns, though when circumstances required it he could equal in magnificence the most sumptuous sovereign of the East; the liberality of Aboul-Cazem then presided over every arrangement. I remember his once admonishing Duroc for neglecting to transmit an order regulating the private breakfasts at the Palace which he had given him the evening before; the order, therefore, had been delayed but a few hours. "But an additional day's expense," said the First Consul, "is too much."

A few minutes afterwards one of the Ministers arrived. The First Consul immediately entered into consultation upon a *fête* that was to be given the following week on the 14th July, the anniversary of the destruction of the Bastille, which was observed till the re-establishment of royalty; the Tuileries were illuminated, and, as far as I can remember, the theatres were opened gratis. "Josephine," said he, with the tone of kindness he generally adopted towards her, for he was tenderly attached to her, "I am going to impose upon you a command you will have much pleasure in obeying. I desire you will be dazzling; make your preparations accordingly. For my part, I shall wear my fine suit of crimson silk embroidered with gold, presented to me by the city of Lyons; I shall then be superb!" This dress was, as he said, presented to him by the city of Lyons on the occasion of the *Helvetic Consulta* in the month of January preceding; and, to say the truth, he had already worn it and made a most singular appearance in it, which instantly occurred to my recollection when he talked of his *fine suit,* and I could not suppress a laugh. He perceived

it, for nothing escaped his observation, and, coming up to me, said as he surveyed me with a half-angry and half-smiling air: "What do you mean by that sarcastic smile, Madame Junot? You think, I suppose, that I shall not be as smart as all those handsome Englishmen and Russians who look so sweet upon you and turn all your young heads. I am sure I am at least as agreeable as that English Colonel — that dandy who is said to be the handsomest man in England, and whom I can compare to nothing but the Prince of Coxcombs."

This expression, a dandy,[1] was a favourite word with Napoleon for designating men who displeased him. In the present instance he alluded to a tall Englishman called Colonel or Captain Matthews, and who passed for a devourer of hearts — English ones, be it observed. I could not avoid laughing still more heartily at this idea of the First Consul and his pretensions to elegance and fashion; whereas he had at that time an utter antipathy to everything that is called fashionable, and showed it in the most unqualified dislike of such young men as had the misfortune to pass in the world for agreeable and elegant. Soft speeches, graceful attitudes, and all other qualifications of a beau, he treated with even more bitterness and contempt than he generally bestowed on the persons he most disliked. Madame Bonaparte presently afterwards made an observation in praise of M. de Flahaut, who, she said, possessed a variety of talents. "What are they? Sense? Bah! who has not as much as he? He sings well — a noble talent for a soldier, who must be always hoarse by profession. Ah, he is a beau! that is what pleases you women. I see nothing so extraordinary in him; he is just like a spider with his eternal legs. His shape is quite unnatural; to be well shaped ——" Here his speech was broken in upon, for

[1] *Godelureau.*

being at that time much given to laughing, I could not restrain a second fit on seeing the First Consul look with complacency at his own small legs (which, like his whole person, were then very shapely), covered with silk stockings, and a shoe sharp-pointed enough to have pierced the eye of a needle. He did not finish his sentence, but I am certain he meant — "to be well shaped his leg should be like that."

And yet no being could have less vanity than Napoleon; he was neatness itself, and extremely particular in his dress, but made not the slightest claim to elegance. For this reason the movement which approached his hand to his leg as he mentioned the spider legs of M. de Flahaut[1] set me laughing by its *naïveté*. He both saw and heard the laugh, and, what is more, he understood it, and coming towards me again said: "Well, you little pest! What do you find to laugh at? So you must make game, in your turn, of my legs. They do not figure as well to your fancy in a country dance as those of your elegant friends. But a man may both sing and dance without being a dandy. Let me ask yourself, Madame Junot, if Talleyrand's nephew is not a pleasing young man?" My answer was ready. The person he alluded to was Louis de Perigord, who, as well as his brother and his sister, now Madame Justus de Noailles, had a large fortune; he was then nineteen years of age and already united to the acuteness of his uncle a sound judgment, sprightly wit, polished manners, and a vivid resemblance to his father's person. The last is a eulogium in itself.

Napoleon, then addressing Josephine, said: "I desire you will be dazzling in jewellery and richly dressed; do you hear?" "Yes," replied Madame Bonaparte; "and

[1] This gentleman was subsequently one of the aides-de-camp of the Emperor.

then you find fault, perhaps fall into a passion, or you erase my warrants of payment from the margin of my bills." [1] And she pouted like a little girl, but with the most perfect good-humour. Madame Bonaparte's manners possessed, when she chose it, a seducing charm. Her graciousness might be too general, but undeniably she could be, when she chose, perfectly attractive and lovable. When the First Consul announced his wish regarding her toilet, she looked at him so prettily, walked towards him with such graceful sweetness, her whole manner breathing so evident a desire to please, that he must have had a heart of stone who could resist her. Napoleon loved her, drew her close to him, and embraced her. "Certainly, my dear love; I sometimes cancel your warrants of payment because you are occasionally so imposed upon that I cannot take it upon my conscience to sanction such abuses; but it is not, therefore, inconsistent to recommend you to be magnificent on state occasions. One interest must be weighed against another, and I hold the balance equitably though strictly. Here, I will tell you a story which will do wonders as a lesson if you will but remember it. Listen, too," — beckoning us to draw near, — "listen, too, you young giddy-pates, and profit by it.

"There lived at Marseilles a rich merchant who received one morning, through the hands of a young man of good family and fortune, a letter strongly recommending the bearer to his notice: the merchant, after having read the letter, instead of either throwing it aside as waste-paper, when he found that it covered one only of

[1] This circumstance happened many times. I have myself seen two bills erased with the Emperor's own hand; one was for linen, the other for essences and perfumery. "You have your own linendraper, Mademoiselle L'Olive," said the Emperor; "why try an unknown warehouse? You must pay these new fancies out of your allowance."

the four sides of the sheet, tore it in two, placed the written half in a leaf of his portfolio, and the other half that would serve for writing a note upon into another portfolio, which already contained a number of similar half-sheets.[1] Having attended to this act of economy, he turned towards the young man, and invited him to dinner for that very day. The youth, accustomed to a life of luxury, felt but little inclination to dine with a man apparently so mean. He accepted the invitation, however, and promised to return at four o'clock. But as he descended the narrow counting-house staircase, his mind rapidly reverted to the observations he had made upon that small gloomy room, with the two long offices which led to it, encumbered with dusty ledgers, and where a dozen young men were working in melancholy silence; he then repented of his folly in accepting the invitation. The duties of the toilet were discharged more for his own satisfaction than in compliment to the host who expected him; and that done, he proceeded to the banker's house. On arriving there he desired to be conducted to the merchant's lady. A number of valets in rich liveries led him across a small garden, filled with rare plants, and after conducting him through several apartments sumptuously furnished, introduced him to a handsome drawing-room, where he found the banker, who presented him to his wife, who was young and pretty, and elegantly attired: he himself was no longer the unattractive-looking personage his guest had seen in the morning, while the manners and conversation of fifteen or twenty visitors, who were assembled in the drawing-room, led to the inference that this house was one of the most refined in the city. The

[1] Paper was far more costly at the beginning of the century than it is now. Any one who has much correspondence also knows that the space taken up by it would be half as much again if every blank sheet were also filed.

viands were excellent, the wines exquisite, the table covered with an abundance of massive silver-plate; in short, the young traveller was obliged mentally to admit that he had never partaken of more delicate fare or seen a greater display of magnificence; and he was more than ever confounded upon ascertaining from one of the persons near him that the banker gave a similar entertainment twice a week. While coffee was serving, he ruminated on all that he had witnessed. The banker, observing his fit of abstraction, succeeded, by drawing him into conversation, in finding out the cause of his perplexity, and observed emphatically: 'You are too young to understand how masses are formed, the true and only power; whether composed of money, water, or men, it is all alike. A mass is an immense centre of motion, but it must be begun — it must be kept up. Young man, the half-sheets of paper which excited your derision this morning are one among the many means I employ for attaining it.'"

I was much struck afterwards by this idea of masses as the foundation of power, so characteristic of Napoleon's policy.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE First Consul said one day to Junot, "You and your wife see a great many foreigners, do you not?" Junot replied in the affirmative; and in truth, English and Russians, the latter especially, constituted the chief part of our society. Junot had just bought a country house at Bièvre, where we frequently had large parties; and the First Consul had given us for the baptismal gift of my little Josephine the house in the Champs-Elysées, which enabled us to receive our guests with convenience, and creditably to fulfil the duties of the post Junot occupied, as well as those to which he was bound as the oldest friend and servant of that astonishing man on whom the eyes of the whole world were at this time fixed.

To such an extent was this admiration of Napoleon carried, that it sometimes happened that Englishmen came to France only for a few hours, went to the parade of the troops in garrison, saw the First Consul, and returned to England. Junot enjoyed this tribute of interest. I have sometimes seen a dinner interrupted for half an hour, while the company listened with avidity to his account of his favourite General's glorious early years. The ladies were not outdone in curiosity respecting the previous life of Napoleon; they asked even more questions than the men.

We had for neighbours in our new habitation a Russian family, whose enthusiasm for the First Consul surpassed that of his most ardent admirers. This was the Diwoff family; the Countess Diwoff, in particular, had

such an exclusive passion for him, for his glory, for his most trifling actions, that Junot and I did not hesitate to admit her to the intimacy she demanded, and which the proximity of our respective residences increased; so that I always found pleasure in spending an evening with my *little sister*, as she insisted on my calling her, though thirty years older than myself, and the more so as her many parties included all the foreigners of distinction in Paris.

One of Napoleon's peculiarities, perhaps but little known, was his extreme aversion, during the Consulate and the first years of the Empire, for the society of foreigners and of that of the Faubourg Saint Germain, but amongst the travellers with whom France was then inundated were a few whose names he held in consideration, and a very limited exception was made in their favour. He had generally some bitter remarks to make upon persons of notoriety, whose reputations had preceded them in France.

No one was more the object of these remarks than the Princesse Louis de Rohan, alias *Princess Troubetskoi, Duchess of Sagan, Duchess of Courland* — I scarcely know by what name to call her, filled as the history of her life is with divorces. Her beauty at this period could not be questioned; but it was not to my taste. I may be deemed fastidious, and I will plead guilty; but I could never like those snowy charms, destitute of all animation — that swan-like transparent skin — those eyes, whose only expression was pride; a pride for which it would be difficult to assign a cause, unless it was intended as a compliment to the memory of her grandfather, Biron. I could discover no beauty in that neck, certainly fair, and dressed in the most shining satin, but stiff, formal, and devoid of feminine grace. This is an attraction which, however, she ought to have possessed, for she ruined

herself in husbands — a singular article to set down among the expenses of a pretty woman, but it was nevertheless true.

A clause in the last marriage contract stipulated that M. Louis de Rohan should have a pension of 60,000 francs in case of a divorce demanded by the Princess; but if the demand was made on his part it was to be but 12,000. M. de Rohan, therefore, left matters to the will of Providence, or rather to the will of his wife, contenting himself with the enjoyment of present possession, without disturbing himself about the future. Various strictures of the Princesse de Rohan upon the Court of the Tuileries, and especially upon his sisters, had reached the First Consul, who in consequence, perhaps, concerned himself more with her than he would otherwise have done. One evening he enlarged upon the absurdity of founding pretensions on rank and riches, in a country altogether Republican, and where all such distinctions were confounded in perfect equality.

"Mr. Fox," said he, "will always hold the first place in an assembly at the Tuileries, and Mrs. Fox would in France always take precedence of the Princesse de Rohan, because the reputation of her husband is reflected upon her. As for Madame de Courland, as she is called, I really do not understand upon what high merit she founds her right to treat with rudeness a people who do not desire her company, and are well versed in her pedigree."

This sally showed me the danger of injuring those who have not attacked us. There can be no doubt that the First Consul, desirous as he was of preserving with the young Emperor the friendly relations he had held with his father, would have been particularly gracious towards a lady who was partly his subject, had not her own proceedings drawn his ill-will upon her. The airs of the Princess were especially ill-judged at a period when

France, so great in herself, saw assembled within her bosom all the greatest and most illustrious denizens of England, Germany, Italy, and Russia.

When the Princess trespassed on the rules of politeness, which continually happened, the source of her high pretensions was naturally looked into, and her genealogy was found to be but of seventy years' standing, — sufficient, it is true, to confer nobility on a really illustrious extraction, but by no means adequate to support an hereditary title to arrogance.

The Duchess of Courland, her mother, united with a haughty carriage considerable amenity of speech and manner, and pleased me much. She had been beautiful — more so, indeed, than her eldest daughter. I was not acquainted with her daughter, whom they called *Eccellenza;* but I think the beauty of the Duchesse de Dino,[1] the youngest daughter, incomparably preferable to that of her eldest sister; there was more fire, more feeling, more intellectual vivacity in one of her black eyes than in the whole person of Madame de Sagan. At the time I am speaking of, however, she was a child, and could not enter into rivalry with her sister. What an admirable picture is Gérard's of the Duchesse de Dino! It is the most enchanting of the children of the desert. Her turban, her robe, the sky which surrounds her, all is in harmony with the Oriental character she assumes; the picture, like all others from Gérard's hand, is admirably poetical.

Madame Dolgorouki, of whom I have before spoken, had the power of being extremely agreeable if she had had the inclination, but this was unfortunately wanting. She found us more lenient in our judgment upon her than her own countrymen, one of whom, Prince George

[1] The Duchesse de Dino was married to a nephew of Prince Talleyrand in 1809, and died in 1862. Her career in the political world is well known.

Galitzin, declared a mortal enmity against her. I have known few men so witty, but he was too satirical to be liked. Without absolute misanthropy, he was no friend to human nature, which was neither good nor amiable enough to please him, but such characters as the Princess Dolgorouki he persecuted incessantly. The Prince was for ever in pursuit of some of her absurdities, her pride, her literary pretensions, her passion for splendid attire; he drew admirably, and possessed the difficult art of making the most exact resemblances in caricature.

Who does not remember with sensations of tenderness and pleasure the charming Pole, Madame Zamoiska? How attractive was her mild, amiable, and intelligent countenance! The sweetness of her disposition, the grace of her manners, and the symmetry of her figure! Her husband, though colder in manner than is usual with the Poles, was agreeable and much liked in society.

The lovely Lady Conyngham, since so celebrated in England, was then in the first bloom of that beauty which acquired such general and just admiration, though I must confess that a countenance so devoid of expression could never interest me. In contemplating the Venus de Medici, I know that the almost divine vision before me is but a marble statue, and look for no smile responsive to mine; but in a living and intellectual being I have a right to expect something more than mere regularity of feature — some emanation of mind; the face of the beautiful Marchioness, however, exhibited none.

She was extremely elegant, dressed well, and carried her solicitude for her complexion to the extent of saving it by spending the day in her bed, from which she rose only in time to prepare for a ball or other evening engagement. Lord Conyngham was a striking contrast to his wife. The Duchess of Gordon, who, in her masculine language, often hit upon a witty truth, once said of him:

"Lord Conyngham! Oh! He is a perfect comb — all teeth and back."

The English Ambassador, Lord Whitworth, appeared to have been selected by his Government expressly for qualifications likely to prove disagreeable to us. His fine figure and handsome face could not atone to French society for his haughtiness, in which his wife, the Duchess of Dorset, seconded him to admiration. Their manners speedily rendered both so unpopular in the circles they frequented that their stay at Paris must have been anything but pleasant to themselves; his lordship, however, knew it would not be of long duration. There were other Englishmen in France of greater distinction, for originality at least, if for no superior attribute.

Amongst these was Lord Yarmouth, now Marquis of Hertford, respecting whom a greater diversity of opinion was entertained as well by his own countrymen as ours; but one qualification which he indisputably possessed was a clearness and acuteness of intellect rarely met with in the most subtle Venetian or Gascon. The faculties of Lord Yarmouth's mind were incomparably more penetrating than those of his countrymen generally, whose capacities, however extensive, are for the most part slow of conception. Young as he then was, an indifferent opinion of his fellow-creatures was but too visibly imprinted on his features; his countenance, his smile, expressed utter coldness, or a sardonic and cynical criticism of all that was passing around him. The world of fashion was not to his taste; but when he was induced to *put on harness*, as he termed it, he made himself perfectly agreeable to those with whom he associated. He was passionately fond of gambling, and played nobly and generously.[1]

[1] Thackeray's portrait of the Marquis of Steyne (in "Vanity Fair") will be recalled by this passage.

One of the new-comers, who was generally well received, was the Count Philip von Cobentzel, Imperial Ambassador to the French Republic. I never knew a man whose excellent sense and judgment, courteous manners, and goodness of heart, were more perfectly in harmony with talents of the highest order, or more absolutely out of keeping with his countenance and the whole exterior man. His person was less comic than his cousin's, when the latter received couriers in black silk breeches and puffed hair — but scarcely less unusual.

In contrast to Count Louis's slovenliness and perpetual action, Count Philip, a little man, was neatness and precision personified. Amongst his striking peculiarities may be reckoned his well-tied queue, and his front hair carefully turned up above the forehead, which gave him a perfect resemblance to *the ace of spades*, a nickname which was accordingly given to him; his dress, always strictly suited to the season, of the make of Maria-Theresa's Court, and most incongruous with the fashions of the day; his clear shrill voice, like that of a good old active, gossiping woman; and the odd constraint of his gait, shuffling between the quick pace, most natural and convenient to him, and the slow motion which he considered most becoming to an ambassador. With all these eccentricities he was an excellent man, of observant habits and retentive memory, and chatted freely and very agreeably with such persons as pleased him.

He was once the subject of a humorous incident. At a ball at my house, about two o'clock in the morning, the Duchess of Gordon took Count Philip by the hand and led him down the whole length of an English country-dance, at that time the favourite amusement, and introduced about four times at every ball. The Duchess bustled about not the less actively for her respectable rotundity, dragging after her the illustrious

diplomatist, not in the habit of moving his slender legs with such impetuosity.

The Count, who enjoyed a joke, but did not relish being its object, was conscious of the ludicrous spectacle in which he was figuring; the unrestrained joviality of his partner, however, got the better of his vexation, and he good-humouredly attended her up and down the dance, making one of his formal bows whenever he asked her hand, acquitting himself on the whole with good grace, and laughing heartily afterwards at the mad prank in which the Duchess had made him share. The singular effect of a couple so oddly assorted, not only with each other, but with the young and merry group amongst whom they mixed, might well make an impression which time has not effaced from my mind.

While passing in review the persons who in 1802 enlivened the society of Paris, I must not omit my beloved friend Madame Demidoff, who created a great sensation there by the luxury and splendour of her establishment, which exceeded all that had yet been witnessed in Paris since the Revolution. Her husband, who was then a different being from when we last saw him on his road to die in Italy, but neither more amusing, good-humoured, nor agreeable, gave *fêtes* and balls, as he afterwards did at Florence; but in 1802 my amiable Elizabeth was present to do the honours of his house, and the fine salons of the Hôtel de Praslin were continually opened to a joyous multitude, happy not only in the gaiety of the scene, but in the charm, so seldom experienced in such crowded assemblies, of a friendly and kind reception. Madame Demidoff did not, however, bestow her affections indiscriminately; it was not every one that she loved, but there was a magic in her simplest word or look which charmed all who approached her.

"I am very glad to see you," said she, in her soft

sweet voice, smiling, and inclining her head with a grace peculiarly her own. And these simple words, addressed to a stranger whom she saw, perhaps, for the second or third time, comprised all that the most cordial hospitality could offer; but when any one she loved, myself for example, approached, "How happy I am to see you!" said she; and the pressure of her hand and animation of her countenance plainly spoke her sincerity. Madame Demidoff was not pretty, and yet she was universally pleasing; because she possessed charms which are superior even to beauty, — unaffected grace and suavity. Who that has seen her waltz can forget her sylph-like movements? unequalled in ease and suppleness by any other person I ever knew, except Madame Lallemand.

During the visits of these distinguished foreigners in Paris much attention was directed to the treasures of art it contained, as well as to the specimens it afforded of the national industry and skill. I had hitherto, from various causes, more particularly from my attendance upon my dear mother during her long illness, been prevented from becoming acquainted with the extent of these splendid objects, and accordingly embraced eagerly the opportunity now afforded me of making many excursions in the company of artists and scientific men, in order to gratify my taste for the arts. When the First Consul heard of this, he reproached me for not including our foreign visitors in the parties. "You are the wife of the Commandant of Paris; it would be an agreeable way of doing the honours of the city to show your friends that we are worth the trouble they take in visiting us."

CHAPTER XVII.

In compliance with the expressed wish of the First Consul, several English and Russian friends were invited, to their great satisfaction, to join our excursions to view the objects of art; and M. von Cobentzel, hearing that strangers were admitted, begged to be included among the elect, and was not refused. The recollection of his travelling costume affords me, even now, a portion of that hilarity with which my young mind first scanned it. He arrived at my house at twelve o'clock, accoutred like Baptiste the younger, in the *Orator Thwarted*, with the exception of the helmet, the absence of which was fully redeemed by a little turned-up three-cornered hat, and all this preparation was for a ride, not to the Valley of Montmorency, but to the Rue de Richelieu, or the Louvre.

He proved, however, the best and most agreeable of companions on such occasions, for he was remarkably well informed, and could converse with interest on all scientific subjects. Among our most intelligent and most polite guides were Millin, Denon, the Abbé Sicard, who was at the head of the Institution of the Blind; M. Lenoir, of the Museum of the Petits-Augustins; and Reigner, Director of the Armoury.

David was also one of our most useful cicerones. Although he and Robert did not very readily understand each other's vernacular tongue, they were both versed in

the language of science, which needed no interpreter between them. I indulged a few moments of pride in the triumph of French talent over foreign prepossession. The name of David produced at first rather a singular effect; but the mist of prejudice speedily dispersed in presence of the head of our regenerated school, and David was not only received, but sought after by all that was noble or enlightened in Paris, even from the most distant lands. It was, however, in his own gallery that the victory was completed. His Belisarius was there to be retouched, which is not the less a fine picture for being somewhat inferior to Gérard's. There is poetry in the old soldier recoiling with surprise and pity at the sight of his aged General, blind, and soliciting alms. It must, I think, have been this picture which inspired Le Mercier's admirable cantata, for I can call it nothing else, which Garat has so finely set to music.

We visited the *Gobelins*[1] and other manufactories of Paris, and extended our excursions to some leagues' distance, to Jouy, Virginie, Versailles, etc., and amongst other curiosities saw the steam-engine of Chaillot, called the Perrier waters, which Paris owed to the skill of two brothers of that name in 1778.

A circumstance not generally known, relating to the Perrier waters, is the controversy between two highly celebrated men on the subject of the original company's proceedings. Beaumarchais and Mirabeau were the parties in this paper war, which degenerated into virulence

[1] It has been generally said that this establishment was first instituted by Colbert, the Minister of Louis XIV. This, however, is a mistake. *Jean Gobelin* had a manufactory on the same site as the present, about the year 1400, and chose this spot, as well as many other dyers, owing to the excellent quality of a small stream, the Bièvre, for the purposes of dyeing woollen goods. This man realized a fortune, and added considerably to his premises. Subsequently Colbert purchased the whole, and it then became a royal manufactory.

and abuse for want of temper on both sides; not content with carrying it through the medium of the journals, pamphlets were circulated, which are now extremely scarce, and not to be met with at all in the shops. Mirabeau accused Beaumarchais of making a stock-jobbing affair of it. The fact is that, several proprietors having treated with the Government, the latter came into sole possession, and the pumps were placed under the direction of public functionaries.

One of our earliest visits was paid, as may be supposed, to the Museum of Paintings, which, independently of the curiosity so admirable a collection (then the finest in the world) must universally inspire, was moreover a novelty to the French themselves, as the gallery had been but a very short time adorned with those numerous *chefs-d'œuvre* that we had snatched from barbarism and indifference, and in many instances, as may be proved, from approaching and total ruin.

The establishment of the Museum of Painting and Sculpture, in the situation it now so admirably occupies, is due to M. Thibeaudeau, who, in 1792, was a member of the Committee of Public Instruction, where his voice was as influential as it deserved to be; and the Convention, in compliance with the report of that Committee, ordered the establishment of a National Museum, and fixed the 10th of August in that year for its opening.

On the first opening of the Gallery of the Louvre for the reception of works of art, nearly five hundred and fifty paintings, by the first masters of every school, were deposited in it; but it was not till 1798 that the museum was enriched by that profusion of inestimable treasures of art, from Italy, Piedmont, Holland, and the Netherlands, which rendered it the first in Europe.

In the spring of 1800 they were opened to general inspection; but the restoration of such works as had sus-

tained injury was not completed till 1801, when we were at length enabled fully to enjoy the rich fruits of our various conquests. Denon had himself restored many of the finest productions to more than their pristine beauty; these were yet in the Grand Salon of the Louvre, waiting to be placed in the gallery, where they were to make an incalculable addition to the value of the treasures already committed to his charge.[1]

The Gallery of Apollo had been opened to the public a few days previous to our visit, and contained a new treasure, consisting of original drawings, not only of French painters, but of all the Italian schools. There we contemplated the first ideas of Raphael, Carlo Maratti, Michael Angelo Bounarotti, Leonardo da Vinci, Correggio, Guercini, the three Caraccis, Julio Romano, Perugino, Tintoretto, and a number of other illustrious names. Denon told me that this gallery had always been dedicated to drawings, which, however, till the resurrection of our Museum, remained nearly in obscurity, though amounting in number to more than eleven thousand, principally by Lebrun, Jabach, Le Sueur, Lanoue, Poussin, and others, whose slightest efforts are deserving of attentive study.

There were, however, but few drawings of the Flemish, Dutch, and German schools. Amidst that profusion, where the eye, fatigued with the beauties and wonders of the Italian school, reckoned more than three hundred original drawings of each of the famous painters I have mentioned, but one could be found of Rembrandt's, one by Ruysdael, and three by Teniers, so fertile in the productions of his easel. At that time we had only one

[1] The Institute had published notices of the paintings exhibited, and Denon, though a contributor to that catalogue, had himself compiled a similar one. Both contained curious details respecting the pictures and their adventures. The walls of the gallery then displayed twelve hundred and forty pictures by the first masters, and of all the schools.

drawing by Van Huysum; Rubens alone produced seventeen or eighteen.

It is unnecessary to dwell on the rarities that enriched the Gallery of Apollo! Magnificent tables of the finest mosaic, ancient bronzes, Etruscan vases, etc.; and in the adjoining room how many precious curiosities were deposited!

The Museum of Armoury was not in existence at the time of our rambles, but was already commenced under the superintendence of M. Reigner, and we were shown at his house a number of singular curiosities: such as a small missal, enclosing a pistol; an ancient emblazonment, partly effaced, was still sufficiently distinct to indicate its having been formerly the property of a high dignitary of the Church. M. Reigner had already amassed a large collection of rare and curious arms, which his care had preserved from the revolutionary wreck. Many notable articles from the Château of Chantilly and the Royal wardrobe were in his possession.

The armour of Joan of Arc and Charles the Bold were also among these treasures of antiquity. Joan's armour was not complete, yet the weight of the remaining portions amounted to sixty-six pounds. This feminine panoply was of most singular construction, uniting the uttermost extremes of deficiency in safety and ingenuity to avoid fatigue. I know not whether Agnes Sorel was attired in similar armour, when on her white palfrey she occasionally followed her royal paramour to the field.

During a visit we paid to M. Charles, a scientific man, who had constructed in the upper story of his house a magnificent camera obscura, a ludicrous incident occurred.

M. von Cobentzel had solicited the addition of one of his private secretaries to our party, for the purpose of taking notes of all that passed under our observation; and he desired the poor secretary to go down to the court,

walk twice across it, and when in the middle to take off his hat and make us his best bow. The unfortunate wight, who did not much like the part he was to perform, set out with all the reluctance of a jaded horse. To descend two or three hundred steps, then mount again, and afterwards return by the same circuitous route, and all for the simple purpose of making a genuflexion, was not indeed calculated to afford much diversion to the actor; but he would have been amply repaid could he have witnessed the intense delight of M. von Cobentzel. No sooner did he perceive his man at the extreme point of vision than he broke into the most joyous exclamations. As he advanced, the raptures increased; but when at length the secretary, faithful to his injunctions, stopped in the middle of the court, and made us his three obeisances, civilly taking off his hat, as every man who knows how to salute is in duty bound to do, oh! then M. von Cobentzel screamed with delight, as children do the first time they see the magic-lantern — clapped his hands, danced, and returned the salutations of the secretary, addressing him in German; in truth, it must be confessed, in extenuation of his absurdity, that it was not a little amusing to see before us, at the distance of a hundred and fifty or a hundred and eighty feet, a little figure offering to our view, not a resemblance, but the very identity of a person who, but the moment before, was of our party.

The Cabinet of Medals and Antiques was much less frequently visited during the Consulate than at the present day.[1] Millin, its guardian, was truly proud to

[1] A slight history of the formation of the Cabinet of Medals will not be uninteresting here. The Cabinet was not always in the royal library. It was commenced at the Louvre. Francis I., who appears to have been the first King of France who interested himself in such subjects, collected some gold and silver medals of the Middle Ages, not to form a cabinet, but as ornaments for his apparel, and for that purpose had them set in

usher us into his own domain, as that portion of the National Library confided to his care may be properly called. Such historical memorials of the earliest ages and of all nations offered an interesting field of investigation, and half the pleasure we derived from it may fairly be attributed to our learned instructor. The medals, when we saw them in his keeping, were not yet arranged with all the care which had been bestowed on them before

rich gold and silver filigree. He was followed by Catherine de Médicis, who brought an abundant store of such curiosities from Florence. Charles IX. increased his mother's collection by that of the learned Groslier. But the civil wars, the commotions excited by the League, produced an era of destruction that nothing could resist, and the medals were almost entirely pillaged and dispersed. The good King who succeeded would willingly have remedied all the evils of those disastrous times: he recovered some of the stolen gems, and summoned the learned Bagarris to Paris, to superintend the Cabinet of Medals he intended to form. But, alas! death intervened, and his son, a perfect cipher, did not concern himself with following up the plans of his predecessor. Bagarris quitted Paris, carrying with him the treasures he would have contributed.

The fine Cabinet of Medals and Antiques of the Louvre was at length instituted by Louis XIV., that is to say, by Colbert, who, far more deserving of the name of "great" than his vainglorious master, augmented that rich collection by whatever treasures his extreme economy enabled him to purchase: he despatched enlightened connoisseurs into Switzerland, Italy, and Greece, to select the most valuable specimens; but it would seem that a sinister fate has invariably attended an institution which should be distinguished in the annals of science alone. In 1662 the Duc d'Orléans, father of the celebrated Mademoiselle, bequeathed to the King all the rarities, medals, and manuscripts in the Château de Blois, where he resided; and Bruneau, the well-informed keeper of the collection, was appointed by Louis conservator of the medals of the royal cabinet. In November, 1666, this unfortunate man was assassinated and robbed in the Louvre itself; and the circumstances of the crime made it apparent that the medals were the object of the assassins. The precious deposit was, in consequence, transferred to the royal library, which was then, as it is now, in the Rue Vivienne.

An antiquary named Vaillant enriched the Cabinet of Medals by an ample harvest brought from Africa, Persia, and the most distant countries. In 1776, under the reign of Louis XVI., it acquired the immense collection of M. Pélerin, comprising many rare and precious articles, and amounting to no less than thirty thousand medals.

the disgraceful robbery[1] a few years later, but the collection already boasted of upwards of sixteen hundred drawers.

[1] In M. de Sartines' days the police was of another complexion; but, without travelling so far back, such an event would not have occurred under Comte Dubois' administration.

During M. de Sartines' lieutenancy of police in France he received a letter from the Minister of the same department at Vienna, stating that a great criminal had taken refuge in Paris, to the certain knowledge of the police at Vienna; and entreating M. de Sartines, in virtue of the friendly relations existing between the two Courts, to adopt every means for the arrest of the criminal, whose person and dress were described with the utmost minuteness. M. de Sartines issued his orders accordingly: his subordinates were set to work; neither garret nor cellar escaped their scrutiny; the most active search was continued upwards of a month. At length, after five or six weeks had elapsed, M. de Sartines writes to his brother of Vienna:

"Sir and dear Brother,—Immediately upon the receipt of your letter, I hastened to make inquiries in every direction for the criminal you had described. The efforts of my people were for a long time fruitless, but we have at length succeeded in discovering him, and I have the pleasure of informing you that it is in your power to seize him immediately, for he is at this moment in Vienna, which he has never quitted; you will find him in such a faubourg, at such a number."

Every indication by which the fugitive could be traced was exactly given, even to a flower-pot standing on his chamber-window.

This story reminds me of another and very amusing one respecting M. de Sartines.

He had a friend for whom he entertained a fraternal attachment. Such friendships are sometimes dangerous; but, be this as it may, his affection was as warm as two compatriots might be supposed to entertain for each other in Monomotapia, with no other civilized being near. His friend, on the other hand, thought it advisable to play the Monomotapian in earnest, but in quite a different sense, as will presently appear. One day, in the course of conversation, the friend said:

"The police is a fine thing, to be sure! I am sure nothing useful ever comes to your knowledge! You learn only what you are intended to know!"

M. de Sartines grew angry. To doubt the alertness of his myrmidons was to dispute his omnipotence, for his credit at Versailles rested entirely on their unparalleled ingenuity in tracing the most difficult clues. He asked his friend, in a tone of defiance, whether he would not be much

I cannot exactly recollect whether it was General Hitroff, aide-de-camp to the Emperor Alexander, then

astonished to hear the most circumstantial detail of everything he had done or said for a whole week.

A secret reflection made the latter smile at the proposal.

"Well, let us try," said he: "I consent; but I wager a hundred louis that your hounds are at fault; and, remember, all you may accomplish will stand for nothing if a single hour is unaccounted for."

"That is a matter of course," said M. de Sartines.

The two friends shook hands upon it, and the execution of the enterprize was to commence the next day. On the second morning the scout who was charged with watching the friend, and whose new task allowed a holiday to the pickpockets and cut-purses of Paris, made his appearance before M. de Sartines and delivered his report; which specified that the party had risen at nine o'clock, had put on his slippers and dressing-gown, had sneezed, yawned, and coughed for a quarter of an hour, then had taken chocolate, read the *Mercure de France* and one of Freron's bulletins, had written a note, but it was not known to whom, because he had instantly put it into his pocket, where even an emissary of police could not follow; but it was a love-letter, that was ascertained, for the paper was perfumed, and the note folded in a particular manner. It was decidedly a love-letter. After this the friend had walked to the Tuileries, taken a few turns on the river terrace, then walked three times up and down a certain portion of the centre alley; had saluted Mademoiselle Arnould three times, Madame Dugazon once, Mademoiselle Gaussin twice; then had dined at M. le Premier's, because one cannot stay in the garden for ever saluting one's friends, however charming. After dinner he had been Madame le Premier's partner at cribbage, had won eight louis, and nobly lost them again at quinze. After this he had been to the Opera, had directed his glass to all the boxes, and scrutinized all the ladies — one especially. After the Opera he had supped with M. de Sartines. "It appeared," said the report, "that he must have made an indifferent dinner, for he supped like a half-famished man: he ate of five or six dishes," and, to do the spy justice, M. de Sartines found the delicacies of his table scrupulously recapitulated. "But, Monseigneur," said the last lines of the report, "my comrades and I found it equally impossible to discover what became of M. de —— on leaving your hotel; his carriage drove with such rapidity that no human being could keep pace with it."

'What, wretch!" exclaimed M. de Sartines, "you have been wearying me to death these two hours with insipid details about slippers, and dressing-gowns, and eating; and then you lose the scent at the very moment it should be most acute. Take care that you succeed better to-morrow; I must know how every minute of M. de ——'s time is employed."

in Paris, and one of the best-informed persons I have ever met with in the numismatic science, that accom-

"My dear friend," said he, the next day, "I have heard news of you, as I will prove at the end of the week . . . Ah! ah! ah! This is the way you proceed! Stay, I will give you a bit of friendly advice: Do not seek the company of actresses so much. Yesterday, at the Tuileries, you were seen with the most facinating ones; I do not like to see you the dupe of such infatuation. . . . And afterwards at the Opera! Take my advice — choose better company. . . . The real pleasures of the heart are not to be met with in so low a sphere. You understand me?"

"Yes, indeed," answered his friend, "and so much the more readily, that I have not waited to receive your advice before I followed it."

"Really?" said M. de Sartines, with a look of surprise.

"Really — yes."

"Then you will make me your confidant?"

"Certainly not; it is your part to find out all you want to know; I am mute."

M. de Sartines, whose curiosity was excited by his friend's expressions, awaited with still greater impatience the next day's report; but was again disappointed. The slippers, the dressing-gown, the chocolate, all appeared in their turn; but from midnight to one o'clock M. de —— disappeared, as if by enchantment, and no trace of him could by any means be found. M. de Sartines flew into a passion, and told his scouts:

"I discharge you all, unless you bring me to-morrow such a report as I have required."

The persons thus menaced looked at each other as they left their master's cabinet.

"What is to be done?" said one to the leader.

"There is no alternative," replied he, and communicated his plan.

The following morning M. de —— had just put on his slippers, and thrust his arms into the sleeves of the dressing-gown so well described in the informers' reports, and was about to seat himself before a cup of that smoking and savoury coffee the precise quality of which had been recited; his lips had just relaxed into that triumphant smile of roguish malice when his valet announced three men who were earnestly desirous to see him. "They begged," said the valet, "as a particular favour, to be admitted."

M. de —— was not inaccessible; he ordered that they should be introduced, and then sent away his valet.

"M. le Comte," said the chief of the party in a supplicating accent, "you would not deprive brave men, all fathers of families, of their subsistence. We come to beg you will save our lives; for if we are dismissed from our vocation we shall no longer have bread, and no resource will be left us but to hang or drown ourselves."

So saying, all threw themselves on their knees.

panied us to the Cabinet of Medals, or a Germanized Dane; but whichever it was, his presence gave rise to a warm discussion respecting one of the votive bucklers found in the Rhone, upon which opinions were very much divided; the foreigner maintaining that the design represented the continence of Scipio, while Millin defended the antiquity of his buckler, declaring it to mean the restoration of Briseis to Achilles, and this opinion agrees with that of Winckelmann. It weighs forty-two marks, and is six feet and a half in circumference; another is forty-three marks in weight and six feet nine inches round. The Cabinet contains numerous similar pieces, but our scientific riches consisted chiefly in medals. We had many that were unique, and the nationality of such a treasure ought to have made cupidity itself tremble to covet it. The gold medallion of Justinian, which is justly at the head of the collection, is three inches in diameter. Another choice medallion

"My good friends," cried M. de ——, hastening to raise them; "for Heaven's sake, what is the matter with you? How can I influence your fate? I do not understand you."

"Alas! your wager with M. de Sartines is the matter in question: we are to inform him of your proceedings from minute to minute. We are fully acquainted with them . . . but ——"

M. de —— began to unriddle the mystery.

"But, you understand, M. le Comte, it is impossible we can say that you are visiting Madame de Sartines at the hours when we are compelled to pretend that we lose sight of you . . . and yet we must speak. Either permit us to invent a falsehood, or change your direction."

M. de —— looked at the chief speaker, and smiled.

"Thou art a clever fellow," said he, throwing him a purse filled with gold. "There, divide that with thy comrades — I lose my wager."

He tried their discretion no further, as may be supposed, but admitted the accuracy of their next report, and acknowledged himself vanquished; while M. de Sartines, rubbing his hands, repeated:

"I was confident of it! How could you think, my dear fellow, that anything could be concealed from a lieutenant-general of police?" and afterwards added: "I could only wish you were more regular in your habits. Why, deuce take it, my good fellow, why can't you choose from good society?"

engraved with a fine head of Pescennius Niger, is in silver. Next to this were medals of Romulus; Alexander, a tyrant in Africa; and the younger Antoninus. If this last medal has been stolen, it is an irreparable loss to art and to France, so indeed are all the others I have mentioned above.

Amongst other parts of the National Library, we saw the Cabinet of Manuscripts, [at the head of which at that time was M. Langles] containing Chinese manuscripts, those of the Arabian Tales, the "Thousand and One Nights," so dear to all who have fertile and creative imaginations; an immense quantity of Hebrew, Tartar, Greek, and Latin manuscripts, and amongst them perfect copies of Propertius, Catullus, Tibullus, and Sappho, and a poem by Claudian, etc. It is well known that the library now occupies the *Palais Mazarin*, and that the largest of its five rooms was formerly the Cardinal's library. It is a hundred and forty feet long by twenty-two in width. The ceiling was painted by Romanelli.

The Cabinet of Engravings, water-colour drawings, title-deeds, and genealogies is also very curious; the collection of engravings made by the Abbé Marolles contains specimens from the year 1470, when the art was first invented, up to the present day. I would particularly recommend to the attention of visitors a collection of engravings or stamps made to illustrate an edition of Dante in the year 1481, only eleven years after the first invention of the art.

At the time we thus visited, like foreign travellers, this magnificent depot of human truth and error, the number of its printed books, as we were informed by the persons at the head of the establishment, was upwards of three hundred thousand; of the manuscripts, fifty thousand; and the Cabinet of Engravings contained about three hundred thousand subjects in ten thousand

portfolios. We visited also the libraries of the various public edifices, but after examining that which I had so much admired it was mere waste of time. It must certainly be admitted that, in whatever advances the interests of science, Paris is the most amply endowed city in the world.

All the charitable institutions, of which I had partly the superintendence, by virtue of Junot's office as Commandant, of course occupied part of our attention, as well as other establishments calculated to excite curiosity; such as the Orphan Asylum, the Museum of Natural History, that temple of Nature, comprising an abridgment of the universe, which the solicitous care of Messieurs Thibeaudeau and Fourcroy rescued from the general destruction of the days of terror; and to which M. Chaptal, when he rose to a place in the Ministry, afforded his special protection, as belonging to the science he professed.

We dedicated one day to a survey of the Barriers, those proofs of the folly of M. de Calonne, and no less of M. de Brienne, however he may have afterwards repented it. Those Barriers, destined to promote the interests only of the farmers-general of the revenue, excited complaints all over the city. The new enclosure appeared to its inhabitants a species of prison, and even the unnecessary and ridiculous pains bestowed on the decoration of the Barriers could not reconcile them to their confinment; but as the good citizens cannot even scold without a laugh, ballads were composed on the subject — for what do we not turn into ballads? Among other epigrams, the following was produced:

"Le mur murant Paris rend Paris murmurant."

These excursions occupied altogether six weeks; the party constantly varying with the engagements of our friends, who had all occasionally other calls, some of

business, others of pleasure; for my own part, I have preserved to the present moment an agreeable remembrance of those days which passed so rapidly, yet were so well filled.

About this time an event occurred which made much noise at Paris. Mademoiselle Chameroi, a famous dancer, had died in childbed, greatly lamented by Vestris. The Curé of Saint Roche deemed the profession of the deceased and the mode of her death doubly scandalous, and refused her admission within the pale of the Church.

The people of Paris were not yet, as in 1816, replaced under the ecclesiastic sceptre; they were discontented; the Curé did but augment the evil by grounding his refusal on facts injurious to the memory of the unhappy deceased; the storm had begun to threaten, when it was dispersed by Dazincourt, who acted in this emergency with courage and firmness, and succeeded in preventing a scandal still greater than that which the Curé sought to avoid, for the people were beginning to talk of forcing the church doors. Dazincourt prevailed on them to carry the body to the church belonging to the Convent of the Filles Saint Thomas, where the functionary performed the funeral service, and the matter terminated.

Not so the First Consul's displeasure; his recent restitution of the clergy to their churches, and provision for their support, was accompanied by the implied condition that intolerance and fanaticism should be expunged from their creed; and a sort of hostile declaration on their part, following so closely upon the recovery of their immunities, extorted a frown, and excited him to let fall some of those expressions which never escaped him but when he was violently agitated.

"They were foolish to insist," said he, in the presence of a large company; "if the Curé of Saint Roche was determined to create scandal, they should have carried

the corpse straight to the cemetery, and induced the first wise and tolerant priest who passed near to bless the grave; there are still many good ones — the Archbishop of Paris, for instance! He is a worthy clergyman. What a venerable old age is his! That man may say within himself:

"'I have attained this advanced age without having injured anyone: I have never done anything but good.' And do you know why? Because he acts upon the moral precepts of the Gospel. Whenever in his former diocese he wanted alms for the poor, and a ball or *fête* was given in the neighbourhood, he appeared among the company to plead the cause of charity, while their hearts were opened by mirth and pleasure: he knew that they were then most sensible to virtuous impressions, and his austerity did not take alarm at a dance tune. Yes, he is a worthy priest."

The Curé of Saint Roche was condemned to do penance, which was announced officially to his parishioners in the *Moniteur*. The latter article is in a peculiar style which betrays the hand, or at least the mind, of the First Consul; those who intimately knew him will recognize the turn of his phraseology in the following copy:

"The Curé of Saint Roche, in a temporary forgetfulness of reason, has refused to pray for Mademoiselle Chameroi, and to admit her remains within the church. One of his colleagues, a sensible man, versed in the true morality of the Gospel, received the body into the Church of the Filles Saint Thomas, where the service was performed with all the usual solemnities. The Archbishop has ordered the Curé of Saint Roche three months' suspension to remind him that Jesus Christ commands us to pray even for our enemies; and in order that, recalled to a sense of his duty by meditation, he may learn that all the superstitious practices preserved by some rituals, but

which, begotten in times of ignorance, or created by the over-heated imagination of zealots, degrade religion by their frivolity, were proscribed by the Concordat, and by the law of the 18th Germinal."

Poor Mademoiselle Chameroi was a charming dancer, and pirouetted delightfully;[1] but how would her reputation fall off now, if compared with Mademoiselle Taglioni! The career of the Opera has effaced that of all the other theatres; their glories are extinct while it has risen higher — but in its company and decorations only; such beautiful ballets as *Psyché* and the *Danso-Mania*, *Flora* and *Zephyrus*, and many other charming compositions of the olden time, must no longer be looked for.

[1] See vol. ii., p. 134.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The children to whom the First Consul stood sponsor with Madame Bonaparte (for he did not admit anyone else to share the office with him, except, indeed, very rarely, Madame Bonaparte the mother, and Madame Louis, his sister-in-law) were always baptized with imposing ceremony. Soon after the publication of the Concordat, several children, and amongst them my Josephine, the first god-daughter of Napoleon, and the eldest son of Madame Lannes, were waiting till the First Consul should appoint the time to be admitted to the sacrament of regeneration.

I received with pleasure an intimation to hold myself in readiness with my daughter, as in two days Cardinal Caprara, the Apostolic Nuncio, would perform the ceremony for these little ones in the Consular Chapel at Saint Cloud. I do not know whether Cardinal Caprara may be very well remembered at present; but he was one of the most crafty emissaries that ever obtained, even from the seat of Saint Peter, a temporary share in the commerce of diplomacy. Notwithstanding the decrepitude of his mien, the weak and subdued key of his musical voice, the humility of his deportment, and the stealthy inquisitiveness of his glance, that head concealed under its gray hairs and the scarlet cap of his order more subtlety, more cunning, more petty perfidy than can well be imagined.

The First Consul, at that time, liked him tolerably well, seeing in his various artifices only a source of

amusement; for, as nothing could then exceed the frank simplicity of our diplomacy, the Nuncio's guarded reserve and insidious scrutiny were equally waste of time. General Lannes and Junot, ambassadors to Lisbon, General Beurnonville to Madrid, General Hedouville to St. Petersburg, Andréossy to London, Sebastiani to Constantinople; all these selections, made by Napoleon from the military ranks, sufficiently proved that the missions with which they were charged required no other enforcement than the will of him from whom they derived their credentials. It is true, the national vanity suffered a little from the proceedings of some of these personages, a rather diverting register of which is in existence, exhibiting sundry infringements of courtly etiquette; notwithstanding all which, this was, to my mind, the most glorious era of French diplomacy.[1]

[1] The First Consul once related an anecdote which he considered favourable to the Prince Regent's good taste, and it was very unusual for Napoleon to approve any word or act of the Prince of Wales, for whom he certainly felt no partiality, and was aware that the dislike was reciprocal.

General Andréossy had replaced M. Otto in London; the General was by no means deficient in politeness; he had been very well educated, but was unversed in the language of courts; he had entered the military service previously to the Revolution, and was then too young to have acquired, from intercourse with the best society of that day, those polished and deferential manners which are exacted by the highest ranks in all countries. England is, perhaps, of all the nations of Europe, the most rigorous in this exaction. He was frequently in company with the Prince of Wales, then the most amiable of heirs-apparent, the most liberal of men in all his notions. He frequently met the French Ambassador at the Duchess of Devonshire's and other tables, where the affability, easiness of access, and apparently compliant and obliging disposition of a personage so near the throne, could not fail of giving universal satisfaction; while the profound and ceremonious respect observed by all who approached the Prince, and of which his utmost condescension never tolerated a moment's transgression, imparted to his Royal Highness's popularity a tinge of aristocratic homage, the singular effect of which cannot be thoroughly understood by a stranger to English manners. General Andréossy, who was always politely saluted by the Prince of Wales, perceiving that his Royal Highness accosted with

But where have I been wandering? From the keen, wily, artful Cardinal Caprara, all reverential obsequiousness, coughing in the chapel of Saint Cloud, in full canonicals, with his eyes, and great part of his cheeks, concealed behind an immense pair of green spectacles. A remedy, perhaps you imagine, for weakness of sight. No such thing; but fearing the penetrating look of the First Consul, that glance which was dreaded even by the most crafty, he intrenched himself behind a redoubt as the best means of escaping it. I have been told it was but a repetition of the part his Eminence had enacted at Florence during the negotiation of a treaty, in the course of the Italian wars; but Napoleon, who knew that the Cardinal was not weak sighted, rallied him so effectually, in the present instance, that the spectacles disappeared.

On the day appointed for the baptism, we all went to Saint Cloud with our children. Madame Lannes and I were the two most advanced in our maternity. Her eldest son, Napoleon, afterwards second Duc de Montebello, was only a few months older than my daughter. He was a good and lovely child, and possessed a degree of sensi-

perfect familiarity several persons whom he (the General) considered greatly his own inferiors, imagined he might use his discretion as to etiquette, and chatted accordingly with the Prince in a style of easy indifference that soon became insupportable to one who prized above all things that extreme elegance and polished high-breeding of which he was the English model. Amongst his familiarities was a habit the General had contracted of calling him *mon Prince!* "Good God!" said he one day, to some one near him, "do pray tell General Andréossy to desist from calling me *mon Prince!* Why I shall be taken for a Russian Prince." To comprehend the full point of this repartee, it must be recollected that both France and England were at that time inundated with foreigners, especially with Russians, the greater part of whom were called "my Prince," because their fathers, or perhaps their grandfathers, had been capital horsemen on the banks of the Borysthenes, or the Yaïk, the only qualification for nobility amongst the Cossacks.

bility very rare at so tender an age; his mother doted on him, and not only punctually fulfilled all the maternal duties imperiously enjoined by nature, but entirely devoted herself to him with a self-denial highly meritorious in a young woman of such uncommon beauty and attractions. The First Consul professed a high esteem for her; and this was no slight distinction, for during the fourteen years of Napoleon's power I have known but two other females, Madame Devaisne and Madame de Montesquiou, to whom he gave proofs of similar respect; though he may have felt a warmer friendship for others, to say nothing of a more tender sentiment.

The conduct of Madame Lannes has on all occasions justified the preference shown her by Napoleon over the other ladies attached to his military Court, who were highly affronted at seeing her seated more frequently than themselves on the right of the First Consul at table, chosen for a party at cards, at a hunt, or an excursion to Malmaison. These decided marks of favour were no doubt partly ascribable to her husband, "that Rolando of the French army," as Napoleon called him, but those who, like myself, have intimately known Madame Lannes, can conscientiously certify that they were as much due to her own character as to the General's fame, and of this the Emperor gave her the strongest proof in nominating her as lady of honour to his second wife — to her who was the object of his tenderest solicitude, and who, in return, conferred on him nothing but misfortunes, fetters, and death.

My daughter at the period of her baptism promised all the loveliness and grace which her advancing years matured. I may be pardoned this effusion of maternal pride, for that beauty, those graces, and, I may add, those talents, and, dearest of all, those virtues, are buried within a religious cloister, and my child has bid adieu to the

world.[1] Napoleon used to smile at the illusion I sought to pass upon myself at that period in dressing my child as a boy.

"What is your design?" inquired he one day, rather seriously, looking at my little girl, beautiful as a Cupid, in a little dark gray sailor's jacket and black beaver hat. "What object have you in putting that child into such a dress? Do you destine her for the superlative task of regenerating her sex, and restoring the race of the Amazons?" The inflexion of his voice, his smile, the expression of his eye, all indicated a degree of satire which made me cautious in my answer. "General," replied I, "I have no intention of making a Joan of Arc of my child. The bronze circle of a helmet and its chin-piece would be a very unsuitable mounting for those pretty cheeks, where the lily and rose strive for mastery." The First Consul looked again at my daughter. "It is true that little noisy pet of yours is very pretty," said he, recollecting the circumstances of her baptism, "and if she is not to wear a helmet or set a lance in rest, I suppose it will one day be her vocation to be POPESS."[2]

This was in allusion to an amusing little scene which took place at the time when with pride I carried my beautiful child in my arms to the baptismal font. She was then fifteen months old; the chapel, the numerous company, the clergy, and the bustle, so terrified the poor little creature that, hiding her pretty face in my bosom, she burst into tears. She had not yet seen Cardinal Caprara; his toilet, on occasions of ceremony, was not quickly completed.

He made his entrance at length from the sacristy, as

[1] Mademoiselle Josephine Junot in after years returned to the world and married M. Amet.

[2] This prediction was curiously borne out, the boy-girl mentioned above becoming for a time a Canoness.

red as a ripe pomegranate, resplendent in the blaze of many pastoral and cardinal rubies, and eminent in withered ugliness sufficient to scare infantine minds accustomed only to look upon gay smiles and merry faces. As soon as Josephine saw him I felt her cling closer to me and tremble in my arms, her rosy cheeks turning pale as death.

When the service was nearly ended, and the First Consul and Madame Bonaparte approached the font to present the infants for the ceremony of sprinkling, "Give me your child, Madame Junot," said the First Consul; and he endeavoured to take her, but she uttered a piercing cry, and, casting a look of anger on Napoleon, twined her little arms closer round my neck. "What a little devil! Well, then, will you please to come to me, Mademoiselle Demon?" said he to the little one.

The little Josephine, however, did not understand his words, but seeing his hands held out to take her, and knowing that her will, whether negative or commanding, was pretty generally absolute, she raised her pretty head, fixed her bright eyes on him, and answered in her childish prattle: "I will not." The First Consul laughed. "Well, keep her in your arms then," said he to me; "but do not cry any more," he added, threatening the child with his finger, "or else — "

But his menaces were unnecessary. Josephine, now brought nearer to the Cardinal, was no longer afraid of him, but no doubt thought him something very extraordinary; and her eyes, fixed on the Prelate, seemed to inquire what sort of animal he was. The Cardinal wore on his head the little black cap resembling those of our advocates, and which is the sign that sanctifies the purple, and the object of ambition to every man who enters the ecclesiastical profession. Its whimsical form, surmounting a face no less singular, captivated Josephine

in the highest degree. She murmured no more, shed not another tear, suffered the First Consul to take, and even to embrace her, and imprint several kisses on her little round cherry cheeks without any other mark of dissatisfaction than wiping her cheek with the back of her little plump hand after every kiss.

But her large eyes were meanwhile riveted upon the person of the venerable Cardinal with an eager attention truly laughable. All at once, when no one could possibly guess what the little plague was meditating, she raised her round, fair, soft arm, and with her little hand seized and carried off the cap or *birctta* from his Eminence's head, with a scream of triumph loud enough to be heard in the courts of the castle.

The poor Cardinal, and all the assistants at the ceremony, male and female, were as much alarmed and surprised as diverted by this achievement. Josephine alone preserved her gravity. She looked at us all round with an inexpressibly comic air of triumph, and appeared determined to place the cap on her own head. "Oh no, my child!" said the First Consul, who had at last recovered from his laughing fit; "with your leave — no such thing. Give me your plaything — for it is but a bauble, like so many others," added he, smiling — "and we will restore it to the Cardinal."

But Josephine was in no humour to surrender her prize; she would put it on my head, or on her godfather's own, but she had no notion of restoring it to the cranium to which it rightfully pertained, and when taken from her by force her cries were tremendous. "Your daughter is a perfect demon," said the First Consul to Junot; "by heavens! she has as stout a voice as the most masculine boy in France! But she is very pretty — she really is pretty." As he spoke he held her in his arms, and gazed on that captivating face, which in fact was "really very

pretty." She looked at Bonaparte without resentment, and talked no more of leaving him; she even made a slight resistance when I took her from his arms.

"She is my *godchild, my child,*" said he, pressing her father's hand. "I hope you rely on that — do you not, Junot?" Junot in such moments had not a word to offer; his heart was too full. He turned a moistened eye on the First Consul, and, when able to speak, said in a faltering voice: "General, I and all mine have long been accustomed to owe all the blessings of our existence to your bounty. My children will experience its effects, as their parents have done; and, like their parents, they will devote their blood and their lives to you."

The day after my eldest daughter's baptism Madame Bonaparte sent me a necklace, consisting of several rows of fine pearls of the size of large currants; the clasp was composed of a single pearl of the purest whiteness, to which the First Consul added a present of a different kind — no other than the receipted purchase-contract of our hotel in the Rue des Champs-Elysées, which had been paid by Napoleon's order as a baptismal gift. It cost two hundred thousand francs.

I have not taken sufficient notice of an important event that occurred about this time — the return of the Army of Egypt. I was already acquainted with many of Junot's friends; but every day now witnessed the arrival of troops of brothers-in-arms and companions in danger, whom Junot would run to meet, press their hands, embrace them with transport, and introduce them to me — so rejoiced was he to see them return safe and sound, after escaping the sabres of the Mamelukes and the perfidy of the English.

One day the servant announced that General Verdier awaited him in his cabinet, and that there was a lady with him. "By Jove!" exclaimed Junot, "that must be

our dear gallant Bianca. I must run to see her. Laura, I bespeak your friendship for her; she is a charming woman." And away he flew. I had often heard of Madame Verdier, and knew that, having followed the army to Italy as a singer and actress under the name of Bianca, she had married General Verdier, and afterwards followed her husband in the Eastern campaign, where she never quitted his side. I had heard numerous traits of her admirable conduct, and had learned to esteem without knowing her; but the idea I had formed of the person by no means corresponded with the figure now introduced by Junot.

My imagination had portrayed a tall masculine form, jet-black eyes, raven hair, tawny skin, and, in short, the whole semblance of a *Chevalier* d'Eon: my surprise may therefore be conceived on seeing a small, well-made, pretty, graceful woman enter the apartment, with chestnut hair, complexion rather inclining to fair than brown, shy and pleasing manners, and a voice soft as music! Madame Verdier, in short, very rapidly gained my heart. Some portion of her history I knew almost from day to day, for she had traversed the desert in company with Junot, who had imparted to me his vivid remembrance of everything that passed during that journey. "What!" said I, taking her delicate little hands; "could this wrist lift a sword, fire a pistol, and guide a spirited Arabian horse?" "Oh yes, dear madame," answered she, with that soft inflexion of voice which in an Italian is harmony itself, "to be sure I used a sword! but, Holy Virgin! not to kill. But you know I must follow the General."

And from the naïveté of her tone it might have been supposed it was obligatory on all wives to follow their husbands to the wars. Then she recited her fatigues in the desert; spoke of the burning simoom, and of Junot's giving her the small remains of water he had preserved,

and afterwards his cloak to shelter her from the abundant dew, and making her a seat of two crossed muskets.

"*Caro, Caro!*" And she held out to him her pretty little hand, which he shook as heartily as he would have shaken her husband's. "Madame Verdier must be one of your nearest friends," said Junot, addressing me. Then he told me that in crossing the desert her horse was once a little behind; and she was hastening to rejoin her troop, when she met an unfortunate soldier afflicted with ophthalmia, which had quite destroyed his sight. The poor creature was wandering in that sea of burning sands without guidance or assistance, and gave himself up for lost.

Madame Verdier approached and questioned him, and perceived with a shudder that his sight was totally lost. And no relief at hand! no possibility of procuring a guide! "Well, then, I will be your guide," said Madame Verdier. "Come here, my friend; give me your hand — there — now do not let go my horse; when you are weary you shall mount him, and I will lead you. We shall proceed more slowly, but God will protect us — no misfortune will overtake us." "Oh," said the poor soldier, "do those sweet sounds that I hear fall from an angel's voice?" "An angel! Why, my friend, I am the wife of the brave General Verdier!" And the excellent woman said this with an accent of simplicity and nature that went to the heart.

Madame Verdier brought me that day an article which, with all my experience in perfumery, I have never since been able to procure — a large bottle of essence of roses. It was neither attar of roses nor that rose-water which we Europeans use for strengthening the eyes, but gave the perfume of an actual bunch of the living flower in its most odoriferous species. She told me that the Egyptian women use this delicious essence, to which no other perfume bears any resemblance, when bathing. It had none

Marmont.

Photo-Etching. — After the Painting by Guerin.

of the strength of the attar of roses, which affects the head so violently and attacks the nerves; it was mild, sweet, enchanting.

The Comtesse Verdier is no longer living, but the General is immortal.

Among the most remarkable of the acquaintances recommended to me by Junot were, the excellent M. Desgenettes — for whom I speedily felt a sincere regard, that subsequent years have not diminished — and General Davoût, since a Marshal, whose return had preceded that of the rest of the army by some months. He frequently visited both me and Madame Marmont, to whom I was much attached, for no sooner did she arrive from Italy, after my marriage, than Junot said to me:

"Laura, Madame Marmont is the wife of the man whom, next to the First Consul, I love best in the world. I cannot pretend to direct your affections, but if Madame Marmont should inspire you with sentiments similar to those I entertain for her husband, it will make me very happy." Fortunately I found her all I could desire in a friend; and our intimacy was based, on my side, on real affection. General Joseph Lagrange, General Menou, M. Daure, the two brothers of Augustus Colbert, one of whom, now Lieutenant-General Edward Colbert, was about this time aide-de-camp to my husband: these names, and many others which memory has safely guarded, but which space will not permit me to record here, were then pronounced in my hearing with expressions of attachment and esteem.

Never did I see more convincing proof of Junot's goodness of heart than at this period of his life. His joy and emotion on again meeting his comrades were sincere and extreme. The First Consul was equally affected, but his feeling partook of that grief which the loss of a dear friend occasions; and though he never showed his dissat-

isfaction, I am sure he felt resentment and ill-will against General Menou. That officer owed it to the good offices of M. Maret, then Secretary of State, that he was not disgraced, and also his appointment at a later period to the government of the Transalpine Provinces.

CHAPTER XIX.

It was in the spring of 1802 that the first appeal was made to Napoleon's ambition to reign, by his nomination as Consul for another ten years, after the expiration of the ten years fixed by the constitutional act of the 13th of December, 1799. Very little attention was at that time paid to this renewal or prolongation of power; and the *Senatus Consultum*, which appointed Napoleon Consul for life, conveyed the first warning to the French people that they had acquired a new Master.

It declared that "the French Republic, desirous of retaining at the head of her Government the Magistrate who had so repeatedly in Europe and in Asia conducted her troops to victory; who had delivered Italy; who had moreover preserved his country from the horrors of anarchy, broken the revolutionary scythe, extinguished civil discords, and given her peace; for it was he alone who had pacified the seas and the Continent, restored order and morality, and re-established the authority of the law: the Republic, filled with gratitude towards General Bonaparte for these benefits, entreats him to bestow on her another ten years of that existence which she considers necessary to her happiness."

The First Consul's reply is admirably conceived in the style of true simplicity and noble elevation, and is, besides, pervaded by a tincture of melancholy, the more remarkable as the expressions are for the most part prophetic: "I have lived but to serve my country," replied

he to the Senate — "Fortune has smiled on the Republic; but Fortune is inconstant; and how many men whom she has loaded with her favours have lived a few years too long! As soon as the peace of the world shall be proclaimed, the interest of my glory and my happiness will appear to point out the term of my public life. But you conceive that I owe the people a new sacrifice, and I will make it," etc.

The important decree I have cited above was presented to the First Consul, and his answer returned on the 6th of May, 1802 (20th Germinal of the year x.). Junot, who felt for him that passionate attachment which makes everything a matter of ardent interest, which affects the happiness or honour of its object, said to me: "We must celebrate at the same time this memorable event in the life of my General which testifies the love of a great nation, and our gratitude to the First Consul and Madame Bonaparte for their generous favours. You must invite Madame Bonaparte to breakfast at our house in the Rue des Champs-Elysées, before it is completed. She must even see it in its present state; to wait till it is furnished would delay the project too long, and would, moreover, deprive us of a new opportunity of inviting her. Arrange the matter with Madame Bonaparte, and I will undertake for the First Consul."

I waited then on Madame Bonaparte and preferred my request: she received it with extreme kindness. She was gracious whenever an opportunity allowed, and with a charm of manner that enhanced her favours. She accepted my invitation, therefore, conditionally.

"Have you mentioned it to Bonaparte?" said she. I told her that Junot was then with the First Consul making his request, and she replied: "We must wait his answer, then; for I can accept no *fête* or dinner without Bonaparte's special permission."

This was very true; I had myself been witness to a sharp lecture she received from the First Consul for having breakfasted with a lady for whom he himself entertained the highest esteem, Madame Devaisnes, only because he had had no previous notice of it. I believe he was actuated by prudential motives, and a knowledge of Madame Bonaparte's extreme facility in accepting everything offered to her; at the Tuileries it was difficult to approach her, as no one could visit there without authority; yet even there a few intriguing old ladies paid their respects to her regularly three or four times a week, with petitions, demands for prefectures, seats in the Senate, commands of military divisions, places under the Receiver-General; in short, nothing was forgotten in this long list, except the good sense which should have prevented such unbecoming interference.

The First Consul was aware that her favours were so unsparingly and indiscriminately distributed that she would sometimes make fifteen promises at a single breakfast, dinner, or *fête;* he was consequently extremely particular where he allowed her to go. He knew, however, that at our house she would meet only the same persons who visited at the Tuileries.

Junot was delighted at the kindness with which the First Consul had received his request; he had granted it, but with the singular addition of desiring that no other men should join the party except Duroc and Junot, while the women were to be twenty-five. The breakfast took place, but was not honoured by the presence of the First Consul. Madame Bonaparte and Madame Louis came without him. Madame Bacciochi and Madame Murat were also present, and all my young married comrades, if I may apply that term to the wives of Junot's brothers-in-arms.

Some were very agreeable, and all in the beauty of

freshness and youth, so that no spectacle could be prettier than that our table exhibited, when surrounded on this occasion by from twenty-five to thirty young and cheerful faces, of which not more than one or two could be called ordinary. Madame Bonaparte was an astonishing woman, and must have formerly been extremely pretty, for though now no longer in the first bloom of youth, her personal charms were still striking. Had she only possessed teeth, she would certainly have outvied nearly all the ladies of the Consular Court.

The breakfast passed off very well. When it was disposed of, Madame Bonaparte chose to visit every part of the house, and in this amusement the morning passed rapidly away. At three Madame Bonaparte proposed a drive to the Bois de Boulogne. General Suchet and his brother accompanied us, and did not take their leave till we re-entered Paris. During the drive Madame Bonaparte conversed with me respecting our new establishment, and concluded by saying that she was commissioned by the First Consul to inform Junot and myself that he presented us with the sum of a hundred thousand francs for furnishing our house. "It is ready," added Madame Bonaparte; "Estève has orders to hold it at your disposal. For it is of no use, Bonaparte says, to give them a house unless it be made habitable."

Some time afterwards I gave a ball for my housewarming, when its newly-finished embellishments appeared to great advantage. The whole ground-floor was opened for dancing. The First Consul, whom the Republic had just called to the Consulate for life, did us the honour to be present. Madame Bonaparte had said to me the preceding day: "I am determined, in compliment to your ball, to dress in the very best taste; you shall see how charmingly I can perform my toilet."

She made good her promise. She personated Erigone;

her head was adorned with a wreath of vine leaves interspersed with bunches of black grapes; her robe of silver llama was trimmed with similar wreaths; her necklace, earrings, and bracelets were of fine pearls. Hortense accompanied her mother, and was on that occasion, as on all others, and in all places, graceful and fascinating. She danced like a sylph, and I seem to see her still, slender as an aërial nymph, and dressed after the antique in a short tunic of pink crape, embroidered in silver llama, her fair head crowned with roses.

I see her, as she always was, the life of the party; her gaiety, good-humour, and spirit of pleasing, imparting the same qualities to all around her. The young people grouped about her, looked at her, and loved her, as the crowd would now and for ever follow and love her. As for the First Consul, he insisted on seeing every part of the house, and Junot, at his desire, acted as his cicerone to the very cellars and garrets. He stayed only till one o'clock, but for him that was a very late hour, and we were proportionately grateful.

The *Senatus Consultum*, requiring rather than declaring the prolongation of the Consulate, did not appear sufficiently satisfactory; another was presented to the First Consul on the 31st of July, or the 1st of August. Junot went early that morning to the Tuileries, and had a long interview with the First Consul, and on his return assured me that Napoleon was still undecided whether or not he should accept the Consulate for life. It was two months after the requisition for the prolongation of the Consulate for ten years that the nation, sensible of the necessity of preserving to the utmost possible extent that protection under which France had seen her prosperity revive, demanded the Consulate for life. But Napoleon, great as was his ambition, desired that the will of France should justify it. An appeal was ordered, registers opened.

The citizens were at liberty to sign or not without fear of proscription, for it is remarkable that Napoleon never revenged any political offence. Of this Moreau is a notorious proof.

"The life of a citizen belongs to his country," replied the First Consul to the deputation of the Senate; "as it is the wish of the French nation that mine should be consecrated to her, I obey her will." Surely he had a right to say that it was the will of the people, for of three millions five hundred and seventy-seven thousand two hundred and fifty-nine citizens who voted freely, three millions five hundred and sixty-eight thousand eight hundred and ninety gave their vote in the affirmative.

The opinions in which Junot had been educated were so entirely and purely republican that the *Senatus Consultum* declaring Napoleon Consul for life was by no means so agreeable to him as might have been expected from his attachment, at a time when indifferent observers saw in this event only the present and future welfare of France. One day when we dined with the First Consul at Saint Cloud, I remarked that Junot's countenance on returning to Madame Bonaparte's drawing-room, after half an hour's interview with Napoleon, was altered, and wore an expression of care.

In the carriage, on our way home, he was thoughtful and melancholy. At first I asked in vain what had affected him, but eventually he told me that, having been questioned by the First Consul as to the opinion of the better circles at Paris respecting the Consulate for life, he had answered that it was entirely favourable, which was the truth; and that the First Consul had observed thereupon, his brow becoming stern and gloomy as he spoke: "You tell me this as if the fact had been just the reverse. Approved by all France, am I to find censors only in my dearest friends?"

"These words," said Junot, his voice failing so much that I could scarcely hear him — "these words almost broke my heart. I become my General's censor! Ah, he has forgotten Toulon!" "But it is impossible that the expression of your countenance should have been the sole cause of his uttering such words." Junot was silent for some time, then, without turning towards me, said: "No; I certainly spoke of our regret — I may use the word — on reading the new *Senatus Consultum*, which overthrows the Constitution of the year viii. — in reducing the Tribunate to a hundred and fifty members! The Tribunate is a body much valued by the friends of liberty and of the Republic; then the mode of election is absurd — those two candidates for the Senate; in short, all this has been found great fault with in the country, particularly what has been done for the Council of State." I asked Junot what he meant had been done for the Council of State.

"It has been recognized as a constituted body," said he; "I told the First Consul that this measure had been ill received in many of the provinces. I have been, as I always shall be, an honest and loyal man — I shall neither betray my conscience, the interests of my country, nor those of the man whom I revere and love above all things — but I believe that I am serving him better in speaking the truth than in concealing it. I then explained that any expression of dissatisfaction which he might have remarked upon my countenance was not to be attributed to his nomination as Consul for life, but to the unfavourable impressions very generally produced by the numerous *Senatus Consulta*, which for the last fortnight had daily filled the columns of the *Moniteur*. The nomination for life of the two other Consuls is also spoken of in terms that I do not like to hear applied to anything which relates to the First Consul. I have much

friendship for one of them, and a high esteem for the other; but why should two magistrates be imposed upon the nation, which certainly has not raised its voice for them as for my General? In fine, my poor Laura, I spoke as I thought, and I begin to see that we have got a Court in earnest, because one can no longer speak the truth without exciting displeasure."

This journey to Saint Cloud caused Junot a fit of illness. His affection for the First Consul was so great that whatever tended to disturb it went directly to his heart. Some days afterwards I received an invitation from Madame Bonaparte to breakfast at Saint Cloud, and to bring my little Josephine. I went alone, because Junot was confined to his bed by indisposition. Napoleon, it is well known, never breakfasted with Madame Bonaparte, and never appeared in her room in the morning, except occasionally, when he knew he should meet some persons there to whom he was desirous of speaking without exciting observation.

This morning he came into the room just as we were rising from the breakfast-table, and on advancing towards us, at once descried in the midst of the group the charming figure of my little Josephine, with her pretty light hair curling round a face that beamed with grace and intelligence, though she was only eighteen months old. The First Consul, immediately on seeing her, exclaimed:

"Ah! ah! here is our god-daughter, the Cardinaless! Good-morning, m'amselle — come, look at me! — there, open your eyes. Why, the devil! do you know that she is prodigiously pretty — the little thing resembles her grandmother — yes, faith, she is very like poor Madame Permon. And what a pretty woman she was! — she was really the most beautiful woman I ever saw." As he was saying this, he pulled the ears and nose of my little girl, who did not approve of it at all; but I had taken the

precaution to tell her that if she did not cry at Saint Cloud we should stop at a toy-shop on our way home, and she should have whatever she liked. Napoleon, who did not know this promise, remarked how very good-tempered the child was, while I was secretly reminding her of the toy-shop ten times in a minute.

"That is what I like children to be," continued Napoleon, "not perpetually crying or fretting. There is that little Lætitia, who is as beautiful as an angel — well, she cries so violently that I make my escape as if the house was on fire."

As he was talking, the party had removed to the blue salon, which was Madame Bonaparte's morning-room.

A circular balcony upon which this room opened passed along the whole suite of apartments. The First Consul stepped out of the window, and made me a sign to follow. I was about to give the child to her nurse, but he prevented me, saying:

"No, no; keep your daughter; a young mother is never as interesting as when she has her child in her arms. What is the matter with Junot?" he added, as soon as we were out on the balcony.

"He has a fever, General, and it is so violent as to oblige him to keep his bed."

"But this fever is of some kind or other; is it putrid, malignant, or what?"

"Neither the one nor the other, Citizen Consul," I replied, with a little impatience, for I was provoked at the petulant tone of his questions; "but Junot is, as you know, very susceptible, and a pain which goes to his heart affects his health. You know, General, that such complaints are beyond the power of medicine."

"I see that Junot has been telling you of the sort of quarrel we had the other day. He made himself quite ridiculous."

"You will give me leave, Citizen Consul, not to confirm what you have just been saying with my assent; you are no doubt jesting. All that I can do is to affirm that, having probably misunderstood Junot, you have given him serious pain. That he has suffered severely has been manifest to me, because neither my cares nor this child's caresses have been able to calm his mind. Also I conclude, General, that, in reporting to me the conversation you are speaking of, he did not tell me the whole." This, as I afterwards learnt, was the truth.

The First Consul looked at me some moments without speaking — took my right hand, which held my little girl upon my left arm, then suddenly rejected it with a very singular movement; seized Josephine's little white and mottled arm, kissed it, gave a pretty hard tap upon her cheek, pulled her nose, embraced her, all in a minute, then disappeared like a flash of lightning. I repeated this little scene to Junot, whom, on my return, I found very ill. He was not only very irritable, but his temperament itself was opposed to his reasoning tranquilly upon anything that agitated him. His adventure at Saint Cloud had quite upset him.

This very morning he had suffered the application of thirty leeches, and though the loss of so much blood ought to have weakened him, he was in no degree more composed, because his nerves were strongly agitated, and he had not slept for three days. However, about seven in the evening, after taking some mutton broth, he threw himself upon the sofa in my apartment, and fell fast asleep. The night soon drew on, I was left in darkness, and, fearing to wake my husband, I was resting in an armchair by his side, without any lights. My head began to nod; the strong and regular, but monotonous breathing of Junot gradually sent me to sleep also.

Suddenly I heard a quick step on the little staircase

which led from the breakfast-room into the court. Accustomed to watching by a sick-bed, I was on foot in an instant, and heard Heldt, the first *valet-de-chambre*, running upstairs and calling, "Madame! madame!"

A light struck upon my still half-closed eyes, a well-known voice effectually roused me, and the First Consul appeared.

"Good-evening, Madame Junot; you did not expect me, I imagine; well, where is your dying patient?"

As he spoke, he entered the small cabinet which served as an anteroom between Junot's apartments and mine, and in which Andoche had just been sleeping.

"Well, M. Junot, what is the matter with you, then? Hey? What does this fever mean? Well, what are you crying for, great baby? Ay, I shall mimic you presently myself." Here he pulled his ears and his poor nose, pinched his cheeks, and lavished all his expressions of favour on him. Junot meanwhile was suffocating; I perhaps never knew him so deeply affected. He took the First Consul's two hands alternately, pressed them to his bosom, and looked at him with an expression of affection.

He could not speak. He next took the hand of the good Duroc — who had accompanied the First Consul candle in hand — that excellent friend, whom for some time he misunderstood, but who never ceased to be the truest and most valuable of his brothers-in-arms.

"I imagine you are no longer ill," said the First Consul, taking the chair I had been offering him ever since he came in. "Hey! hot-brain?"

He was scarcely seated before he stood up again, and began walking round the room, saying:

"Ah! so this is what they call your palace; I should be glad to see it: they all tell me it is a marvel and a folly; but this room seems simple enough."

Hereupon he went into Junot's room and his cabinet,

then returned and passed into my apartment. "Ah! ah! so this is the sanctuary," said he, in a tone of kindness, though rather banteringly. "But what the devil is this? Do these happen to be your grandmothers?"

"They are not even relations, General," I replied. "It is a piece of Junot's gallantry, who chose to ornament my room with portraits of all the celebrated females of antiquity and of the last century; he was willing that I should not be too humble in my character of a woman."

"Oh! he might have dispensed with the portrait-gallery for that purpose. But he was right not to admit into it the women of the present day, for all pretend to be celebrated; it is the folly of all countries."

He continued to walk on as he talked; while I looked at him with attention, and a smile which I could not wholly suppress. At first he did not remark this, but in the end guessed the cause, which was the singular style of his costume, always absolutely laughable, when he assumed the dress of a private citizen. From what cause I can scarcely tell, but all the illusion of glory which surrounded him could not make his appearance imposing when not attired in military uniform. It might arise from his being wholly unaccustomed to this undress; but at all events he was totally different in it, even in its very eccentricity, from other men. On this occasion his great-coat was of superfine cloth, and his hat was a remarkably fine beaver, but it was still of the same unfashionable make, and was set on the head in the same peculiar manner, with the difference only from his former appearance, that his hair was not powdered, and the curls had disappeared.

"Well, M. Junot," said he, after having made the tour of my apartments, the only portion of the house yet furnished, "I hope this little journey round your domains

has quite cured you?" Junot seized the hand which the First Consul presented to him, pressed it between both his, and wept without answering. At this moment he was neither the man of strong mind nor the courageous soldier, but a feeble child. "To prove that you are quite cured," continued the First Consul, "you will breakfast with me to-morrow at Saint Cloud. Good-night, my old friend. Adieu, *Madame la Commandante.*"

We attended him to the street door. No one knew that the First Consul was in our house; he had imposed silence upon Heldt, the only one of our servants who had seen him; and it is well known that Napoleon was not one of those persons who might be disobeyed. He was right in his privacy; the knowledge of his visit would but have created jealousies. He had crossed the Tuileries on foot, and at the entrance of the Champs-Elysées a chaise, or sort of cabriolet drawn by two horses, which Duroc generally used, was waiting for him.

Junot slept badly that night; his mind was so ardent that happiness and sorrow were equally inimical to his bodily health. He was, however, quite recovered the next morning, went to Saint Cloud, and returned perfectly enchanted. But a new storm was already threatening. Fouché, whose rank should have made him the friend, as he was the equal of his brother-in-arms, but who was, in fact, his most active enemy, and the more dangerous because unsuspected, took advantage of the extreme irritability of Junot's character, to which it was so easy to give a sinister colouring.

CHAPTER XX.

It was some time after the adventure which I have just related that the rupture with England took place. Falsehoods of all kinds have been written upon this subject; there are many persons who, breaking the idol which they worshipped for fifteen years, do not now hesitate to tell us that his fatal ambition caused all our losses; that he despised treaties, and violated that of Amiens, because he hated Mr. Pitt. Without doubt he was desirous of invading England. Who would attempt to deny it? But he wished to do it at a convenient time. Yes, in truth, he wished to set foot on the island. He had too many accounts to settle with haughty England to be backward in hostility towards her; but he was not insane; and General Soult was preparing at Boulogne an army for a Continental war, rather than for crossing the Straits.

The treaty was broken by England: her Carthaginian faith destroyed the parchment which promised alliance while the heart breathed nothing but war. The First Consul was apprised of the intentions of the Cabinet of St. James's. He held himself on the defensive, and took every precaution. Is this deserving of reproach? No. It was the great Condé's axiom, that a great captain might be beaten, but ought never to be surprised. When, therefore, the reiterated messages of the King of England to his Parliament in the winter of 1803, and the harangues of his ministers in the same Parliament, spoke

of war as if the cannon had already sounded, is it to be wondered that the First Consul, whom France had just charged more solemnly than ever with her interests, should watch over those interests with increased solicitude? He asks conscripts of the Senate,[1] because the King of England has organized the militia of his kingdom; he sells Louisiana to the United States, because the capture of our ships, without any declaration of war, announces that a new war is about to break out, and that money will be wanted to prosecute it.

Lord Whitworth quitted Paris about the 15th of March, 1803. The greatest uneasiness reigned among the English who remained there.[2] Junot, then Commandant of the capital, was desirous that its tranquillity should be as well attested as its splendour; he redoubled his cares. His daily reports and those of the Comte Dubois, the Prefect of the Police, and charged with the civil, as Junot was with the military, superintendency of the city, contained nothing alarming; but there were men who urged Napoleon upon a career which threatened to be fatal to him; and one of them commenced even at that time those odious manœuvres which pressed upon the Emperor like the anathema of Providence. I am about to raise a corner of a curtain, behind which are hidden numerous facts connected with the rupture with England. I know them, and ought to speak out. Many English people are still living who will understand me; and I have been assured by the Duchess of Devonshire herself (then Lady Elizabeth Foster), and by many others, that my information was correct.

The rupture was now complete; camps were formed on

[1] One hundred and twenty thousand conscripts were granted by the Senate during the month of April, 1803.

[2] Naturally, as they were on the point of being seized and treacherously made prisoners in the time of peace.

the borders of Picardy and Normandy, and everything they required had been effected with the rapidity of lightning. General Mortier was sent to Hanover, and Junot, to whom his absence occasioned a great increase of labour, devoted himself to it with all the ardour with which it was his nature to serve the First Consul, whom he conceived to be, in the present instance, chiefly concerned. One morning, at five o'clock, the day having scarcely dawned, an order arrived for Junot to attend the First Consul; he had been at work till four o'clock, and had just retired to bed, but was obliged to rise and proceed immediately to Malmaison. I waited breakfast for him, but he did not return; and at ten o'clock a horse chasseur of the Consular Guard arrived with a note for the aide-de-camp on duty, demanding to have the daily report instantly transmitted. My husband did not return till five in the evening. It will be seen that the sitting had been long; it had been more stormy still.

When Junot reached Malmaison, he found the First Consul with a ruffled countenance, contracted features, and every indication of one of those terrible agitations which could not be witnessed without trembling. "Junot," said he to his aide-de-camp, as soon as he saw him, "may I reckon upon you as my friend? Yes or no? no evasion." "Yes, General." "Well, then, you must instantly take measures for arresting ALL THE ENGLISH, WITHOUT EXCEPTION, in an hour's time. The *Temple*, *Montaigu*, *La Force*, the *Abbaye*, there will be room in the prisons, and they must all be confined. Their Government must be taught that if it breaks the faith of treaties, confiding in its island entrenchments for impunity, it may at least be punished in that which it commits to the guardianship of an enemy who owes it no fealty! That perfidious Cabinet refuses to surrender Malta! and gives for reason" — passion here checked his utterance, and he was com-

pelled to stop to take breath — "they give for reason that Lucien has by my order influenced the Court of Spain to dissolve the Spanish priories, and that by the terms of the treaty the island is to be given up only on the entire reconstruction of the Order.[1] And, moreover, Junot, would you believe that this power, always wily, always hostile, now pretends to take exception to the Treaty of Amiens, averring that its stipulations were founded upon the respective circumstances of the contracting parties at the time of its signature?" Then, drawing Junot to his desk, he put into his hands two letters, importing in effect all that he had just been saying.

Junot was thunderstruck, not because the rupture with England was announced; it was foreseen; it had even been known some days. But these letters contained what might be construed into an excuse of the terrible measure which Napoleon had commenced. He, to whose orders he never made an objection; he, who might have said to him, "Junot, give me your life," and it would have been given, now required of him — commanded him to perform an act from which his sense of honour as much as the liberal principles in which he had been educated revolted. He stood motionless and silent. The First Consul waited some time for an answer, but, seeing Junot's attitude, he proceeded as if he had not even required one, and as if an interval of ten minutes had not elapsed.

"This measure must be executed by seven o'clock this evening. I do not choose that the most insignificant theatre or the lowest restaurateur of Paris should this evening see an Englishman in its boxes or at his tables." "General," said Junot, recovering himself, "you are aware of my devoted attachment to your person and to your interests. It is this very devotedness which makes

[1] That of the Knights of St. John.

me hesitate to obey, without supplicating you, General, to take some hours for reflection upon the measure which you wish me to execute." Junot, while representing to the First Consul that he considered this measure likely to prove injurious to his interest and his glory, did so with all the deference which his conviction of Napoleon's superiority in all things could not fail to inspire. The First Consul bent his brow as he listened, and when Junot ceased speaking, exclaimed:

"Again! what! is the scene of the other day to be renewed? Lannes and you take strange liberties. Even Duroc, with his tranquil air, thinks himself licensed to preach to me. But, by heavens, gentlemen! I will let you see that I can put my cap on the wrong way. Lannes has found it out already, and, I suspect, is not much delighted with eating oranges at Lisbon. For yourself, Junot, do not trust too much to my friendship. The day when I shall doubt yours will destroy mine." Deeply hurt at being misunderstood: "Is it not at this moment," replied Junot, "that I am giving you the greatest possible proof of my attachment? Is it just to talk thus to me? Ask for my blood . . . ask for my life . . . you are master of all that is mine . . . but to command a thing which must — "

"Well," said the First Consul; "pray proceed. What should happen to me because I return to a faithless Government the insults it heaps upon me?" "It does not become me, General, to decide how far our conduct may be correct, but I am sure that if it should be otherwise, it is because you are fascinated by men who give you none but mischievous advice, leading you to acts of severity." "Whom are you speaking of?" Junot at first made no answer; he knew who the persons were who merited this character, but to accuse was repugnant to his noble heart. . . . The First Consul, however, pressed,

and Junot at length mentioned the names which were most publicly and violently animadverted upon as evil advisers. The First Consul walked as he listened, and appeared absorbed in thought.

"Fouché," said Junot, "is my personal enemy. It is not, however, from hatred towards him that I now speak, for I hate no one. Moreover, I am just; I am willing to allow to Fouché all his merits. He has talent, but he serves you, General, in a fashion which your friends would not like to adopt. He assumes, for instance, towards the emigrants, and the inhabitants of the Faubourg Saint Germain, the appearance of indulgence, and that, as he declares, in spite of the danger which he runs of losing your favour in so doing. I, who know there is no truth in this insinuation — what can I think of it? But this is not all: I may also say that you are often excited to a severity foreign to your character, by reports in which there is little or no truth. With respect to other personages, one of whom, General, is near to your ear, and the other to your hand, to receive whatever falls from it, I shall say but one word. Duroc watches, like them, over your safety; well, General, receive his reports. . . . They are those of an honest man — an honourable soldier; they contain facts."

"Nevertheless, these men are devoted to me; one of them said the other day: 'If the First Consul should order me to kill my father, I would obey.'" The First Consul, as he spoke, cast a sidelong glance of observation upon Junot, who immediately replied: "I know not, General, what extent of attachment is proved by supposing you capable of commanding a son to kill his father; but that is of little importance, for if a man is unfortunate enough to possess such feelings, he is not likely to proclaim them."

Above two years afterwards the First Consul, then Em-

peror Napoleon, in speaking to me of this scene, after my return from Portugal, told me that he was at this moment on the point of embracing Junot, so courageous was the position he had taken up in thus resisting him, his General, his Chief, a man all-powerful, in thus even risking his existence. "For, in fact," added the Emperor, smiling, "I am not very gentle when in a passion — you know that, Madame Junot?"

With respect to my husband, his conversation, or rather dispute, with the First Consul, proceeded in warm terms. He even reminded Napoleon that at the departure of the Ambassador, Lord Whitworth, solemn assurances of security had been given to the English who remained at Paris. "There are old men, women and children amongst them, General, and many who desire your welfare![1] These are chiefly merchants — for the upper classes have nearly all left Paris. The injury which detention may do them is immense and irremediable. Oh! it is not for you, whose great and noble soul is capable of all good, to confound a generous nation with a perfidious Cabinet. Are they necessarily identified?"

"Perhaps they should be," replied the First Consul in a gloomy tone; "but I am neither wicked nor headstrong. It is possible you may be right. However," and going to his desk he took from it a paper which he read, again and again, several times, then, giving it to Junot, "read this report," said he, "and answer at peril of your head

[1] The number of English who at this period had a high admiration for Bonaparte was immense. Mrs. Wilmot, who was well known in Paris at this time, was an instance of the enthusiasm to which this admiration was sometimes carried: she kept men in pay purposely to inform her when he went to any of the theatres; thither she hastened, and, by dint of money, always succeeded in placing herself opposite to him. This lady was a relation of Mr. Pitt, and did not sacrifice her feelings to the ties of blood; she was rich, in the prime of life, and had a husband and five children, who all shared in her sentiment for Napoleon. Lady Caroline Grenville was equally infatuated with him.

— as you affect to say — answer me as you value your head, that persons holding such opinions can, without danger to myself, be suffered to remain at large at Paris."

Junot, while listening to the First Consul, read the paper which he had put into his hand. He was first struck by its absurdity, but next, and chiefly, by its flagrant falsehood. It was then he requested the First Consul's permission to send for the report of the day, in which he hoped to find something to refute this calumnious document, and he was not disappointed; Junot insisted that the First Consul should cause inquiries to be made into the matter.

An important fact was asserted, for it described a man having dined at a certain house, and having, when flushed with wine, used expressions insulting to the First Consul, and even committed himself so far as to speak of a new form of government, to which the death of a single person might lead; this happy state of things, which the half-inebriated Englishman wished to favour us with, we had already known, or rather forgotten, for it was the regency of the Duke of Bedford. And this is what they had the hardihood to call a report. But the most singular, or the blackest, part of the business was, that this Englishman was a friend of Junot — a Colonel Green, who, you are to observe, was an enthusiastic admirer of Napoleon. It was the same with Sir Sidney Smith; while the enemy of the First Consul, or rather of General Bonaparte, he admired him with his whole heart, and Junot, who understood this generous homage, loved him for it.

All this Junot represented to the First Consul, who said in reply: "Your language is persuasive enough, but out of all these sayings and gainsayings I gather that you and Madame Junot have a mania for associating with persons who hate me. If this was not well known

to be the case, such words would not be imputed to your friends."

"I am ignorant, General," said Junot, "whether Colonel Green may or may not have uttered the words assigned to him by this report, though I will pledge my head that he would not so much as have imagined them; but it is your pleasure that this point should be considered doubtful. I shall therefore confine myself to a refutation of the calumny by one material fact, which is, that to have held this conversation the day before yesterday, otherwise the 1st of May, after having drunk five bottles of Sillery, which, upon the face of it, is impossible, it is at least necessary that he should have been at the time in Paris, which city Colonel Green quitted on the 17th of April for London, whither he was called by important business."

The First Consul looked all astonishment. "His countenance would have amused me," said Junot, "had the occasion been less serious." Gazing on his aide-de-camp with a very peculiar expression, he repeated: "He is not in Paris!" "He is not, General, and have the goodness to remark that this is not a mistake of a name, or an accident attributable to carelessness; it is an intentional error: the multiplicity of details by which the name is surrounded proves this, even if they had not added that he is my friend!" Here, with a furious oath, he proceeded: "Nothing more is wanting but to have made me a party to this execrable feast, where they wished, as at that of Atreus, to drink blood."

This scene Junot related to me many times, and described his emotion as so violent at this point that Napoleon came to him, took his hands, pressed them, spoke kindly to him, and at length restored him to calmer feelings. The result of this long conference, in which, towards the end, Cambacérès took part, was that the

English should have certain towns for prisons, so long as they remained peaceable. "For," said the First Consul, "I only treat them according to the rules of national law: they are prisoners of war."

Seeing that Junot was astonished at this declaration: "Yes," he added, "prisoners of war; do they not form a portion of the English militia?" Junot was about to reply that the English militia is a national and not a military institution, and would avail nothing in favour of the individual who should claim the rights of war as the proprietor of a militia epaulette; but he had prevailed in obtaining a relaxation of the measure of actual imprisonment, and this victory appeared to him sufficient for the present. The fact of Colonel Green's alibi contributed greatly towards that victory; Napoleon was no tyrant, had no evil dispositions, and when unclouded truth and reason reached his ear, it was seldom denied access. He was violently irritated against the man who had so grossly abused his confidence. He made much use of him nevertheless, raised him to a high rank; but I know, and know it too directly and positively to admit a doubt, that he NEVER esteemed him.

As for Junot, his own conduct this stormy morning, honourable as it was, operated to his prejudice, through those outspoken expressions which were too apt to escape him in momentary warmth of feeling. His opinion, offered with the frankness of a soldier who respects his General, yet has the courage to tell him the truth, as he views it, was too little in harmony with Napoleon's new impressions not to have introduced to the mind of the latter seeds that could only be productive of evil fruits. All, however, would have gone well, but for the number of evil-disposed persons who surrounded the First Consul. I speak only of his household, for Junot had numerous friends, especially in the army. He was kind, faithful,

valiant, and as susceptible as a woman — qualities which, when combined, could not fail to find an echo in the hearts which, at least in those days, composed the French phalanxes.

Of those attached to the household I could reckon only on Duroc and Rapp as active friends; there were, besides, Lemarrois, Lacuée, and Lauriston, who would not injure Junot; as for Berthier, he might be a true friend, but he was very inefficient! There were other men whose attachment showed that they had rightly understood Junot's character: such as Estève, and a few more, who, loving the First Consul for his own sake and for his glory, felt a sympathy for one who loved him with so much tenderness. But friendship, in the circle of a Court (and the Tuileries was already one), opposes but a feeble barrier against malice and envy.

An affair that had occurred some time before at Garchi's was recalled to the First Consul's mind; the venomous poison of slander was infused into it, and it was then presented in a light attaching so much suspicion to the Commandant of Paris that Napoleon, who, though a great man, was not an angel, willing to give the command of Paris to General Murat, sent Junot to command the grenadiers assembled at Arras. The *Senatus Consultum* for the erection of the Empire was already under consideration, and I think the First Consul was not sorry to find a pretext for removing to a distance such of his former brothers-in-arms as still cherished the old Republican notions. He knew mankind, and had no doubt that circumstances would reconcile them to what was irrevocable, but the first shock was to be avoided: that is but an idea of my own, but I believe it to be just.

Junot, charged with the honourable task of forming that fine corps of grenadiers, set out for Arras in the winter of 1803-4. A speedy journey was expected, and

Junot did not choose to expose me and my children to useless fatigue. I set off, therefore, at the same time for Burgundy with my young family, to spend the interval of Junot's absence with his father and mother. But finding at the end of some weeks that the moment of departure was indefinitely postponed, Junot sent M. Limoges, his secretary, to fetch me; and I accompanied him to Arras, where I took up my abode in the house which the Prince of Condé had occupied. Many remarkable events occurred in the year 1804, some of which I did not witness, being absent from Paris; but I saw THE EMPEROR in the midst of the camp, surrounded by his soldiers, and by those Generals formerly his comrades, now his subjects.

CHAPTER XXI.

We had been at Arras about three months, when Junot received the following letter:

"My dear Junot, — If your occupations permit, write to Berthier to obtain leave of absence for four or five days. I wish particularly to see you. I will explain to you why when we meet. Do not mention that I have written to you. — Yours, Duroc.

"February 14th, 1804."

On perusing this communication a presentiment came across the mind of Junot. He would not even write to Berthier; and at the risk of being severely reprimanded by the First Consul, he mounted his horse, and, under the pretext of going to Saint Pol, a small town a few leagues from Arras, he set off full gallop to Paris, where he arrived just at the moment of Moreau's arrest.

The conspiracy of Georges and Pichegru was a most extraordinary affair, not only on account of the mode in which it was planned and almost brought to execution, but because there was involved in it a man who had previously been an object of respect in the eyes of France, and whose character was thenceforward totally changed. This man was General Moreau. Moreau was arrested on the 15th of February, Georges Cadoudal on the 9th of March, and Pichegru on the 28th of February, 1804. The latter was immediately confined in the Temple.

The affair of the Duc d'Enghien is covered with so mysterious and terrible a veil that the hand trembles in attempting to withdraw it. But history admits of no reservation; it demands that everything should be candidly disclosed. How various have been the versions of this unfortunate event!

It cannot be doubted that the Imperial crown, placed by the unanimous wish of France on the head of Napoleon, would have been no less solid and legitimate — that the compact agreed on between the conqueror of the sovereigns of Europe and the men of the Republic would have been no less sacred and indestructible — had the Duc d'Enghien never stirred from Ettenheim. But unfortunately Bonaparte had about him men who meditated his downfall, because the spoil was already worth dividing. These men found it their interest to lead into error one whose own judgment was rarely at fault, but who unfortunately lent too ready an ear to the suggestions of those about him.

Some time elapsed after the discovery of the conspiracy before the two leaders, Georges and Pichegru, were arrested. Papers seized by the agents of Regnier, then Chief Judge and Minister of the Police, excited fresh alarm. The investigation was pursued with renewed activity, and endeavours were made to imbue Napoleon with a degree of uneasiness and suspicion which his mind would not naturally have conceived. The papers above mentioned related to Mr. Drake, the English Minister at the Court of Munich. This man had written a letter referring to the English conspiracy, as it was called, and the letter, which contained the following passage, excited additional alarm: "It matters little by whom the animal is overthrown. It is sufficient that you be ready to join in the chase, when the moment arrives for putting him to death."

In the different reports of this conspiracy which were transmitted to Napoleon, mention was invariably made of a tall man, who had visited the places of rendezvous which were known to the police. This man was wrapped in a large cloak, and when in the street, a hat slouched over his forehead entirely concealed his features. He had fair hair, a pale complexion, his figure was thin and slender, and his deportment elegant. When he presented himself amidst the conspirators, none of them sat down until he desired them; and his manner, though affable and kind, was nevertheless marked by a certain degree of hauteur.

"Who can this man be?" was the question asked from the chiefs down to the subordinate agents of the police. Inquiries were set on foot in Germany, in England, and in Switzerland, and there appeared good reason to believe that the mysterious indivdiual whom the rest of the conspirators treated with so much respect was no other than the Duc d'Enghien. This information was communicated to the First Consul, who was also furnished with proofs that the Prince occasionally absented himself for five or six days from Ettenheim. Forty-eight hours to come from Strasburg, forty-eight to stay in Paris, and forty-eight to return — thus the interval of time was accounted for. It had already been ascertained that the Prince visited Paris during the events of the 18th Fructidor.

When this information was laid before the First Consul, he frowned and looked thoughtful. The possibility of thus coming to brave him in the very heart of Paris appeared not only a serious offence in itself, but one which might lead to consequences fatal to the interests of the State. I know that the determination which was drawn from him by renewed importunity was formed principally through these alarming reports.

General Pichegru was arrested on the 18th February; but it was not until the whole affair of the Duc d'Enghien had been decided that the mysterious personage was ascertained to have been Pichegru, and not the Prince. The latter had not been in Paris, and he had spent the six days alluded to in hunting, and in amusements of a more agreeable nature than attending the meetings of conspirators in a garret or a cellar.

On his arrival in Paris, Junot found the old friends of Napoleon in a state of anxiety and alarm, in which the affection he cherished for his General made him readily participate. In his interview with the First Consul, the latter said to him: "You were wrong to leave Arras at the present moment. It is possible that this arrest, to which I have been constrained to give my assent, may produce some sensation in the army, and every one should be at his post. *My old friend*, you must set off again this afternoon; your presence will be more useful to me in Arras than in Paris." Junot looked sorrowfully at Napoleon, and represented that he had left behind him men fully competent to act in his absence. He then earnestly entreated to be allowed to join his old comrades in protecting Napoleon at the present juncture.

Napoleon remained silent for a few moments; then, advancing to Junot, he took his hand and pressed it, which, as I have already observed, was a mark of affection he rarely showed to any one. At length he said: "Junot, I understand you, my friend; and you will, I am sure, understand me when I repeat that you will at present be more useful to me at Arras than in Paris. I am surrounded by dangers, it is true; but I have friends who will watch over my safety. And, after all," added he, smiling, "my enemies are less numerous than is imagined." "I am aware of that," replied Junot, "and I am only anxious that the few you really have should be

punished. How can you, General, entertain a thought of extending mercy to men who conspire not only against you, but against their country?" "What do you mean?" inquired the First Consul in a tone of astonishment.

"I mean to say, General, that I know you have resolved to solicit the legal authorities to be *indulgent* to General Moreau. You are not justified in doing this. Moreau is guilty. He is as guilty now as he was in the affair of 1797, when he sent to the Directory the papers containing the proofs of the culpability of Pichegru. He is the same man — at once a traitor to the Republic and to his old friend. He had had the papers in his possession for *several months*. This he confessed to Barthelemy. Why, then, did he not send them sooner? The Army of Italy has been accused of not liking Moreau. That is true; but it has been alleged that we did not like him because his glory rivalled ours. This is false, and the accusation is contemptible. Moreau might wear his crown of glory without its rendering ours the less brilliant or the less pure. For my own part, I swear, upon my honour, that such an idea never once entered my mind. I love the Republic too well not to rejoice in seeing any one of her sons valiant and victorious."

Napoleon, who was walking up and down his cabinet with his arms crossed, had listened to Junot with profound attention, and without interrupting him even by a gesture. But when Junot uttered the words, "*I love the Republic too well,*" etc., Napoleon stopped him, looked at him steadfastly, and seemed almost to interrogate him. But this movement, whatever it meant, was only of a second's duration. He again walked up and down, and merely said: "You are too severe upon Moreau. He is perfectly inefficient, absolutely nothing, except when he is at the head of an army. This is all that can be said of him."

"As to his inefficiency, General, there can be no doubt of that; but his conduct as a citizen, to say nothing of him as a statesman, is such as a true patriot and a loyal soldier cannot approve. When Moreau, having learned *by ordinary means* the events of the 18th Fructidor, made a proclamation to his troops, he said, *General Pichegru has betrayed the country!* Now, Pichegru was his friend. He had even served under his command. It was Pichegru who raised Moreau to his first grade in the army, who protected and maintained him."

Junot spoke with unusual warmth. Napoleon advanced towards him, and said, with a smile: "You allude to the 18th Brumaire, do you not?" He smiled again, and took several pinches of snuff. "Yes, General," replied Junot, somewhat astonished at the gaiety of the First Consul. "Certainly," resumed Napoleon, "the conduct of Moreau on that occasion was as extraordinary as that of Bernadotte and some others. Bernadotte exclaimed loudly that *he was a Republican* — that he *would not betray the Republic.* And at that time whoever thought of betraying it, save himself and two or three others invested with the Republican toga, beneath which the cloak of the tyrant was better disguised than under my greatcoat!

"As to Moreau, who, having received a dismissal as the reward of his tardy disclosures, was idling about Paris, and who possessed neither talent nor decision, I can very well appreciate his *determination* to deliver France from a corrupt Government. On the 19th Brumaire he served me as an aide-de-camp, with no very good grace, to be sure, because he had the will but not the power to be the hero of the *fête.* I have heard that he never forgave me for the position in which he stood, and in which he had been the means of placing himself. I am sorry for it. If it be possible that in this last affair he has joined hands with a traitor against

me, rather than against the country, I pity him, but I will not revenge myself."

"But, General, let this affair take its natural course. Do not influence the judges. From the information I received within these few hours, I am convinced how necessary it is that this case should be decided with the utmost impartiality and rigour of the law. Surely, General, you would not encourage treason —" "Junot," said Napoleon, grasping my husband's arm, "would you have it said that I had him put to death because I was jealous of him?"[1] Junot stood motionless with astonishment. The First Consul rapidly paced up and down the room, and appeared much excited; but he soon recovered himself, and, advancing to Junot, made some remarks upon the fine division of grenadiers which was forming at Arras, and ended by enjoining Junot to return thither immediately.

Just as Junot had opened the door to go out, Napoleon called him back, and asked him how he had learned a fact which the *Moniteur* had announced only that same morning — viz., the arrest of Moreau. Junot hesitated to reply, and the First Consul repeated the question in a tone of impatience. My husband then reflected that Duroc's letter could only be regarded as creditable to the writer, and he immediately presented it to Bonaparte. He read it over twice, and then returned it with a pleasing smile on his countenance; for good-humour had now entirely superseded the momentary feeling of irritation. He blamed Duroc, but it was easy to perceive that his displeasure was not very severe. Indeed, he could not fail to be touched by this proof of Duroc's attachment,

[1] These were Napoleon's words as reported to me by Junot. I have given the above conversation at length, because it appears to me curious and important. The last observation respecting Moreau explains the reason why he did not suffer death, which, according to the strict letter of the Code, was the punishment due to his offence.

and in spite of all that M. Bourrienne says, Napoleon at that time felt and appreciated the devotedness he inspired.

Junot went to Duroc and informed him that he had shown his letter to Napoleon. Then, without taking time even to call on his own sister, who resided in our hotel in the Rue Champs-Elysées, he started at full gallop for Arras, where he arrived in the middle of the following night, without his absence having been perceived by any one except the Chief Officer of his Staff, who was necessarily informed of it. Junot's friends transmitted to him regular information of the progress of Moreau's affair. Thus we learned the arrest of Pichegru, which took place a fortnight after that of Moreau, and the capture of Georges, who was taken on the 9th of March, while driving in a cabriolet through the Rue de Tournon.

Shortly after we were made acquainted with the tragical fate of the Duc d'Enghien. On the 22nd of March, a person who was in the confidence of Duroc arrived at daybreak in the courtyard of the house in which we resided. He was the bearer of some despatches which Junot hastily read. As he perused the papers, I observed him first redden, then turn pale. At length, striking his forehead with his hand, he exclaimed: "How happy it is for me that I am no longer Commandant of Paris!" These despatches announced the death of the Duc d'Enghien.

The expedition to England, as it was termed, which was preparing along the coast of Normandy, in the Department of the Pas-de-Calais, and in the ports of Holland and Belgium, proceeded with extraordinary activity. The camp of Arras, formed of the famous division of chosen grenadiers, twelve thousand men strong, and commanded by Junot, was destined to form a sort of advanced

guard, and to commence the descent. I witnessed the formation of that magnificent corps, which the Emperor himself pronounced to be *almost finer than his Guards.*[1] I know the unremitting attention which Junot bestowed on those admirable troops; I saw Napoleon in the midst of them; and the recollections connected with that period are deserving of a place in these Memoirs.

During the time he was at Arras, Junot effected some changes in the dress of the grenadiers, which were at the time considered very important, and subsequently extended to the whole army.

While reviewing the troops one very rainy day, he could not help remarking that the cocked hats which the men then wore were not only very absurd, but very inconvenient. On his return home, Junot began to muse on the miserable condition of his poor grenadiers, who were drenched to the skin in consequence of the rain dripping from their cocked hats. It was Junot's wish that all troops of the line should wear either shakos or grenadier caps, and that this regulation should extend even to the cavalry, with the exception of the dragoon helmets. But a formidable difficulty presented itself, which was to get rid of queues and hair-powder in the army; for, to tell the truth, the introduction of cropped hair was Junot's principal object in endeavouring to reform the hats, the inconvenient form of which wonderfully aided his plan.

"What an odious thing it is," said he, "to see a soldier on a rainy day, his coat covered with white greasy paste, his straggling hair tied by a knot of dirty ribbon, and his head surmounted by an ugly felt hat, which protects the wearer neither from wind, sun, nor rain! And

[1] These were Napoleon's words the first time he reviewed the troops. The guards he alluded to were subsequently called *la vieille Garde*, and were the finest corps in the army.

for all this the soldier has an allowance of ten sous per week, which might be much better applied to the purchase of linen and shoes. Cropped hair, too, would be conducive both to health and cleanliness. The change is therefore desirable from every point of view."

Junot mentioned his scheme to the officers of his Staff, and all decidedly approved of it. For a considerable time previously cropped hair had been almost universally adopted among the officers of the army, from the General-in-Chief down to the sub-lieutenant. Of all the military men who surrounded the First Consul, Generals Lannes and Bessières were, I believe, the only two who retained the absurd old-fashioned *coiffure.*[1]

Junot then proceeded to Paris to confer with Napoleon on the subject, who told him that his plan was good, but that he would not have the troops constrained to cut their hair. Junot joyfully returned to Arras, and immediately proclaimed in the barracks that those soldiers who would have their hair cut off would do what was agreeable to their General, but that no compulsion would be resorted to. Next day the hairdressers of Arras had cut off more than two thousand queues; but in the evening there were two duels.

Junot was greatly vexed, for he foresaw that these quarrels would be made a subject of misrepresentation to Napoleon. This proved to be the case, for Junot received a letter wirtten in Napoleon's own hand, and containing these few lines:

"Junot,— I approved your plan, because I conceived it to be useful; but I forbid all *Prussian measures.* I will have no improvements effected in my army either by fighting or flogging. Adieu! — Bonaparte."

[1] Lannes and Bessières at the time here alluded to, were scarcely thirty years of age, and yet, notwithstanding the general fashion, they petinaciously adhered to hair-powder and queues.

Junot immediately wrote to the First Consul, explaining the facts as they really were, and he observed that, in a camp so numerous as that which he commanded, it would be extraordinary indeed if any change, however trivial, could be effected without a few private quarrels. But Junot had vowed to bring his enterprise to a successful issue, and that without any violence. He was beloved by his soldiers, and he went to their barracks and addressed them personally. As soon as they heard from his own mouth that they would displease him by resisting the proposed measure, there ensued, if I may so express myself, a perfect revolution. The new regulation was fully complied with before the end of the week.

We had been a few months at Arras, when one morning the *Moniteur* announced to us that a motion had been made in the Tribunate for confiding the government of the Republic to an Emperor, and declaring the Empire hereditary in the family of the First Consul Bonaparte. The Senate followed the example of the Tribunate, and the motion was adopted. It has been alleged that Napoleon, in this most important passage of his life, made Cromwell and Augustus the models of his conduct. This is an absurd mistake. As to his choice of the title of Emperor, that title was, of all others, most congenial to the feelings of the army, while it conveyed no offence to the ears of the citizens. France at that period would have shuddered at the very name of KING. The people would never have accepted a compact presented in the name of royalty.

When General Davoût returned to France with the Army of the East, Junot said to me: "There is an old comrade whom I should wish to see better welcomed than he will be. The First Consul does not like Davoût, because when in Egypt he associated with all those who

were hostile to Bonaparte. I do not know that Davoût can be justly ranked among the First Consul's enemies;[1] but it is certain that he has inspired him with an antipathy as complete as one man can entertain for another. I am the more sorry for this, inasmuch as Davoût is my comrade and a clever man."

This dislike, of which all who were with Bonaparte in Egypt might have seen proofs, had a singular source. It originated in the personal appearance of Davoût, who, by the way, was at that time the most dirty and ill-dressed man imaginable — a fault Napoleon, always himself particularly neat and clean, held in aversion. Davoût was an intelligent man, but the First Consul did not like his critical disposition, or the sardonic smile with which he was wont to accompany an ironical compliment; in short, Bonaparte disliked him, and he took no pains to conceal his feelings. Junot and Marmont, who were the two oldest of Bonaparte's officers, and who would have wished to see Davoût well received by their General, especially as his career had not been fortunate, greeted him on his arrival with every demonstration of sincere friendship. Madame Marmont and myself, in spite of the repugnance we felt to have our carpets soiled with mud, welcomed the friend of our husbands with unfeigned cordiality.

Davoût's military qualities ingratiated him with Napoleon, who not only extended to him his good-will, but gave him, what I suspect he valued more, employment and honours. He was appointed to a command in the Guards,

[1] Napoleon even made a point of checking personal antipathies whenever they were entertained towards individuals whose conduct had given him reason to complain. "It would be thought that I am taking revenge," replied he to Junot, who once expressed astonishment at his conferring a command on a man who was looked upon as his enemy in Egypt. — *Duchesse d'Abrantès.*

and he espoused the sister of General Leclerc, who two years before had been affianced to General Lannes. He continued to advance in favour. At the time we were at Arras, Davoût commanded what was called the camp of Bruges.[1] An intimate friend of ours, Rear-Admiral Magon, had the command of the fleet at this period. According to Napoleon's first arrangements, the Admiral was to have landed the picked division of Arras on the

[1] Davoût in figure bore some resemblance to Napoleon, and when he began to rise in the First Consul's favour evidently endeavoured to imitate him in dress, deportment, and manner. Certainly it was no easy task to copy Napoleon, but he had some peculiarities which Davoût managed to imitate, or rather to parody — for example, his occasional *brusquerie* and severity. He had, like Bonaparte, the strange habit of saying a gracious and a rude thing all in a breath — of conveying at once a compliment and an affront: "Captain Bory," said he one day to an officer, "you are an excellent topographical draftsman; but as to Monsieur yonder, he can draw no better than a *hog*." On another occasion he said to this same Captain Bory: "You are a good rider; you know how to mount a horse; you are an absolute Centaur; but as to him" (pointing to his first aide-de-camp) "he rides like an infantry officer, and, when mounted, he looks like a pair of tongs."

Davoût afterwards became the most celebrated of Napoleon's Generals. Created Duke of Auerstädt for his brilliant achievement in defeating the entire Prussian army when pitted against almost overwhelming numbers at that place in 1807, he greatly distinguished himself also in the campaigns of Austerlitz, Friedland, and Wagram. In 1812 he was charged with the most responsible post in the advance into Russia; and it would have been well for the French army if his advice had been taken instead of Murat's. His corps, owing to the discipline and organization maintained by him, was always the smartest and most reliable in the army, not excepting even the Guard. His successful defence of Hamburg is a memorable one, and his flag flew there for some days after the conclusion of peace. Had he been employed in Belgium in 1815, the Anglo-Prussian army would probably have fared very differently after Quatre Bras and Ligny. Being detained in the capital, however, as the only officer capable of holding Paris against foes within and without, the only opportunity that the Marshal Prince of Eckmühl had of beating the Prussians in 1815 was under the walls of Paris itself. With great self-abnegation he then gave up the command of the army to Macdonald, and, becoming thus defenceless, was proscribed by the Bourbons, a race destitute of all military instinct or chivalrous feeling.

Davoust.

Photo-Etching. — After the Engraving by Mauduison.

coast of England. Davoût was not a Marshal at the time of the formation of the camp of Bruges. Napoleon was then only Consul for life; but Davoût, like Soult, Bessières, and Mortier, had the command of a portion of the Consular Guard.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE distribution of Crosses of the Legion of Honour took place at Boulogne on the 15th of August, 1802. I was a witness to that ceremony, which is still fresh in my memory. When the creation of the Legion of Honour was first proposed, it excited violent opposition. Over this opposition the First Consul triumphed; but he deemed it advisable to show some regard to deeply-rooted opinions, and to avoid lacerating wounds which time had not yet healed. For the space of two years, therefore, the Legion of Honour was not talked of.

It was not until the period when the Empire was declared that the Emperor made his *classification* of the different Crosses. This classification excited no small degree of surprise, for it had been supposed that the rewards would be uniform. Junot was created a Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour, and almost immediately after he was appointed Grand Cross. After this followed the appointment of the twenty-four Grand Officers of the Empire.

The Emperor now announced his intention of coming to review the troops. During the ten months that Junot had been at Arras, Napoleon had not even sent Berthier to him, except perhaps for a few hours. The Emperor wished Junot to form the corps according to his own judgment, unassisted by any directions. This, he afterwards acknowledged, was intended as an experiment on the capability of his old aide-de-camp. It was fortunate for Junot that he acquitted himself so satisfactorily.

The Emperor arrived on the Wednesday at noon, and took up his abode at the house of the Prefect, of whom he made minute inquiries as to the manner in which the troops behaved to the country-people, and whether the grenadiers cantoned in the little neighbouring villages had been guilty of any pillage. On the following day he reviewed the troops, and during the seven hours occupied by their manœuvres he was constantly on foot.

Escorted by M. Maret, I advanced to the group surrounding the Emperor. He was in the act of remounting his horse to see the troops defile. He recognized me, although I was still at some distance, and sent Colonel Lafond to ask me to advance nearer, that I might have a better view. When the evolutions were over, I observed the Emperor directing his horse towards the place where I stood. He rode up, and kindly inquired how I was, how I liked Arras, and whether I did not wish to return to Paris. To all these gracious questions I dare say I replied very foolishly, as I did not expect such courtesy, and I was taken by surprise.. The truth, however, is that the embarrassment I felt at the novelty of pronouncing the words "Sire" and "your Majesty" was the principal cause of my *gaucherie*. Maret, whose arm I held, afterwards told me that I trembled exceedingly.

After the review Junot and all the officers of his division dined with the Emperor, who paid them very handsome compliments. "Junot," said he to my husband, "mention in to-morrow's order of the day that I am satisfied, extremely satisfied, with my brave grenadiers of Arras."

Napoleon had been Emperor about three months when he determined to inaugurate the Order of the Legion of Honour [1] by a public solemnity, the first since Napoleon had enjoyed his new title. It took place in the Eglise

[1] Created by the law of the 19th of May, 1802.

des Invalides at Paris on the 14th of July, 1804. It was a happy idea to consecrate a military reward, by such a ceremony, in that venerable pile which is the last asylum of the wounded soldier.

Preparations were made at Boulogne for another brilliant ceremony. The Emperor had distributed the first Crosses to the Dignitaries of the Order, then in Paris, on the day of the inauguration. He now wished to distribute with due formality those which were to supersede the "Arms of Honour." Every individual to whom "Arms of Honour" had been awarded received a summons to Boulogne. The camps of Saint Omer, Bruges, Arras, Montreuil, and Amiens sent deputations, and seventy thousand men assembled at this imposing ceremony.

Junot and I set off for Boulogne: a place was reserved for me in Berthier's *baraque*, which was the best situation for witnessing the magnificent spectacle which took place on the 15th of August. The Emperor had chosen that day with the view of celebrating at once his own birthday and the festival of his brothers-in-arms. Near the Tour d'Ordre, on the most elevated point of the hill, a throne was constructed, around which waved two hundred banners that had been taken from the enemies of France. On the steps of the throne were ranged the twenty-four Grand Officers of the Empire whom Napoleon had selected from amongst the most distinguished military commanders.

On the throne was placed the ancient chair known by the name of the *Fauteuil de Dagobert*, and near the Emperor was the helmet of Bayard, containing the crosses and ribbons which were to be distributed. The shield of Francis I. was also brought into requisition.

In a valley cut by the hands of Nature there were stationed sixty thousand men, in several ranks, and in *échelon*. The valley was so formed that they seemed to be ranged in an amphitheatre, and could be seen from the

sea, the waves of which broke against the foot of the Tour d'Ordre, or rather at the foot of the hill on which it was erected. In front of the men was the throne, which was ascended by a few steps. There was seated, in all the splendour of his glory, the man whose genius then ruled Europe and the world. Over his head a multitude of banners, tattered by cannon-balls and stained with blood, formed a canopy appropriate to the occasion. Though the day was fair, yet the wind blew with extreme freshness, so that these trophies of victory waved in full view of several English vessels then cruising in the straits.

I had the pleasure of meeting, on this occasion, Madame Ney, who was one of the pupils of Madame Campan, and had received a most finished education.[1] She was remarkable for an air of simplicity, and I may even say a certain degree of timidity, which was the more attractive inasmuch as it formed a contrast to the manners of most of the ladies by whom she was surrounded at the Court of France. Those ladies were, it is true, for the most part perfectly amiable and well-bred, but they were young and inexperienced; and having seen little of the world, especially of that courtly world upon which they had recently entered, they were easily dazzled by the illusions of fortune, and were sometimes betrayed into gross absurdities.

The fine ladies of the Faubourg Saint Germain, who at first formed part of the Empress Josephine's Court, thought they would produce a wonderful impression by assuming airs of hauteur, though from them better manners might have been expected. To all this ill-breeding of various kinds, the manners of a woman *comme il faut*, such as Madame Ney, formed a delightful relief. The softness and benevolence of Madame Ney's smile, together

[1] See the memoir of Madame Campan prefixed to her "Private Life of Marie Antoinette" for an allusion to the number of queens she had educated (p. xlviii., edit. 1890).

with the intelligent expression of her large dark eyes, rendered her a very beautiful woman; and her lively manners and accomplishments enhanced her personal graces. It may easily be imagined that I was not a little delighted to meet this charming person at Boulogne.

The ceremony of the distribution was exceedingly long. Each legionist ascended the twelve steps leading to the Throne, and after receiving his Cross and ribbon from the Emperor's own hand, made his bow, and returned to his place. When Napoleon presented the Cross to one of his old comrades, who had fought with him in Italy or Egypt, there seemed to be a glow of feeling which carried him back to his early and most brilliant glory.

It was five o'clock, and for a considerable time I had observed the Emperor turning frequently and anxiously to M. Decrès, the Minister of the Marine, to whom he repeatedly said something in a whisper. He then took a glass and looked towards the sea, as if eager to discover a distant sail. At length his impatience seemed to increase. Berthier, too, who stood biting his nails, in spite of his new dignity of Marshal, now and then looked through the glass, and Junot appeared to be in the secret, for they all talked together aside. It was evident that *something* was expected. At length the Minister of the Marine received a message, which he immediately communicated to the Emperor, and the latter snatched the glass from the hand of M. Decrès with such violence that it fell and rolled down the steps of the throne.

All eyes were now directed to the point which I had observed the Emperor watching, and we soon discerned a flotilla, consisting of between a thousand and twelve hundred boats, advancing in the direction of Boulogne from the different neighbouring ports and from Holland. The Emperor had made choice of August 15 as the day for uniting the flotilla with the other boats stationed in the

port of Boulogne, in sight of the English vessels which were cruising in the straits; while at the same time he distributed to his troops rewards destined to stimulate their courage, and to excite their impatience to undertake the invasion of England.

But the satisfaction Napoleon enjoyed at the sight of the flotilla was not of long duration. An emphatic oath uttered by M. Decrès — who, it is well known, made a liberal use of these ornaments of speech — warned the Emperor that some accident had occurred. It was soon ascertained that the officer who commanded the first division of the flotilla, disregarding the advice of the coasting pilot, had, just as he was on the point of landing, run foul of some works newly erected along the coast. The shock swamped some of the boats, and several of the men jumped overboard. The cries of the people at the seaside, who hurried to their assistance, excited much alarm. Fortunately, it happened to be low water at the time, and I believe one man only was drowned.[1]

The accident was exceedingly mortifying, happening as it did in the full gaze of our enemies, whose telescopes were all pointed towards us, and it threw the Emperor into a violent rage. He descended from the throne and proceeded with Berthier to a sort of terrace which was formed along the water's edge. He paced to and fro very rapidly, and we could occasionally hear him utter some energetic expression indicative of his vexation. In the evening a grand dinner and ball took place in honour of the inauguration. About six o'clock, just as dinner was about to be served for the soldiers, under the tents, a heavy fall of rain came on. This served to augment the

[1] At least, such was stated at the time to be the fact; perhaps the truth was disguised to prevent our enemies from ridiculing us. This they took care to do, however; the English papers abounded with jeers about our *nutshells*, as they styled the gunboats.

Emperor's ill-humour, and formed a gloomy termination to a day which had commenced so brilliantly.

On the evening of the festival at Boulogne, Junot received orders from the Emperor requiring him to set out for Calais next morning. He told me I might accompany him if I chose, but that, owing to the little time he had at his disposal, he could not pass the whole day in Calais, "Unless," said he, "you consent to set out to-night immediately after the ball." I accepted this proposition, and we arrived at Calais next morning at seven o'clock. Consequently, we had ample time to look about us. On my return the Emperor asked me how I liked my nocturnal journey, what I thought of Calais and Dessein's Hotel, and put to me many questions respecting what I had observed in several places on our route.

I mention this fact, though unimportant in itself, because I wish to seize every shade, however trivial, which belongs to the portrait of Napoleon. Certainly he had no need of my opinion, nor my remarks upon anything which referred to that part of the French coast; but I had eyes and ears, and, being free from prejudice, I could judge impartially of what I saw, and that was enough for him. He would sometimes question a child, and would often interrogate women on subjects to which they were not, perhaps, in the habit of directing their attention. On these occasions he always liked to have a ready answer.

On our return to Arras I observed a twofold activity prevailing in all that related to the manœuvres of the army. Junot was several times summoned to Paris. In his absence the command devolved alternately on Generals Dupas and Macon, who were both attached to the Imperial Guard. On his return from one of these journeys Junot informed me of a circumstance which at the time I thought very extraordinary: this was the introduction of

a sort of sumptuary law, regulating the Court dress of the ladies. This dress was then nearly what it still remains. The *chérusque,*[1] which, however, was speedily retrenched, was exceedingly becoming. The robe and petticoat were as they are now, with this difference, that the embroidered border of the robe was not to exceed four inches in depth. The princesses alone had the privilege of wearing the robe embroidered all over. Such were, at first, the commands of the Emperor, and they were dictated by good sense and paternal feeling. He did not wish that in his Court, which was composed of men who had rendered honourable services to the country, but many of whom were comparatively poor, the extravagance of a young wife should compromise the happiness of her husband. This sumptuary regulation was at first rigidly observed.

The mention of embroideries reminds me of a curious circumstance. Every one who frequented the Tuileries about the period I allude to must recollect a certain coat composed of red taffety, and richly embroidered in gold in a symbolic pattern, consisting of branches of olive, oak, and laurel.[2] This coat was worn by the First Consul, with boots, a black cravat, and all the accessories of a military costume. It was known by the name of *l'habit de Lyon.*

M. Levacher, an eminent silk mercer in Paris, observing the decline which had taken place in a considerable branch of the silk trade, owing to the disuse of embroidery, resolved to endeavour to revive it. For this purpose he consulted with some of the principal embroiderers, and sent them the design I have above mentioned. As soon as it was finished, he took it to M. Chaptal, the Minister

[1] A Gothic ruff with long points, composed of tulle embroidered with gold or silver to correspond with the dress.

[2] See vol. iii., p. 168.

of the Interior. The Minister was struck with the beauty of the work. "But," said he, "how can you expect that the First Consul will wear an embroidered coat — he who never even wears the uniform of a general officer?" "I will not despair of gaining my object," said M. Levacher. "I am Madame Bonaparte's silk mercer; she has always been very friendly to me, and I will see what she can do."

Madame Bonaparte was struck with the beauty of the garment, but candidly informed M. Levacher that there was no hope of prevailing on the First Consul to wear it. The silk mercer, not a little disheartened by this assurance, had folded up the coat, and was putting it into the box, when the door leading to the First Consul's cabinet suddenly opened, and Bonaparte appeared. M. Lavacher was at first somewhat embarrassed; but, immediately recollecting that his success depended on seizing the present opportunity, he opened the box, and submitted the coat to the inspection of Napoleon, at the same time warmly urging the necessity of reviving the drooping prosperity of the unfortunate city of Lyons which was dying amidst the regeneration of France. The First Consul listened to him with marked interest: Bonaparte had already entertained plans for ameliorating the trade of Lyons, and the offering now presented to him afforded a fair excuse for wearing embroidered coats, and causing them to be worn — a fashion which could scarcely have been introduced without very good reason in a Court which was yet entirely Republican.

"I will not deny," he remarked, "that I have some repugnance to equip myself in this fantastic costume, but for that reason my resolution will be the better appreciated." Such is the history of the *habit rouge*, which every one thought so singular when Bonaparte first appeared in it.

Bonaparte expressed a decided dislike to the *percales* and muslins,[1] which were then much worn by ladies in France. But he was always pleased whenever he saw any of us in a leno dress. I recollect one day wearing a leno dress of which Madame Bonaparte had made me a present. I was then very slender, and my figure would very well admit of my wearing a stiffly-starched gown, but, as it was then the fashion for the ladies' dresses to fall like the draperies of the antique statues, I must have looked ridiculous. However, the Emperor thought proper to applaud my taste. "That is the way you should all dress, *en négligé*, ladies," said he. "I do not like to see you in those English muslins, which are sold at the price of their weight in gold, and which do not look half so well as a beautiful white leno. Wear leno, cambric, and silk, and then my manufactures will flourish."

Napoleon's coronation was to take place on the 11th Frimaire (2nd December), and Junot was summoned to Paris to attend the ceremony. General Oudinot took the command of the division of the grenadiers at Arras, whither Junot did not afterwards return. On my arrival in town I found my house filled with different members of Junot's family, who had arrived from the country to be present at the coronation. It is impossible to form an idea of the bustle and gaiety which prevailed in Paris at this time. From morning till night the streets were thronged by a busy and joyous multitude. Some were seen hurrying to procure tickets to witness the ceremony, others were engaging windows to see the procession pass, and, to afford some idea of the ardent curiosity that prevailed, I may mention that a family of my acquaintance

[1] *Percales* and French muslins were exceedingly fashionable and expensive at the time here alluded to. With the exception of leno, all the white worn by ladies was brought from England.

from Artois, having arrived too late to procure tickets for the interior of Notre Dame, paid the sum of three hundred francs for a second-floor window near the gate of the Cathedral.

The sight hunters first visited Dallemagne, the famous embroiderer, who was preparing the Emperor's mantle, for which Levacher had furnished the velvet; thence they proceeded to Foncier's, to see the crowns of the Emperor and Empress, and the Emperor's sword, the hilt of which was adorned with the famous diamond known by the name of the Regent, and lastly, they went in search of tickets to view the interior of Notre Dame, where the most splendid preparations were making for the approaching ceremony. Embroiderers, tailors, florists, jewellers — in short, tradesmen of every description — were busily at work, and all joyfully anticipating a rich harvest of profit.

At this instant of universal joy the Pope arrived in Paris. His Holiness was lodged in the Pavillon de Flore, and the Emperor himself set the example of showing him the honours due not only to his dignity as a Sovereign and the Head of the Church, but also to his personal virtues. The countenance of Pius VII. has never been faithfully represented in any of his portraits; none that I have seen accurately portray his mild and intelligent features.

His extremely pallid complexion and jet-black hair, together with his white robes, produced altogether a singular effect. When I was presented to him,[1] his venerable appearance inspired me with a feeling of

[1] Whenever a female is presented to the Pope it must be so managed as to have the appearance of accident. Women are not admitted into the Vatican, but His Holiness permits them to be presented to him in the Sistine Chapel, or in his promenades. But the meeting must always appear to be the effect of chance.

interest, independent of the respect which I, as a Catholic, owed to the Head of the Church. He gave me a very beautiful chaplet with a relique, and seemed pleased to hear me thank him in Italian. On the Pope's arrival in Paris all the constituted bodies, and all the authorities, primary and secondary, paid their formal respects to him. The generals were not the last to observe this ceremony, though several among them had evinced a reluctance which gave umbrage to the Emperor.

On the occasion of the generals paying their visit to the Pavillon de Flore, a question arose as to which of them should harangue the Holy Father. Several among them spoke Italian very fluently, and General Sebastiani, who always had a taste for making speeches, offered his services, but he was considered too young in the scale of commanders, and the choice fell on General Cervoni.

This selection, which was to all appearance perfectly suitable and proper, gave rise to a droll incident. At the time when the French entered Rome with Alexander Berthier, Cervoni, who was then a brigadier-general, was Military Commandant of the city. It was even said he ordered the arrest of Pius VII. That, however, was not the fact; but it was nevertheless believed at the time, and consequently Cervoni was an object of terror in Rome. The Pope feared him as he would his evil genius.

When Cervoni delivered the address in the name of the generals, the Pope was struck with the pure and elegant accent with which he spoke Italian. "*Come lei parla bene l'Italiano. . . .*" said his Holiness. "*Santo Padre, sono quasi Italiano.*" "*Oh! . . .*" "*Sono Corso.*" "*Oh! . . . Oh! . . .*" "*Sono Cervoni.*" "*Oh! . . . Oh! . . . Oh! . . .*" And at each exclamation the

Holy Father retreated a few paces backwards, until at length he got close to the chimney and could go no farther. The Pope probably thought he was going to be seized and sent to Valence.

It was irresistibly humorous to hear Cervoni himself describe this scene, the drollery of which must have been heightened by the contrast between the voices of the interlocutors. Cervoni had a clear, sonorous, and powerful voice; while the Pope, on the contrary, spoke in a shrill soprano, and somewhat nasal tone. In person, Cervoni was not unlike the Pope: he had the same pale complexion, and the same form of countenance; but at the period alluded to he was a young and handsome man.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE formation of the new Court about to be established now occupied the attention of every mind. The influence which such a circumstance is sure to engender had already manifested itself in active intrigue. Madame Bonaparte, who was of easy temper and kind disposition, was applied to on all sides for the presentation of a *dame du palais*, a chamberlain, or an equerry; in short, she was assailed by that numerous troop composed almost exclusively of those whose influence was so fatal to the Emperor in 1814. At the time of the coronation this crowd of expectants was still endurable by the true friends of Napoleon, for among them were the wives of those men who had shed their blood for France, and who were devoted not only to their country, but to the Emperor.

Napoleon, however, was then dreaming of the accomplishment of an impossibility, viz., *the system of fusion*, about which he said so much at Saint Helena; and this statesmanlike but unsuccessful policy is the only excuse for the grievous error he committed, in surrounding himself by individuals who, but a few years before, had spoken of his downfall as one of their dearest hopes. The men who were really attached to him saw the error and pointed it out, but the Emperor was deaf to their remonstrances, wishing to make allies rather than enemies, and vainly endeavouring to reunite all parties for the good of France.

The *dames du palais* were, at the period of the coronation, selected from among the wives of the generals and Grand Officers of the Empire. Madame de Lavalette was appointed *dame d'atours*, or tire-woman, and Madame de La Rochefoucauld, Lady of Honour.[1] The new Court was refulgent with a species of glory, which women regard with the same solicitude as men pursue theirs, viz., elegance and beauty. Of the Princesses and the young women who formed the Court of the Empress, it would be difficult to mention one who was not distinguished for beauty.

Among these were Madame Maret, whose lovely face and finely-turned figure were equally admired with her purity of taste and elegance of manner, and Madame Savary, who possessed a countenance and form of equal beauty, but had one fault, which was, that, though she dressed well, there was always some part of her costume which did not harmonize thoroughly with the rest. Madame Lannes' fine features resembled Raphael's or Correggio's most exquisite Madonnas. But perhaps the brightest star in this dazzling constellation was Madame de Ca . . . y. I often thought she might be compared to one of the Muses. In her were combined perfect regularity of features with an indescribable charm of expression, a profusion of soft, rich silken hair, and a shape replete with grace and elegance.

Madame Durosnel's attractions consisted in her fine

[1] I never could comprehend the Emperor's intention in appointing Madame de La Rochefoucauld to that important post; it is certain that she never wished for the situation. The Empress Josephine was indeed obliged to press her to accept it, and, notwithstanding this, she frequently wished to relinquish it. In person this lady was small and ill-made, but she was a high-minded and sensible woman, and therefore she was necessarily subject to some degree of restraint and annoyance in the situation she held in the most pompous and fashionable Court in Europe.

blue eyes, overhung by long and glossy lashes; in her fascinating smile, which discovered a set of the finest ivory teeth in the world; a profusion of fair hair, a hand and foot cast in the finest proportion, and a general elegance of manner which indicated a cultivated mind. Madame Durosnel was married some years later than I, and her husband was old enough to have passed as her father.

The Households of the Princesses were formed with a more direct view to the *fusion system* than even that of the Empress Josephine; for the individuals about them, being Heads of Families, carried with them considerable influence, and gave a colouring to the whole establishment. For instance, the Princess Caroline had for her Chamberlain M. d'Aligre, whose name and fortune sufficed, in the Emperor's opinion, to form a banner round which the most adverse parties might rally. Indeed, the Faubourg Saint Germain at this period had reason to be indebted to the Princess Caroline, for it was through her mediation that the life of the Marquis de Rivière was saved, as the Empress Josephine saved the two Polignacs.

The Princess Eliza, whose austere temper rendered her less pliant to her brother's will than other members of the family, was surrounded by persons not so exclusively attached to the Faubourg Saint Germain, with the exception, perhaps, of one of her ladies, Madame de Br . . . n, who, however, did not remain long with her, but entered the service of the Princess Borghèse. Madame Laplace, the wife of the geometrician, was disposed to join the Princess in the pursuit of science; for, in this respect, Eliza pretty much resembled the Duchesse du Maine. Nor did the similitude stop here. Her ambitious spirit, and her imperious disposition, which reduced her hus-

band to the rank of first officer of her Household, were all points of resemblance between the two women.

This parallel, however, is not mine, but the Emperor's. He drew it one day at Saint Cloud, after a sharp dispute with his sister, relative to a play of the time of Louis XIV. — Rotrou's *Wenceslaus*. Talma, at the Emperor's request, had just been reading an act of that tragedy, and everyone knows how that celebrated man used to personate the character of Ladislaus. After awarding due praise to the admirable manner in which Talma had recited many of the lines, the conversation turned upon the merits of the piece itself. The Emperor declared very bluntly that the play was good for nothing. Then referring to *Cinna*, the *Cid*, and some other of Corneille's principal works, he concluded by saying: "This is what tragedy ought to be."

The Princess Eliza had a great admiration for Voltaire, and she immediately commenced an attack upon Corneille, the grounds of which were taken from Voltaire's notes, which certainly are neither impartial nor just from any point of view. The Emperor probably felt a little irritated at an attempt to refute him, which he knew to be unreasonable. The discussion grew warm, and angry words passed between them. At length Napoleon left the room, exclaiming: "This is intolerable; you are absolutely the caricature of the Duchesse du Maine." The expression struck me as being as droll as it was just. It would seem that Napoleon was much pleased with it himself, for one day at Neuilly, as he was ridiculing the performance of *Alzire*, he said the Princess Eliza had parodied the part of Alzire, and played it *en caricature*.

The drawing-room of Saint Cloud, in which the above little dispute happened, presented on another occasion a scene which subsequent circumstances rendered remarkable. Madame Leclerc lost her husband at Saint Domingo;

she had his body embalmed, and she returned home with his remains on board the same vessel which had conveyed him to the island a few months before in perfect health. The Emperor, who thoroughly knew her disposition, and who was anxious that she should wear her weeds with decorum, consigned the young widow to the care of his brother Joseph and his amiable spouse.

Madame Leclerc was consequently lodged in the Hôtel Marbœuf, in the Rue du Faubourg Saint Honoré, then occupied by Joseph Bonaparte. Here I saw her on her return from Saint Domingo. She had then a frightful sore upon her hand, which, though it was healed for a time, appeared again in spite of all the efforts of her physicians. She looked most angelic in her weeds, though she was evidently impatient of the retirement they imposed on her! "I shall certainly sink under this, Laurette," said she to me one day. "If my brother determines to shut me out from the world, I will put an end to my existence at once."

Junot observed that, though we had a Venus de Medicis, a Venus of the Capitol, and a Venus Callipyge, we had never before heard of a "Venus Suicide." At this compliment the features of Madame Leclerc instantly brightened up, and extending her hand to Junot, she said: "Come and see me often, Junot; you are one of my old friends. Laurette, you need not be jealous, for you know I am going to be married."

Accordingly, a short time after, Napoleon, who was then only First Consul, arranged a marriage between her and Prince Camille Borghèse. When I saw the Prince I was struck with his handsome appearance; I was not then aware of his complete absence of intellect.

I reckon myself fortunate in having been a witness to the wedding visit of the Princess Borghèse to her sister-in-law, Madame Bonaparte. I was well aware of the

rivalry which existed between these two ladies, and had observed many instances of the jealousy which Madame Leclerc entertained of Madame Bonaparte. I well knew Madame Leclerc's character, her excessive vanity, her constant endeavour to be thought not only the most beautiful, but the most brilliant of her sex. How often have I seen her shed tears of vexation at beholding her sister-in-law covered with diamonds and pearls of regal splendour!

On the evening of her introduction as Princess Borghèse to Madame Bonaparte at Saint Cloud she exhibited one of the most striking traits in her character. It may well be conceived that her toilet that day was an affair of the utmost importance. After considering every colour, and consulting the opinion of all about her, she at last fixed upon a robe of green velvet, upon which, with no great regard to taste, were displayed all the diamonds of the house of Borghèse, forming what was then called a *Mathilde.* Her head, her neck, her ears, and arms, were loaded with diamonds; in short, she was a dazzling mass of jewels, and the satisfaction she enjoyed in this gaudy display was most amusing. When she entered the room she observed the sensation she created, and the flush of triumph which overspread her countenance certainly made her look extremely beautiful.

Her intention was obviously to mortify her sister-in-law, and she seemed to revel in her triumph. She was a Princess, the most beautiful of her sex, possessing a collection of jewels more splendid than was possessed by any private gentlewoman in Europe, and a settlement of two millions a year. After she had passed round the room, she came and sat next me. "Laurette, my little Laurette! only look at them," said she; "they are ready to burst with envy! But 't is no matter: I am a Princess, and a real one."

I could not help recollecting this last expression when I was at Rome in 1818; I then saw her at the Borghèse Palace, enjoying the protection which the Pope had extended to the Princess Borghèse. Thus she was not only the first Princess of her family, but she contrived to retain her rank amidst all the disasters of her relatives.

Although a general joy pervaded all minds at this moment, Junot was vexed that the name of his friend Marmont did not appear on the list of appointments which had been made on the formation of the Empire; he was neither created a Grand Officer of the Empire nor a Grand Officer of the Crown. Such a sincere friendship attached Junot to his old college companion, and his first brother-in-arms, that he was distressed at this evidence of neglect.

Junot assured me that he knew the author of it, though from motives of prudence he would not inform Marmont. I pressed him to tell me, and though I was shocked I was not surprised; to accuse others was the constant practice of the individual in question, who, holding as he did the very highest rank in the army, should have preserved a noble and honourable line of conduct instead of earning for himself an odious reputation. Some time after the coronation, when Prince Eugène was appointed Grand Chancellor of State, the rank of Colonel-General of Chasseurs was given to Marmont.

On the 1st of December the Conservative Senate presented to the Emperor the votes of the nation. It is worthy of remark that for the Empire there were only two thousand five hundred and seventy-nine negative votes, and three millions five hundred and seventy-five affirmative, while for the Consulate for life there were, I believe, nearly nine thousand negative votes. I breakfasted with the Empress on the very day of the presentation of the registers to the Emperor, and I can positively

affirm, whatever may have been said to the contrary, that Josephine had no gloomy presentiments either as regarded herself or Napoleon.

She was in excellent spirits, and she told me that the Emperor had that morning made her try on the crown which next day he was to place on her head before the eyes of France; and she shed tears of joy while she mentioned this. She also spoke feelingly of the disappointment she had experienced on receiving the Emperor's refusal to her solicitation for the return of Lucien. "I wished to make to-morrow a day of grace," said she; "but Bonaparte" (for she continued to call him by this name long after his elevation to the Empire, "impatiently rejected my suit, and I was compelled to be silent. I wished to prove to Lucien that I can return good for evil. If you should see him let him know it."

I was astonished at Napoleon's inflexibility towards his brother, and one, too, to whom he owed so much. His marriage with Madame Jauberthon was alleged to be the unpardonable offence he had committed; but I am of opinion that the republican sentiments entertained by Lucien formed the real objection to his recall to France. Another circumstance which augmented the hostility of the Emperor towards his brother was the conduct of Madame Lætitia Bonaparte. She warmly espoused the cause of her exiled son, and quitted Paris for the purpose of conveying to him assistance and consolation.

The elder Madame Bonaparte's maternal feelings were painfully lacerated at this period of general joy and festivity. Her youngest son, Jerome, was excluded from the family circle which Napoleon had collected around him, and to which he looked for the consolidation of his future power. Jérome had married Miss Patterson in America. Though he was at the time a mere boy, yet the marriage was nevertheless valid, since it took place with

the consent of his mother and his elder brother. But the First Consul was furiously indignant at the conduct of the young *enseigne de vaisseau,* conceiving that as head of the Government he was also the head of his family.

Jerome had left America to return to Europe. Madame Lætitia informed the Emperor of his departure; and Napoleon immediately took measures to prevent his landing, not only in any of the ports of France, but also those of Holland and Belgium, and wherever he had power to exclude him. I make no comment on this severity; subsequent events may or may not have justified it; of that the reader will presently be able to judge. Be this as it may, Madame Lætitia Bonaparte was, at the time of the coronation in Rome, without either title or distinction. She was, however, introduced in David's picture of the coronation. This must have been by command of the Emperor, for I cannot imagine that the idea was suggested by herself.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Before daybreak on the 2nd of December all Paris was alive and in motion; indeed, hundreds of persons had remained up the whole of the night. Many ladies had the courage to get their hair dressed at two o'clock in the morning, and then sat quietly in their chairs until the time arrived for arranging the other parts of their toilet. We were all very much hurried, for it was necessary to be at our posts before the procession moved from the Tuileries, for which nine o'clock was the appointed hour.

I was at that time as intimate with the Duchess of Ragusa as Junot was with her husband, though she afterwards quarrelled with me, for some reason that I never could discover. We arranged to go together to Notre Dame, and we set out at half-past seven in the morning. Junot was to carry one of the honours of Charlemagne — the ball or the hand of Justice, I do not now recollect which. We accordingly left him busily engaged in arraying himself in his peer's robes.

Who that saw Notre Dame on that memorable day can ever forget it? I have witnessed in that venerable pile the celebration of sumptuous and solemn festivals; but never did I see anything at all approximating in splendour to the *coup d'œil* exhibited at Napoleon's coronation. The vaulted roof re-echoed the sacred chanting of the priests, who invoked the blessing of the Almighty on

the ceremony about to be celebrated, while they awaited the arrival of the Vicar of Christ, whose throne was prepared near the altar.

Along the ancient walls of tapestry were ranged, according to their ranks, the different bodies of the State, the deputies from every city; in short, the representatives of all France assembled to implore the benediction of Heaven on the sovereign of the people's choice. The waving plumes which adorned the hats of the Senators, Councillors of State, and Tribunes; the splendid uniforms of the military; the clergy in all their ecclesiastical pomp; and the multitude of young and beautiful women, glittering in jewels, and arrayed in that style of grace and elegance which is to be seen only in Paris — all together presented a picture which has perhaps rarely been equalled, and certainly never excelled.

The Pope arrived first; and at the moment of his entering the cathedral the anthem *Tu es Petrus* was chanted. His Holiness advanced from the door with an air at once majestic and humble. Ere long the firing of cannon announced the departure of the procession from the Tuileries. From an early hour in the morning the weather had been exceedingly unfavourable. It was cold and rainy, and appearances seemed to indicate that the procession would be anything but agreeable to those who joined in it.

But, as if by the especial favour of Providence, of which so many instances are observable in the career of Napoleon, the clouds suddenly dispersed, the sky brightened up, and the multitudes who lined the streets from the Tuileries to the cathedral enjoyed the sight of the procession without being, as they had anticipated, drenched by a December rain. Napoleon, as he passed along, was greeted by heart-felt expressions of enthusiastic love and attachment.

On his arrival at Notre Dame, Napoleon ascended the Throne, which was erected in front of the Grand Altar. Josephine took her place beside him, surrounded by the assembled sovereigns of Europe.[1] Napoleon appeared singularly calm. I watched him narrowly, with the view of discovering whether his heart beat more unsteadily beneath the imperial trappings than under the uniform of the Guards; but I could observe no difference, and yet I was only ten paces from him.

The length of the ceremony, however, seemed to weary him; and I saw him several times check a yawn. Nevertheless, he did everything he was required to do with propriety. When the Pope anointed him with the triple unction on the head and both hands, I fancied from the direction of his eyes that he was thinking of wiping off the oil rather than of anything else; and I was so perfectly acquainted with the workings of his countenance that I have no hesitation in saying that was really the thought that crossed his mind at the moment. During the ceremony of the anointing the Holy Father delivered that impressive prayer which concluded with these words:

". . . . . Diffuse, O Lord, by my hands, the treasures of your grace and benediction on your servant, Napoleon, whom, in spite of our personal unworthiness, *we this day anoint* EMPEROR *in your name.*"

Napoleon listened to this prayer with an air of pious devotion; but just as the Pope was about to take the crown, called the *crown of Charlemagne*, from the Altar, Napoleon seized it and placed it on his own head.[2] At

[1] This is an exaggeration on Madame Junot's part.

[2] At that moment there occurred one of those incidents which pass unheeded when they are not followed by any particular consequence, but which, nevertheless, furnish food for superstition. For several

that moment he was really handsome, and his countenance was lighted up with an expression of which no words can convey an idea. He had removed the wreath of laurel which he wore on entering the church, and which encircles his brow in the fine picture of Gérard. The crown was perhaps, in itself, less becoming to him; but the expression excited by the act of putting it on rendered him perfectly handsome.

When the moment arrived for Josephine to take an active part in the grand drama, she descended from the Throne and advanced towards the Altar, where the Emperor awaited her, followed by her retinue of Court ladies, and having her train borne by the Princesses Caroline, Julie, Eliza, and Louis. One of the chief beauties of the Empress Josephine was not merely her fine figure, but the elegant turn of her neck, and the way in which she carried her head; indeed, her deportment altogether was conspicuous for dignity and grace. I have had the honour of being presented to many *real princesses,* to use the phrase of the Faubourg Saint Germain, but I never saw one who, to my eyes, presented so perfect a personification of elegance and majesty.

In Napoleon's countenance I could read the conviction of all I have just said. He looked with an air of complacency at the Empress as she advanced towards him; and when she knelt down — when the tears which she

months previous to the coronation the ancient roof and walls of Notre Dame had been unmercifully hammered by the workmen employed in fixing up the decorations; and several small particles of stone which had been thus loosened fell during the ceremony into the nave and choir. Just at the moment when Napoleon seized the crown and placed it on his own head, a stone about the size of a nut fell from the roof, directly over the Emperor's shoulder. There was no movement or gesture of the Emperor which could enable me to guess whether or not he felt the stone touch him; but, small as it was, considering the vast height from which it fell it is scarcely possible to believe he could be entirely unconscious of the circumstance. — *Duchesse d'Abrantès.*

could not repress fell upon her clasped hands, as they were raised to Heaven, or rather to Napoleon — both then appeared to enjoy one of those fleeting moments of pure felicity which are unique in a lifetime, and serve to fill up a lustrum of years. The Emperor performed with peculiar grace every action required of him during the ceremony; but his manner of crowning Josephine was most remarkable: after receiving the small Crown surmounted by the cross, he had first to place it on his own head, and then to transfer it to that of the Empress.

When the moment arrived for placing the Crown on the head of the woman whom popular superstition regarded as his good genius, his manner was almost playful. He took great pains to arrange this little Crown, which was placed over Josephine's tiara of diamonds; he put it on, then took it off, and finally put it on again, as if to promise her she should wear it gracefully and lightly. My position enabled me fortunately to see and observe every minute action and gesture of the principal actors in this magical scene.

This part of the ceremony being ended, the Emperor descended from the Altar to return to his Throne, while the magnificent *Vivat* was performed by the full chorus. At this moment the Emperor, whose keen eye had hitherto glanced rapidly from one object to another, recognized me in the corner which I occupied. He fixed his eye upon me, and I cannot attempt to describe the thoughts which this circumstance conjured up in my mind. A naval officer once told me that during a shipwreck, when he had given himself up for lost, the whole picture of his past life seemed to unfold itself before him in the space of a minute. May it not be presumed that Napoleon, when he looked at me, was assailed by a host of past recollections; that he thought of the Rue des

Filles Saint Thomas and of the hospitality he had shared in my father's house, and the ride in a carriage with my mother, when, returning from Saint Cyr, he exclaimed: "*Oh! si j'étais le maître!*"

When I saw the Emperor a few days afterwards, he said: "Why did you wear a black velvet dress at the coronation?" This question took me so by surprise that I could not readily reply. "Was it a sign of mourning?" continued he. "Oh, Sire!" I exclaimed, and the tears started to my eyes. Napoleon looked at me as if he would scan my very inmost thoughts. "But tell me," said he, "why did you make choice of that sombre, I may almost say sinister, colour?" "Your Majesty did not observe that the front of my robe was richly embroidered with gold,[1] and that I wore my diamonds. I did not conceive that there was anything unsuitable in my dress, not being one of those ladies whose situations required them to appear in full Court costume." "Is that remark intended to convey an indirect reproach? Are you like certain other ladies, because they have not been appointed *dames du palais?* I do not like sulkiness and ill-humour." "Sire, I have shown no ill-humour; but for that I claim no merit, because I feel none. Junot has informed me that your Majesty does not wish to make double appointments in your Household and that of the Empress, and that when the husband is one of the military Household the wife cannot be a *dame du palais.*" "Junot told you so, did he? And how happened he to mention that? Were you complaining? Are you infected with ambition? I hate ambitious women. Unless they are Queens they are intriguers; remember that, Madame Junot. But now tell me, are you not

[1] The fact is, that black or dark-coloured velvet dresses were much worn at that time, especially with diamonds. There were a great many at Napoleon's coronation.

vexed at not being appointed *dame du palais?* Answer me candidly; if a woman can be candid." "I will, Sire; but your Majesty will not believe me." "Come, come, let me have an answer." "Then I am not vexed." "Why?" "Because I am not one of those persons who can easily conform to absolute subjection; and your Majesty would probably wish that the protocol for regulating the Court of the Empress should be framed on the model of a military code." Napoleon laughed. "Not unlikely," resumed he. "However, I am satisfied; you have given me a very good answer, and I shall remember it." Then, after a pause, he said: "Poor Junot! did you observe how his feelings were moved at the coronation? He is a faithful friend. Who could have foreseen, when we were both at Toulon ten years ago, that we should live to see such a day as the 2nd of December?" "Perhaps Junot, Sire."

Here I reminded him of a letter which my husband wrote to his father in 1794, and in which he refuted the objection of the old man who blamed him for leaving his regiment to follow the fortune of an obscure and unknown general like Bonaparte. Junot replied: "You ask me who General Bonaparte is. He is one of those men whom Nature creates sparingly, and who appear in the world now and then in the lapse of ages." My father-in-law showed this letter to the *First Consul* when he passed through Dijon after the Battle of Marengo, and the *Emperor* appeared quite struck with the recollection which I called to his mind. The conversation between myself and Napoleon, which I have just described, took place at a ball which was given either by the War Minister or M. de Talleyrand, I forget which.

CHAPTER XXV.

JUNOT returned home one day with a thoughtful and almost melancholy air. He told me that the Emperor was desirous of giving him a proof of his confidence, of which doubtless he was very sensible, but which, nevertheless, caused him some uneasy apprehensions. The Emperor had proposed that he should proceed on an embassy to Portugal. At first I beheld only the brilliant side of the matter, and I said: "Well, why are you dissatisfied?"

"Because," replied Junot, "I am not calculated for diplomacy, and that brave and excellent fellow Lannes tells me that the Court of Lisbon is a perfect bear-garden, and that I should be sure to get into some scrape. England is all-powerful at Lisbon; Austria threatens to turn her back upon us, as well as Prussia and Russia; therefore you may well imagine that I am not much inclined to go to take a siesta in Portugal amidst the firing of cannon and musketry."

I knew Junot's character, and I made no reply; indeed, this last objection closed my mouth. For my own part, the bare idea of quitting France rendered me miserable. However, as this was an affair which might place Junot in a situation to show what he was capable of, I did not wish to turn him from a path which might augment his reputation as a man of merit and talent.

There was one very disagreeable circumstance connected with it. Junot's predecessor, General Lannes, who was

disliked at Lisbon and wished to return home, as it was said, formed a plan for getting himself recalled. At that time Lord Robert Fitzgerald, who had been secretary to the embassy in Paris in 1790, filled the office of English Ambassador at Lisbon. No man could possess more polished though cold manners, or a more dignified address. His personal appearance, too, was in his favour, and formed a singular contrast to that of his wife, who was an extremely plain woman, and whose hatred of France caused her to assume at intervals the air of a fury. She spoke of the Emperor as a brigand, deserving of the scaffold, and she always alluded to him in a strain of invective.

It will easily be supposed that General Lannes, who was devoted to Napoleon, was not very well pleased either with the husband or the wife, though the conduct of the former was strictly courteous. Lannes disliked all the English embassy,[1] not excepting Lord Strangford, who at that period seemed to divide his time between sleeping and translating Camoens.

Only those who knew Lannes can form a just idea of the hatred he bore to England. He did not understand the art of dissembling his sentiments, and he expressed them with all the frankness of his character. One may readily suppose that in the midst of a foreign Court, where obsequious manners are above all things considered a duty, Marshal Lannes would appear somewhat singular. Madame Lannes, it is true, relieved the conventional intercourse of diplomatic and courtly life by

[1] Amongst other vexations, Lannes was greatly annoyed at Lord Robert's taking precedence of him in all points of etiquette. This feeling exploded in rather a rough manner on the occasion of their respective carriages meeting on the road to Queluz. Lannes's coachman, wishing to humour his master's animosity, drove so violently against the lighter vehicle, in which the English Ambassador was seated, that it was overturned in a ditch.

the sweetness of her manner and her admirable beauty; but Lady Fitzgerald regarded those charms only as so many faults in a Frenchwoman, and the warfare which she waged against the French became the more active in consequence.

Junot, who was the most frank and communicative of men, had no desire to travel to Portugal to practise the arts of policy and dissimulation. Besides, it was his wish to remain in Paris, for he was desirous of either serving as first aide-de-camp to the Emperor, or resuming the command of the First Military Division which was separated from the Governorship of Paris. He thought that Murat, the Emperor's brother-in-law, would not continue Governor of Paris, and in his heart he wished to be once more at the head of the military administration of the capital of France.

Not knowing how to decide, Junot resolved to take the advice of the Arch-Chancellor, who had always professed a regard for him, and whom Junot highly esteemed. Cambacérès listened attentively to all Junot said, and then told him he ought to set out on the embassy. "But," said Junot, "I shall only commit blunders. Do you imagine that I can submit to all the contrivances and the duplicity which diplomacy requires?" "Do not make a bugbear of that," replied the Arch-Chancellor, "the more especially as I have this bit of advice to give you: continue to be just what you are. Frankness is the most able agent of diplomacy. Besides, my dear General, *you must obey his Majesty.*"

I have already said that I could not at this period quit Paris without the greatest mortification. I was young; Paris was then a sort of fairyland. All my friends were there, my brother and my youngest daughter, whom I should be compelled to leave behind me, because she was of too tender an age to undertake so long a journey.

These considerations distressed me. Besides, Madame Lannes did not give me any very agreeable accounts of Lisbon. It appeared that there was no society there, except that which was under the influence of England. Finally, the journey was decided upon, and Junot was charged not only with the embassy to Lisbon, but with a secret and important mission to the Court of Madrid, where General Beurnonville was French Ambassador.

Affairs had assumed so serious an aspect that it was necessary the Emperor should direct his whole attention to his allies in the South. Portugal was neutral, but so wily as to require close watching; and Spain was so wretchedly governed that it was indispensable to keep an eye on her motions also. England was dissatisfied, and threatened to convulse Europe again. Spain, too, declared war against England on the 12th or 15th of December of this year; the question was, Would the Spanish Government maintain faith towards us as long as our interests required it?

In the mean time a levy of sixty thousand men was ordered in France. Another law directed the building of a town in La Vendée. Napoleon not only tranquillized these provinces, which were ravaged by burnings, and inundated with blood, but he rebuilt their towns, and restored life and fertility to the desolated plains.

A squadron also departed from Rochelle, notwithstanding the severity of the season. It was freighted with arms and ammunition for Martinique, and had on board General Joseph Lagrange, a brave officer, and a faithful friend of Junot, with whom he had served in Egypt. He led his troops to the principal town of the English island, Dominica, and effected a descent with all the success he could have anticipated, seizing the garrison and artillery, destroying the magazines, and carrying off the vessels at anchor in the port.

All this was effected by the end of February, and the squadron had only sailed from the Ile d'Aix on the 11th of January of the same year — that is to say, five weeks previously. The squadron consisted of one three-decker, four vessels of the line, and three frigates. Admiral Missiessi commanded it.[1]

When Junot's departure was resolved upon — when I learned that it was absolutely necessary for me to quit France — I lost no time in making my preparations. The Emperor one day spoke to me at considerable length respecting the conduct which it would be necessary for me to observe towards the Portuguese and Spanish nobility.

"An Ambassadress," said he, "is a more important personage in diplomacy than is usually supposed. This is the case everywhere, but more particularly with us, on account of the prejudice which exists against France. It must be your endeavour to give the Portuguese a just idea of the manners of the Imperial Court. Be not haughty — be not vain, but in your intercourse with the female nobility of Portugal practise much reserve and great dignity. You will find at Lisbon many emigrant ladies who belonged to the Court of Louis XVI.; you will also see some of these at Madrid. Be scrupulously cautious in your conduct towards them; be particularly careful not to ridicule the customs of the country, or of the Court, when you do not understand them.[2] Bear in mind the good lessons of your mother. It is said that they may be both censured and ridiculed; but if you

[1] Admiral Missiessi's squadron also included two corvettes, and reached Martinique on the 20th of February. Part of the island of Dominica was taken on the 23rd of February, and evacuated again by the French on the 27th of February. Admiral Missiessi re-anchored his fleet in the roads of Aix on the 20th of May, 1805. See James's "Naval History of Great Britain," vol. iv., pp. 78 *et seq.*

[2] This injunction will be present to the mind of the reader further on.

must do the one or the other, censure rather than ridicule. Remember that Sovereigns never pardon raillery. You will be presented at the Court of Spain. Be circumspect, while, at the same time, you appear to be frank."

Here I looked at the Emperor as if to interrogate him, and he added, with a certain degree of impatience: "When I say *circumspect*, I mean that you must not tattle and gossip. The Queen of Spain will ask you many questions about the Empress and the Princesses; you must be prudent in your answers. The interior of my family may be displayed to every eye. . . . Yet I do not wish that the portraits of my sisters should be sketched by a bad painter." (I have never forgotten this expression.) "Your Majesty," replied I, "must be aware that I cannot be accused of any intention to do what is displeasing to you."

"I know it. . . . I know it. . . . But you are satirical. . . . You like to tell a good story. That is one thing which you must avoid. The Queen of Spain will be the more curious to question you, because the wife of the French Ambassador at Madrid knows nothing at all of the Imperial Court, and very little about France, having passed all her girlhood as an emigrant. The Queen will therefore ask you many questions about the Empress and the Court. So long as these questions refer only to the fashion of a gown or a hat, well and good; but whenever the conversation may turn on more important topics, which will happen, for the Queen of Spain is an intelligent and artful woman . . . then be on your guard. As to me, you know my name must never be pronounced except as it is mentioned in the *Moniteur*. There is at Madrid a person who detests me; the Princess of the Asturias. . . . Be careful what you say before her. She speaks French as well as you do. . . . But you speak Italian, do you not? . . . That is very lucky. . . .

They speak very little French in Madrid and Lisbon, but almost everybody speaks Italian. Let me hear how you pronounce. . . ."

I recited part of one of Petrarch's sonnets, and the Emperor appeared much pleased with my accent. "Excellent!" he exclaimed, rubbing his hands. "You will easily learn Portuguese, since you speak Italian so well. . . . But be sure to recollect what I have said about *gossiping*. . . . Are you on good terms with the Princess Caroline?" "Very good, Sire, as far as I know." "And with the Princess Pauline?" I replied in the affirmative.

I could easily perceive that Pauline was the person to whom he had intended to allude while he was impressing upon me the necessity of not gossiping. I have frequently observed that the Emperor, in spite of the decision he manifested in important events, used sometimes to wind round about in the most circuitous way to come to his point in the merest trifles; as, for example, in the case above mentioned.

At that time libels were written in England on the personages of the Imperial Family. The Princess Pauline and Madame Lætitia Bonaparte in particular were represented in the most odious colours; and these attacks were totally unjust, as far as related to Madame Lætitia, whose character was irreproachable. The Emperor was fully acquainted with all these libels, and they annoyed him infinitely more than those which had been circulated by the secret orders of the Prussian and Russian Cabinets in 1802. Napoleon was susceptible on this point to a degree which must appear incredible to those who did not know him.

"Receive company," he added, continuing his instructions to me; "make your house in Lisbon as attractive as it was in Paris when you were *Madame la Commandante*. . . . What you must have observed among the ladies of

the Foreign Ministers in Paris may serve as a guide to your conduct. In Madame de Gallo, Madame de Cetto, Madame de Lucchesini, and the English Duchess, you have seen both enough to copy and avoid. . . . Live in good harmony with the wives of your husband's diplomatic colleagues; but form no intimacies with any one. They give rise to little female quarrels, in which the husbands sometimes take part. Thus two States may go to war because two women have disagreed, or because one has a more elegant hat than the other." I could not forbear laughing.

"Do not imagine I am joking," resumed the Emperor. "I enjoin you to be very circumspect in this intercourse. Lady Fitzgerald is, I understand, a perfect drum-major in petticoats. Leave her to make herself ridiculous. That is revenge enough for us." I had similar conversations at various times with the Emperor on the subject of my visit to Portugal. He evidently regarded it as a point of great importance that one of the females of the new French Court should appear in a favourable light in the eyes of a people among whom the English maintained such high credit and constant intercourse.

A circumstance which not a little augmented my disinclination to go to Portugal, was that it would place me under the necessity of conforming to that most absurd of all follies — viz., the observance of old customs for no other reason than because they are old. The custom of wearing hoops at Court appeared to me the most stupid thing imaginable. Madame Lannes had informed me that in spite of all her efforts and those of the General she had found it impossible to evade this formality. She added that it was absolutely necessary that I should get my hoops made in Paris; for, to complete the absurdity, there was no possibility of getting anything in the way of dress properly made in Lisbon. I accordingly bespoke my hoops from Leroy.

As I was to be presented in the spring, I ordered two Court dresses, such as might suitably be worn during the two seasons succeeding the winter. One was composed of white crape, embroidered with gold llama, and a hat to correspond, adorned with a plume of white feathers; the other was of rose-coloured silk, embroidered with silver llama, with a wreath of silver leaves, the latter not embroidered, but merely laid on, and marking the contour of the horrible hoop: the head-dress corresponded with the robe. Mesdemoiselles l'Olive and de Beuvry made me a great many dresses, in a style of exquisite taste, which contrasted singularly enough with the hoop, that last remnant of the barbarism of the Middle Ages. As for Junot, his presentation dress was ready: it consisted of his uniform of Colonel-General of the hussars, which he had worn at the coronation.

We had recently become acquainted with some Portuguese, who enabled us to form a more favourable opinion of their countrymen than we had hitherto entertained; for our judgment had been formed from the manners of M. de Lima, the Portuguese Ambassador, then in Paris. Among these new acquaintances was M. d'Araujo, who was about to fill the important post of Minister of Foreign Affairs at Lisbon. He had been almost all his life absent from Portugal on foreign embassies. He spoke French and several other languages, and had an extensive acquaintance with literature.

I had hoped that we should not set out until the spring, but some orders which Junot received from the Emperor accelerated our departure. Public affairs became more and more involved, and everything foreboded a third Continental coalition. The influence of England at the Courts of Lisbon and Madrid threatened to become dangerous in those moments of agitation which obviously preceded a storm, and we were required to quit Paris in

the midst of the carnival of 1805, when all was festivity and joy. It was not the balls and masquerades that Junot regretted, but he was afraid that the war would be commenced without him, and with his natural directness he went to the Emperor:

"Your Majesty," observed he, "who has always been so good to me, will not surely inflict on me a wound which admits of no reparation? How severe was the mortification I experienced on receiving intelligence of the Battle of Marengo! Sire, you have never been in battle without me, and I entreat that you will promise to recall me whenever hostilities are likely to commence." "I promise to do so," said the Emperor with emotion; and, stretching out his hand to Junot, he added: "I give you my word of honour that I will." "I am satisfied," replied Junot; "and I shall serve your Majesty with the greater zeal, as my mind will be free from inquietude."

We set out at midnight on Shrove Tuesday, a circumstance not a little tantalizing to a young woman of nineteen. But I can honestly declare that at the moment of crossing the barrier I was far from thinking of the gaiety I was leaving behind me. I was in the most painful state of feeling that I ever experienced, and yet few lives have been more chequered with misfortune than mine. My mind was completely subdued by the misery of this first banishment, for such I considered it; and yet the future which unfolded itself before me was not altogether devoid of consolation.

I was going with the title of Ambassadress to a foreign Court, and the Emperor had directed Junot to travel through France with all the state required by his new dignity. In every town through which we passed we were saluted by the firing of cannon or musketry, and received addresses from Mayors, Prefects, Sub-Prefects, etc. Junot was the first Ambassador whom Napoleon

had sent abroad since he had been made Emperor, and he wished to give to the mission the utmost possible *éclat.*

On our arrival at Bayonne, Junot left me and my little daughter under the charge of the gentlemen who accompanied him in official capacities, and proceeded to Madrid on horseback, accompanied by Colonel Laborde. It was somewhat extraordinary for an ambassador at that period to ride two hundred leagues on horseback. I followed him, escorted by MM. de Rayneval and de Cherval.

As it had been determined before our departure from Paris that we should make a tolerably long stay at Madrid, Junot made inquiries where I could be suitably lodged during the five or six weeks that we should continue there. At that time there was but one *posada* (the Croce di Malte), which was neither a suitable place for me nor a comfortable abode for any one.

We could not reasonably throw ourselves upon the hospitality of the French Ambassador, for Junot's suite formed a complete colony; and, besides, my husband had a sort of pride which prevented him from placing himself under such an obligation to the man whom he was, in some measure at least, temporarily to supplant. It was originally the Emperor's intention that we should put up at the Hotel of the Embassy.

We were one day talking over this difficulty of procuring accommodation at Madrid, and Junot, who was one of those people who always cut a knot where they cannot untie it, talked of sending me to Lisbon without stopping longer than two or three days in Madrid. This was not at all to my taste, for I was anxious that the journey, since I was obliged to undertake it, should afford me materials for study and observation, and, besides, to make this sort of flying visit to Madrid appeared to me not conformable to the wishes of the Emperor.

We were discussing this embarrassing subject, when

one of our friends, Alphonso Pignatelli, the younger brother of Count Armando de Fuentes, entered to pay me his morning visit, which he never failed to do. "If," said he, "you choose to incur the inconvenience of being lodged in a bachelor's house, I shall be proud to offer you the use of mine in the Calle del Clavel, at Madrid. I would not take the liberty of making such an offer, but that I know the difficulty you will experience in procuring an abode. However, I promise you you will be poorly accommodated; there are two or three beds, a few chairs and tables, and one or two of the windows, I believe, are provided with curtains. But, after all, if you will condescend to encamp in my hermitage, bad as it is, you will find it better than the Croce di Malte."

I laughed at his description, and very gladly accepted his offer. He immediately despatched a letter to his steward, giving directions that the *brasero* should be ornamented with olives, and that some other preparations might be made to prevent my forming as unfavourable an idea of Spain as he entertained, for both he and his brother hated the country. I set out from Bayonne, where I had passed three days very agreeably at the house of our banker, M. Dubrocq, and I entered Spain. The scene totally changed. The characters, it is true, were sometimes the same, but even they seemed to be performing on another stage, with new dresses and decorations.

A LIST OF

SOME OF THE MORE IMPORTANT TITLES

CONFERRED BY

NAPOLEON,

EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, KING OF ITALY,

PROTECTOR OF THE CONFEDERATION OF THE RHINE,
MEDIATOR OF THE HELVETIC REPUBLIC.

King of Bavaria, 1806 (formerly Elector), Maximilian (Joseph).
King of Etruria, 1801–3 (Louis of Parma).
King of Etruria, 1803–7 (Charles of Parma).
Queen of Etruria, 1801–7 (Marie Louise Josephine de Bourbon).
King of Holland, 1806–10 (Louis Bonaparte).
Queen of Holland, 1806–10 (Hortense Eugénie de Beauharnais).
King of Naples, 1806–8 (Joseph Bonaparte).
King of Naples, 1808–14 (Joachim Murat).
Queen of Naples, 1806–8 (Marie Julie Clary).
Queen of Naples, 1808–15 (Caroline Bonaparte).
King of Rome, 1811–14 (Napoleon Francis Charles Joseph Bonaparte).

KING OF SAXONY, 1806 (from Elector), Frederick Augustus.
KING OF SPAIN, 1808–13 (Joseph Bonaparte).
QUEEN OF SPAIN, 1808–13 (Marie Julie Clary).
KING OF WESTPHALIA, 1807–13 (Jerome Bonaparte).
QUEEN OF WESTPHALIA, 1807–13 (Frederica Catherine of Wirtemburg).
KING OF WIRTEMBURG, 1806 (from Elector).

[NAPOLEON II., EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, 1814.]
VICE-REINE OF ITALY, 1805–14 (Princess Augusta Amelia of Bavaria).
VICEROY OF ITALY, 1805–14, Eugène Beauharnais.
MADAME MÈRE, 1805, Madame Letizia, Mother of the Emperor.

ELECTOR OF BADEN, 1803 (formerly Margrave).
GRAND DUKE OF BADEN, 1806 (from Elector).
GRAND DUCHESS OF BERG AND CLEVES, 1806–8, Caroline Bonaparte.
GRAND DUKE OF BERG AND CLEVES,[1] 1806–8, Joachim Murat.
GRAND DUKE OF BERG AND CLEVES, 1809–14, Charles Napoleon Louis Bonaparte (nephew of the Emperor).
DUCHESS OF GUASTALLA, 1806–14, Pauline Bonaparte.
DUKE OF GUASTALLA, 1806–14, Prince Camille Borghèse.
ELECTOR OF HESSE CASSEL, 1803 (from Landgrave).
GRAND DUKE OF HESSE DARMSTADT, 1806.
PRINCE OF LUCCA AND PIOMBINO, 1805–14, Felix Pascal Bacchiochi.
PRINCESS OF LUCCA AND PIOMBINO, 1805–9, Marie Anne Eliza Bonaparte.
DUKE OF NASSAU, 1806 (from previous title).
ELECTOR OF SALZBURG, 1803.

[1] A title now borne by Prince Alfred of England.

GRAND DUCHESS OF TUSCANY, 1809–14, Marie Anne Eliza Bonaparte.

GRAND DUKE OF TUSCANY, 1809–14, Felix Pascal Bacchiocchi.

GRAND DUKE OF WARSAW, 1807–13, Frederick Augustus, King and Elector of Saxony.

ELECTOR OF WIRTEMBURG, 1803 (from Margrave).

GRAND DUKE OF WURTZBURG, 1805.

PRINCE OF BENEVENTO, 1806–14, Charles Maurice de Talleyrand Perigord.

PRINCESS OF BOLOGNA, 1807, Josephine Beauharnais (daughter of the Viceroy of Italy, and afterwards Crown Princess of Sweden).

PRINCE OF ECKMÜHL, 1809, Marshal Davoût.

PRINCE OF ESSLING, 1810, Marshal Masséna.

PRINCE OF FRANKFORT, 1810, Eugène Beauharnais.

GRAND DUKE OF FRANKFORT, 1806, Dalberg.

PRINCE OF LEYEN, 1806 (formerly Count Leyen).

PRINCE OF THE MOSKOWA, 1813, Marshal Ney.

DUKE OF NEUFCHÂTEL, 1806 } Marshal Berthier.
PRINCE OF NEUFCHÂTEL, 1806 }

PRINCE OF PONTE CORVO, 1805, Marshal Bernadotte (afterwards King of Sweden).

PRINCE OF VENICE, 1807, Eugène Beauharnais.

PRINCE OF WAGRAM, 1809, Marshal Berthier.

THE DIGNITARIES OF STATE APPOINTED BY NAPOLEON.

THE ARCH-CHANCELLOR OF THE EMPIRE, Cambacérès, 1804–14.

THE ARCH-CHANCELLOR OF STATE, Eugène Beauharnais, 1805–14.

THE ARCH-TREASURER OF THE EMPIRE, Le Brun, 1804–14.

THE HIGH CONSTABLE OF FRANCE, Louis Bonaparte, 1804–14.

THE VICE-CONSTABLE OF THE EMPIRE, Berthier, 1807–14.

THE GRAND ELECTOR OF FRANCE, Joseph Bonaparte, 1804–14.

THE VICE-GRAND ELECTOR OF FRANCE, Talleyrand Perigord, 1807–14.

THE HIGH ADMIRAL OF FRANCE, Joachim Murat, 1805–14.

THE REGENT OF FRANCE, the Empress Maria Louisa, 1814.

THE GRAND JUDGE { Regnier, 1802–13. / Molé, 1813–14.

THE MASTER OF HORSE, Caulaincourt, 1804–14.

THE CHIEF RANGER, Berthier, 1804–14.

THE LORD HIGH ALMONER, Cardinal Fesch, 1804–14.

THE GRAND CHAMBERLAIN { Talleyrand Perigord 1804–9. / Anatole de Montesquieu, 1809–14.

THE GRAND MARSHAL OF THE PALACE { Duroc, 1804–13 / Bertrand, 1813–21.

THE MASTER OF THE CEREMONIES, Ségur, 1804–15.

GOVERNESS TO THE KING OF ROME, Madame de Montesquieu, 1811–15

MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS { Talleyrand. / Maret. / Caulaincourt. / Champagny.

MINISTER FOR WAR { Berthier. / Clarke.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL OF STATE.

MINISTER OF MARINE, Décrès.

MINISTER OF POLICE { Fouché. / Dubois. / Savary.

MASTER OF THE POSTS, Lavalette.

PRESIDENT OF THE INSTITUTE OF FRANCE.

VICEROY OF ITALY, Eugène Beauharnais, 1805–14.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE KINGDOM OF ITALY, Melzi D'Eril, 1805–14.

THE OTHER MINISTERS AND COUNCILLORS OF STATE.

THE AMBASSADORS OF THE EMPIRE AND CONSULATE: Generals Macdonald, Duroc, Sebastiani, Lucien Bonaparte, Joseph Bonaparte, Lauriston, Lannes, Junot, Saint Marsan, Gardanne, Caulaincourt, Savary, Bourrienne, Tallien, etc.

THE RESTORATION OF ARCHBISHOPS AND BISHOPS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

THE MARSHALS OR GENERALS HAVING LOCAL COMMANDS.

Spain (divided).
Portugal.
Holland.
Hanover.
Hanseatic Towns.
Prussia.
The Illyrian Provinces.
Poland.
Rome.
Switzerland and the Home commands.

THE TWENTY-SIX MARSHALS OF THE EMPIRE.

1804.

Soult, 35, Duke of Dalmatia.
Masséna, 48, Prince of Essling.
Davoût, 34, Prince of Eckmühl.
Ney, 35, Prince of the Moskowa.
Lannes, 35, Duke of Montebello.
Augereau, 47, Duke of Castiglione.
Murat, 37, King of Naples.
Mortier, 36, Duke of Treviso.
Jourdan, 42, Count.
Lefebvre, 49, Duke of Dantzic.
Bessières, 36, Duke of Istria.
Berthier, 51, Prince of Neufchâtel.
Bernadotte, 41, Prince of Ponte Corvo.
Moncey, 50, Duke of Conegliano.
Brune, 41, Count.
Kellermann, 69, Duke of Valmy.
Sérurier, 62, Count.
Perignon, 50, Count.

1807.

Victor Perrin, 43, Duke of Belluno.

1809.

Macdonald, 44, Duke of Tarentum.
Marmont, 35, Duke of Ragusa.
Oudinot, 42, Duke of Reggio.

1811.

Suchet, 41, Duke of Albufera.

1812.

Saint Cyr, 48, Count.

1813.

Poniatowski, 51 [Prince].

1815.

Grouchy, 49 [Marquis].

The figures following the names give the age of the Marshal on receiving the bâton, the dates above the names are those of creation.

THE DUKES OF	BORN	DIED
Abrantès, 1808, Andoche Junot . . .	1771—	1813
Albufera, 1812 (da Valencia), Louis Gabriel Suchet	1770—	1826
Auerstadt, 1807, Louis Nicolas Davoût .	1770—	1823
Bassano, 1811, Hugues Bernard Maret .	1763—	1839
Belluno, 1810, Claude Victor Perrin . .	1764—	1841
Cadore, 1810, Jean Baptiste Nonpere de Champagny	1756—	1834
Castiglione, 1809, Père François Charles Augereau	1757—	1816
Conegliano, 1808, Bon Adrienne Jeanot de Moncey	1754—	1842
Dalberg, 18—, Emmeric von Dalberg .	1773—	1833
Dalmatia, 1808, Nicolas Jean de Dieu Soult	1769—	1851
Dantzic, 1807 (not the First Creation of Nobility by Napoleon), François Joseph Lefebvre	1755—	1820
Dégrès, 1813 (Admiral Denis), Décrès .	1765—	1820
Elchingen, 1808, Michel Ney	1769—	1815
Feltre, 1809, Henry James William Clarke	1765—	1818
Friuli, 1809, Géraud Christophe Michel Duroc	1772—	1813
Gaëta, 1809, Michel Charles Gaudin . .	1756—	1844
Istria, 1809, Jean Baptiste Bessières . .	1768—	1813
Lodi, 1807, Count Francesco Melzi D'Eril	1753—	1816
Massa, 1809, Claude Antoine Regnier . .	1746—	1814
Montebello, 1808, Jean Lannes	1769—	1809
Otranto, 1809, Joseph Fouché . . .	1754 / 1763	1820
Padua, 1808, Jean Toussaint Arrighi . .	1773—	1853
Parma, 1806, Jean Jacques Regis de Cambacérès	1753—	1824
Placentia, 1806, Charles François Le Brun	1739—	1824

THE DUKES OF (*continued*)	BORN	DIED
RAGUSA, 1808, Auguste Frédéric Louis Viesse de MARMONT	1775	1852
REGGIO, 1809, Nicolas Charles OUDINOT	1767	1847
RIVOLI, 1808, André MASSÉNA	1758	1817
ROVIGO, 1808, Anne Jean Marie René SAVARY	1774	1833
TARENTUM, 1809, Stephen James Joseph Alexander MACDONALD	1765	1840
TREVISO, 1807, Edouard Adolphe Casimir Joseph MORTIER	1768	1835
VALENGIN, 1806, Louis Alexandre BERTHIER	1753	1815
VALMY, 18 —, François Christophe KELLERMANN (father of the Comte de Valmy of Marengo)	1735	1820
VICENZA, 1808, Armand Augustin Louis de CAULAINCOURT	1773	1827

THE COUNTS.

"Counts that were worth the Counting."

MADAME CAMPAN.

d'Aure.
Baraguay d'Hilliers.
Barbé-Marbois, 1806.
Barrois.
Baste.
Belliard.
Berthollet.
Bertrand.
Beugnot.
Bondy.
Bordesoulle.
Boudet, 1807.
Bougainville, 1808.
Boulay de la Meurthe, 1808.
Broussier.
Brune (Marshal).
Bruyères.
Cambronne.
Cambronne, 1815.
Carnot, 1815.
Caulaincourt, 1810.
Cessac, 1808 (Lacuée).

THE COUNTS (*continued*).

Champmol, 1808 (Cretet).
Chanteloup } 1808.
Chaptal }
Charpentier.
Claparède.
Clausel, 1813.
Compans.
Corbineau, 1813.
Curial.
Danthouard.
Daru, 1811.
Defrane.
Dejean.
de Laborde, 1808.
Delfanti.
Deseve.
Desgraviers-Berthollet.
Desaix.
Donzelot, 1807.
Duhesme, 1814.
Dumas.
Durutte.
Eblé.
d'Erlon (Drouet).
d'Espagne.
Fontanes, 1809.
Fournier-Servolesi, 1809.
Foy, 1811.
Franceschi.
Friant.
Gambier.
Gassendi, 1813.
Gazan, 1808.
Gérard, 1813.
Girard.
Gregoire.
Grenier.
Grouchy, 1809 (Marshal).
Gudin.
Guilleminot.
Guyot.
Harispe, 1813.
d'Hautpoul.
Hédouville, 1805.
Huber.
Hunebourg, 1808 (Clarke).
Jourdan, 1814 (Marshal).
Klein, 1808.
Lacépède, 1808.
Lacoste (Freval).
Lagrange, 1808.
Lamarque.
La Pagerie, Tascher de.
Laplace, 1808.
Lariboissière.
Lasalle, 1808.
Las Cases.
Latour Maubourg.
Lauriston, 1808.
Lavallette.
Lefebvre-Desnouettes.
Legrand.
Lemarrois.
Lemoine.
Lepic, 1815.
Lobau, 1810 (Mouton).

THE COUNTS (*continued*).

Loison.
Maison, 1813.
Mejean.
Mejean (Maurice).
des Michels.
Milhaud.
Miot de Melito.
Missiessy, 1811.
Molé.
Molitor, 1808.
Mollien, 1806.
Montalivet, 1809 (Bachasson).
Montbrun.
Montholon.
Morand, 1805.
Mouton-Lobau, 1809 (see Lobau).
Muraire, 1808.
Nansouty.
Ornano.
Oudinot, 1808 (Marshal).
Pagol, 1814.
Partouneaux.
Pelusium (Monge).
Perignon, 1811 (Marshal).
Pino.
Portalis.
Rampon.
Rapp, 1809.
Regnault de Saint Jean d'Angely.
Regnier, 1809.
Reille, 1808.
Roederer.
Roguet.
Saint Croy.
Saint Cyr (Gouvion), 1808 (Marshal).
Saint Hilaire.
Saint Marsan.
Sanson, 1808.
Sebastiani, 1811.
Ségur.
Sérurier, 1808 (Marshal).
Sieyès.
Songis, 1808.
Sorbier, 1808.
Sortin.
Souham.
Soulès, 1808.
Suchet, 1808 (Marshal).
Sussy, 1808 (Collin).
Truguet, 1814.
Unebourg, 1812 (General Vandamme).
Valée, 1814.
Valence (Timbrune).
Valmy (Kellermann).

[Vandamme — see Unebourg — not to be confused with Hunebourg.]

Verdier, 1808.

SOME OF THE BARONS CREATED BY NAPOLEON.

Albert, 1809.
Alix.
Almeras.
Ameys.
Aubrey.
Augereau.
Aulard.
Avy.
Bachelu.
Bailly de Monthion, 1808.
Bauduin.
Bechaud.
Berckheim.
Bernard.
Bigarré, 1810.
Bignon.
Blamont.
Bonami.
Bourdesoulle, 1813.
Breissard.
Cacault.
Cambronne, 1810.
Campredon, 1815.
Castex, 1808.
Caulaincourt.
Chamorin, 1809.
Chastel.
Chouard.
Coehorn.
Colbert.
Compere.
Corbineau, 1808.
Corvisart.
Costaz.
Couloumy.
Coutard, 1811.
Dalton.
Daumesnil, 1812.
Delantre.
Delonne.
Delort de Glion.
Delzons.
Denon.
Desgenettes, 1812.
Des Michels.
Desvaux.
Dode.
Dommarget.
Domon.
Donop.
Doumerc.
Dunesme.
Duperré, 1810.
Duprés.
Eblé, 1804.
Esclavin.
Excelmans, 1812.
Fain.
Fisché.
Fontane.
Fouché.
Gauthier.
Gérard.
Gifflenga.
Girard.
Grabowski.
Grandeau.
Grandjean.
Grandorge.
Grillot.
Guilleminot.
Guyon.
Guyot.
Guyot de la Cour.
Habert.
Haxo.
l'Héritier.
Heyligers.
Houard.
Huber, 1813.
Jacquard.
Janin.
Jaquinot.
Jeannin.
Keramelin.
Labédoyère.
Lacroix.
Lafitte.
Lahoussaye.
Lamotte, Paultre de, 1808.
Lanabère.

Lanchartin.
Larrey.
Latour du Pré.
Laurency.
Le Camus.
Ledru.
Lefol.
Letort, 1808.
Levy.
Louis.
Mallet.
Marbot.
Marcognet, 1808.
Marion.
Maureillan (Poitevin).
Meneval.
Merle.
Mermet, 1809.
Mortemart.
Mouton-Duvernet.
Nagle.
Norvins.
Ouvrard.
Pajol, 1808.
Pampelone.
Pecheux.
Penne.
Percy.
Pernetti.
Petit, 1813.
Piré.
Plauzonne.
Poltre (? Paultre de Lamotte).
Reiset.
Ricard.
Richmont.
Rioult d'Avenay.
Romeny.
Roussel.
Saint Charles.
Saint-Geniez.
Saint-Germain.
Senarmont.
Sicard.
Simmer.
Soult (brother of the Marshal).
Subervie.
Teste.
Tharreau.
Thiry.
Thomières.
Triaire.
Valée, 1811.
Valentin, 1809.
Van Marizy.
Vial, 1811.
Vichery.
Villata.
Wathier.

ALSO

THE KNIGHTS OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR.

CONTEMPORARY RULERS.

France. — 1774, Louis XVI. 1793, Louis XVII. — The Republic. 1802, The Consulate. 1804, Napoleon I. 1814, Louis XVIII. 1815, Napoleon. 1815, Louis XVIII.

Monaco. — 1814, Honorius V.

England. — 1760, George III. (1812, Prince of Wales Regent). 1820, George IV.

Spain. — 1788, Charles IV. 1808, Ferdinand VII. 1808, Joseph (Bonaparte). 1814, Ferdinand VII.

Portugal. — 1777, Maria and Peter III. (1786, Maria only.) 1791, John Prince Regent (Retirement to the Brazils). 1816, John VI.

Italy (Pope). — 1775, Pius VI. 1800, Pius VII. 1823, Leo XII.

Naples (and Sicily). — 1759, Ferdinand IV. 1806, Joseph (Bonaparte). 1808, Joachim (Murat). 1815, Ferdinand I. (and IV.).

Sardinia. — 1773, Victor Amadeus II. 1796, Charles Emmanuel II. 1802, Victor Emmanuel I. (until 1805). 1814, the same restored.

Italy (King of). Napoleon I., 1805 to 1814.

Rome (King of). Napoleon II., 1811 to 1814.

Etruria (established 1801). — Louis I. 1803, Louis II.

Tuscany (Grand Duke). — 1790, Ferdinand III. 1808, (Grand Duchess) Eliza (Bonaparte-Bacchiochi). 1814, Ferdinand III.

TURKEY. — 1789, Selim III. 1807, Mustapha IV. 1808, Mahmoud VI.

EGYPT. — Mehemet Ali.

ALGIERS.

PRUSSIA. — 1786, Frederick William II. 1797, Frederick William III.

GERMANY (Austria). — 1790, Leopold II. 1792, Francis II. 1806, Francis I.

HOLLAND (Netherlands). — 1757, William IV. (to 1795). 1806, Louis (Bonaparte) to 1810. 1814, William Frederick.

POLAND. — 1764, Stanislaus II. (Partition of Poland, 1795).

RUSSIA. — 1762, Peter III., Catherine II. 1796, Paul I. 1801, Alexander I. 1828, Nicholas I.

SWEDEN. — 1792, Gustavus IV. 1809, Charles XIII. 1818, Charles XIV.

NORWAY (with Denmark to 1814; with Sweden after 1814).

DENMARK. — 1766, Christian VII. (1784, Frederick Prince Regent.) 1808, Frederick VI.

BAVARIA. — (Elector) Charles Maximilian, (King) Maximilian I.

HANOVER. — George III. (of England), George IV. (of England), William IV. (of England), Ernest (King of Hanover), 1837.

SAXONY. — (Elector until 1806) Frederick Augustus III. (and I.). 1827, Antony Clement.

WESTPHALIA. — 1807, Jerome (to 1813).

WURTEMBERG. — (Elector 1803, King 1805) Frederick II. (and I.). 1816, William I.

PERSIA. — 1795, Aga Mohammed. 1797, Fatah Ali. 18 , Mohammed.

India. — 1772, Warren Hastings. 1785, Sir John Macpherson. 1786, Lord Cornwallis. 1793, Lord Teignmouth — (Lord Cornwallis, for a short time, followed by Sir Alured Clarke for a few weeks). 1798, the Marquess of Wellesley. 1805, Lord Cornwallis — (Sir George Barlow). 1807, Lord Minto. 1813, Earl of Moira. 1823, Lord Amherst.

China.

United States. — 1789, George Washington. 1797, John Adams. 1801, Thomas Jefferson. 1809, James Madison. 1817, James Monroe.

Hayti and Saint Domingo. — 1794, Toussaint. 1804, Dessalines. 1807, Christophe (Hayti). 1807, Petion (St. Domingo).

Brazil. — Pedro I.

Mexico (see Spain).

CAMBACÉRÈS.

(See vol. iv. p. 183.)

"During the sitting of the Congress, the First Consul learnt that the Government couriers conveyed to favoured individuals in Paris various things, but especially the delicacies of the table, and he ordered that this practice should be discontinued. On the very evening on which this order was issued Cambacérès entered the *salon*, where I was alone with the First Consul, who had already been laughing at the mortification which he knew this regulation would occasion to his colleague: 'Well, Cambacérès, what brings you here at this time of night?' 'I come to solicit an exception to the order which you have just given to the Director of the Posts. How do you think a man can make friends unless he keeps a good table? You know very well how much good dinners assist the business of Government.' The First Consul laughed, called him a gourmand, and, patting him on the shoulder, said, 'Do not distress yourself, my dear Cambacérès; the couriers shall continue to bring *you* your *dindes aux truffes*, your Strasburg *pâtés*, your Mayence hams, and your other tit-bits.'

"Those who recollect the magnificent dinners given by Cambacérès and others, which were a general topic of conversation at the time, and who knew the ingenious calculation which was observed in the invitation of the guests, must be convinced of the vast influence of a good dinner in political affairs. As to Cambacérès, he did not believe that a good Government could exist without good dinners; and his glory (for every man has his own particular glory) was to know that the luxuries of his table were the subject of eulogy throughout Paris, and even Europe. A banquet which commanded general suffrage was to

him a Marengo or a Friedland." — Bourrienne's *Memoirs of Napoleon*, vol. ii. p. 66.

"Cambacérès never suffered the cares of Government to distract his attention from the great object of life. On one occasion, for example, being detained in consultation with Napoleon beyond the appointed hour of dinner — it is said that the fate of the Duc d'Enghien was the topic under discussion — he was observed, when the hour became very late, to show great-symptoms of impatience and restlessness. He at last wrote a note which he called a gentleman usher in waiting to carry. Napoleon, suspecting the contents, nodded to an aide-de-camp to intercept the despatch. As he took it into his hands, Cambacérès begged earnestly that he would not read a trifling note upon domestic matters. Napoleon persisted, and found it to be a note to the cook containing only the following words, 'Gardez les entremets — les rôtis sont perdus.'

"When Napoleon was in good humour at the result of a diplomatic conference, he was accustomed to take leave of the Plenipotentiaries with, 'Go and dine with Cambacérès.' His table was, in fact, an important State engine, as appears from the anecdote of the trout sent to him by the municipality of Geneva, and charged 300 francs in their accounts. The auditor of the Imperial *Cour des Comptes*, having disallowed the item, was interdicted from meddling with similar municipal affairs in future." — Hayward's *Art of Dining*, p. 20.

"When I was sent to administer the Grand Duchy of Berg, Cambacérès said to me, 'My dear Beugnot, the Emperor arranges Crowns as he chooses: here is the Grand Duke of Berg (Murat) going to Naples; he is welcome, I have no objection, but every year the Grand Duke sent me a couple of dozen hams from his Grand Duchy, and I warn you I do not intend to lose them, so you must make your preparations.' I never once omitted to acquit myself of the obligation, and if there were any delay, his Highness never failed to cause one of his secretaries to write a good scolding to my house steward; but when the hams arrived exactly, his Highness never failed to write to

my wife himself to thank her. This was not all: the hams were to come carriage free. This petty jobbery occasioned discontent, and it would not have cost me more to pay the carriage. The Prince would not allow it. There was an agreement between him and Lavalette (the head of the Post), and my lord appeared to lay as much stress on the performance of this treaty as on the procuring of the hams." — *Beugnot,* tome i., p. 262.

END OF VOL. III.

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